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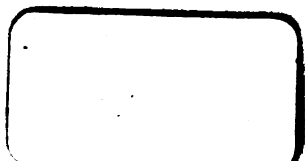
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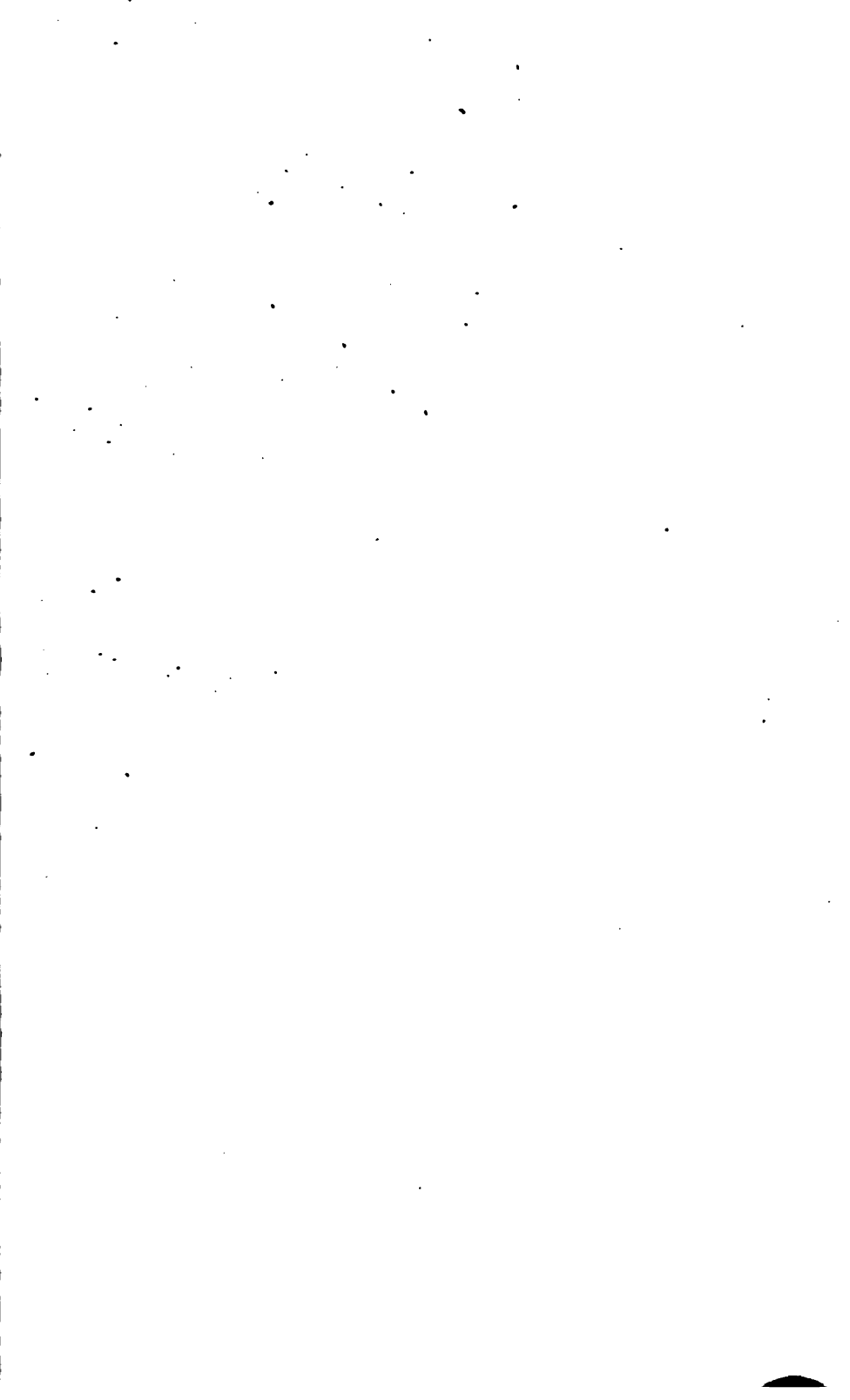
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The Children's Friend

Organ of the Primary Associations of
the Church of Jesus Christ
of Latter-day Saints



Edited and Published by the General Board

Volume IX

THE DESERET NEWS
Salt Lake City, Utah
1910

US 34763.6

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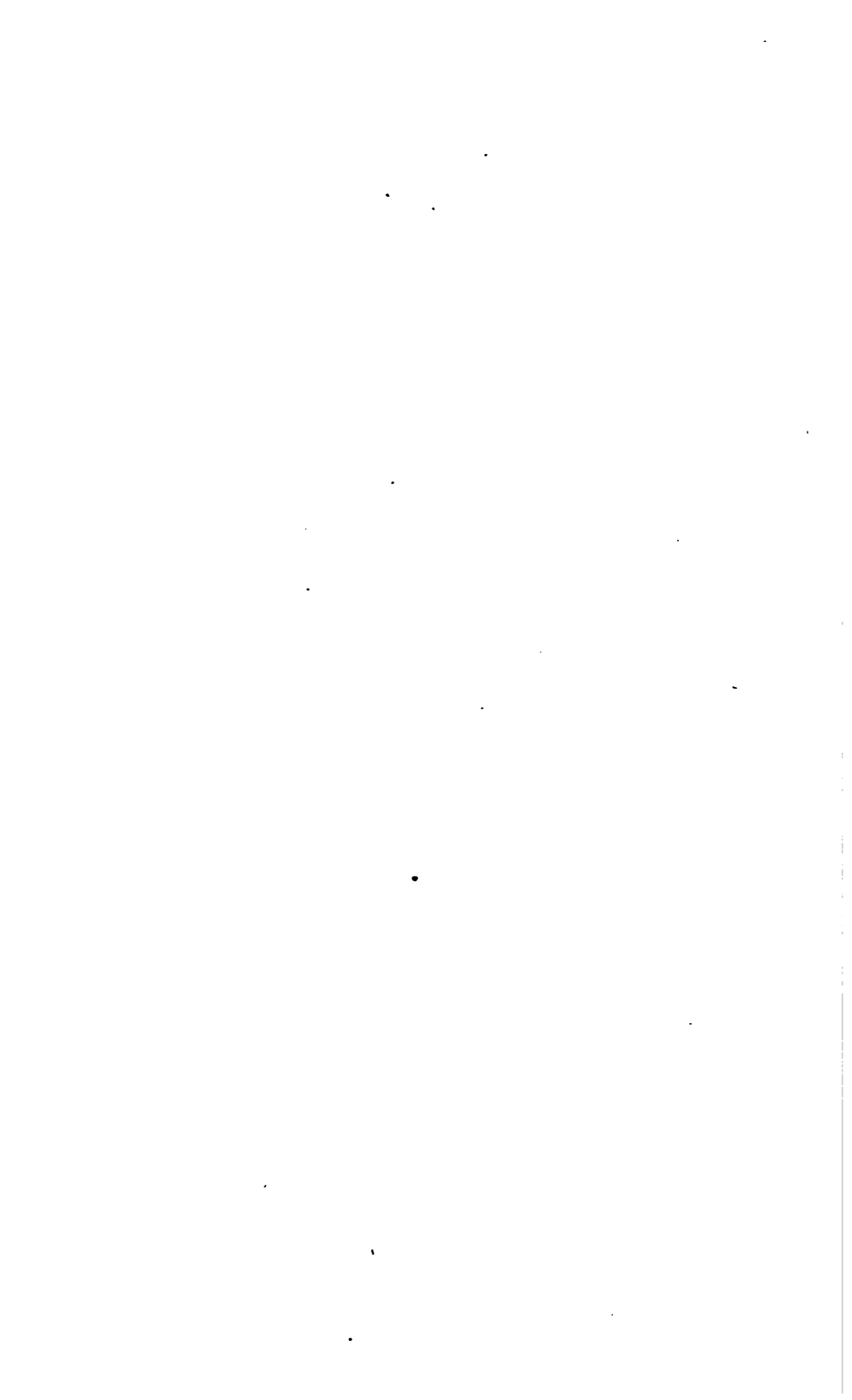
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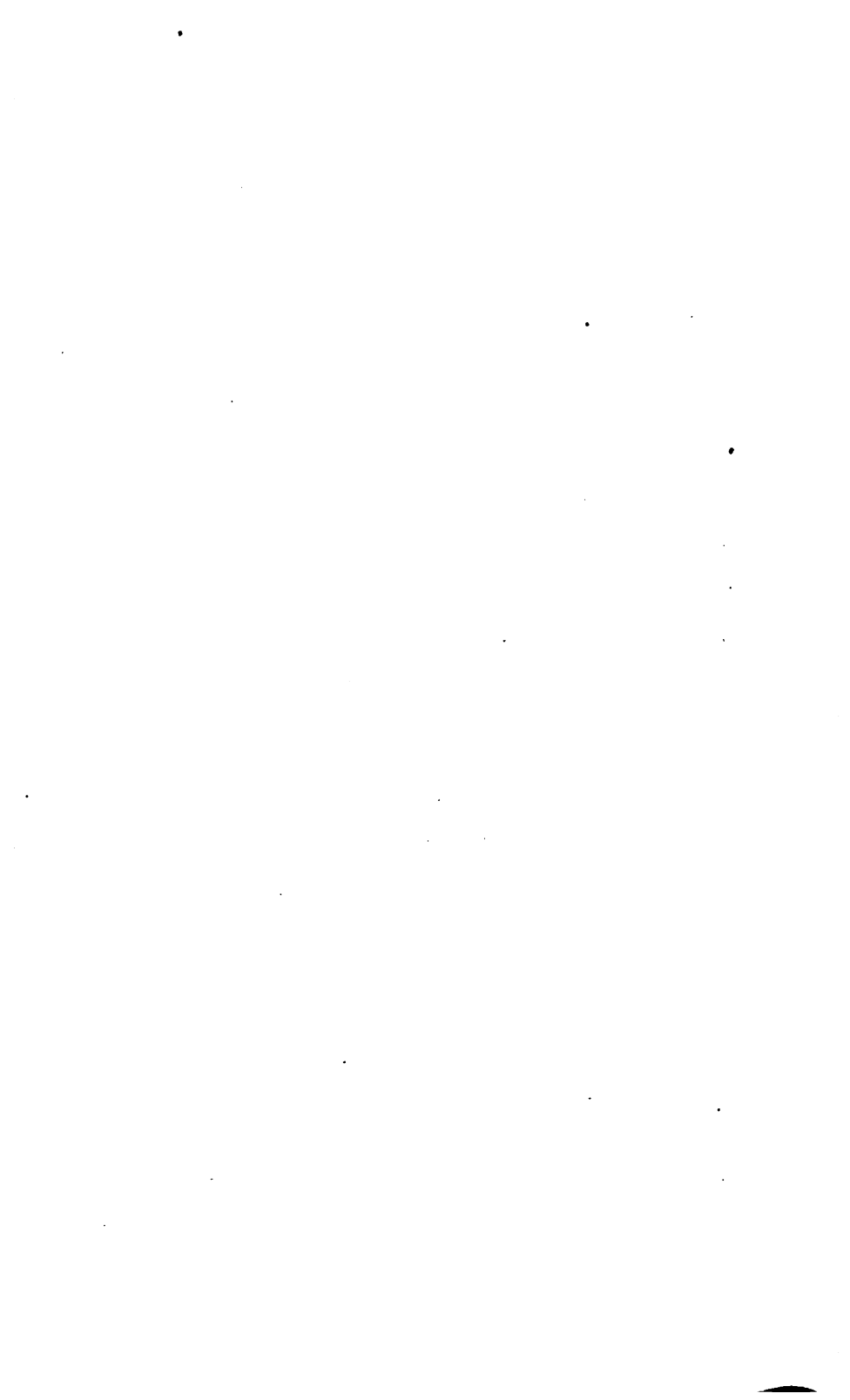
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PRESIDENCY AND SECRETARY GENERAL BOARD OF PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. IX.

JANUARY, 1910.

No. 1.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Let us walk softly, friend;
For strange paths lie before us, all untrod:
The New Year, spotless from the hand of God,
Is thine and mine, O friend!

Let us walk straightly, friend;
Forget the crooked paths behind us now.
Press on with steadier purpose on our brow,
To better deeds, O friend.

Let us walk gladly, friend;
Perchance some greater good than we have known
Is waiting for us, or some fair hope flown,
Shall yet return, O friend!

Let us walk humbly, friend;
Slight not the heart's-ease blooming round our feet:
The laurel blossoms are not half so sweet,
Or lightly gathered, friend.

Let us walk kindly, friend;
We can not tell how long this life shall last,
How soon these precious years, be overpast:
Let love walk with us, friend.

Let us walk quickly, friend;
Work our mite while lasts our little stay,
And help some halting comrade on the way:
And may God guide us, friend!

—Lillian Gray.

BILLIE, THE DOG.

It was one night in January, the snow was now six or seven inches deep, and still it grew deeper and deeper.

A man walked briskly up the street, buttoning his overcoat closer about him as he hurried along. Turning the corner, he saw a small dog, sitting close by the path. Though in a hurry, he stooped, and patted the dog on the head. The animal looked after him wistfully, and, after sniffing the air for a moment, trotted up the path, after the one who had shown him a little sympathy.

By the time the man turned in at his gate, the dog was close at his heels. On the porch, he paused to shake the snow from his hat and coat, then as he opened the door the dog slipped in and took refuge under the kitchen table.

Near the stove, sat a little boy and his mother. As soon as the child saw the dog he crawled under the table and patted him on the head. In return, the dog put out his paw, and the little boy, very much pleased, shook it in a warm, friendly way.

"Papa," said the little fellow, "please let him stay; he's such a nice doggie, and it is so cold outside."

"But Teddy, he doesn't belong to us, and he's a valuable dog, so someone will be looking for him."

Through the persuasion of the boy it was decided that the dog could stay till he was claimed.

Each day the boy and Billy played together and at night the dog slept behind the stove. A week passed in this way and no one had claimed him.

Thus Billy found a home.

A year later we find Billy a trusty Scotch-Collie—white, with brown on his back and head. His beautiful, deep brown eyes appeared to be almost human, and their intelligence seemed greater than that of some persons.

Billy's master was still a mere child and he and the dog were constant companions. Whenever Teddy went, Billy went too, and between the two a strong tie of love had been formed.

The following summer the boy became ill and had to stay in bed. Billy seemed sick, too, because he couldn't see Teddy, and day after day he lay around and took no interest in anything or anybody, scarcely eating or drinking a thing.

A few days passed and the boy asked for the dog and Billy went bounding into the room. After this, he stayed an hour or two every day with his master, and he began to seem himself again.

It was over a month before Teddy was out of bed, and allowed to go out and play with Billy, but when the little boy was able to sit upon a chair, Billy never left his side. It seemed as though he wanted to do

something to show his gratitude for the kindness of his new friends. Every glance of his eye seemed to express thankfulness.

As time went on Billy did many little things that gained their love and showed his love for them.

We should profit by this little example and be kind to animals; it does not cost us anything and it makes even these dumb brutes happier. In doing an act of kindness we shall always be repaid, especially by a dog, for he is a noble animal that will always befriend his master. —Elias E. Barlow, Student Weber Stake Academy.

A KNIGHT OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

"Pa, just feel my muscle!" exclaimed Walter Williams, as he bent his forearm for his father's inspection. "That's all come this year. Baseball did it."

"What good is it?" asked his father, turning to his evening paper.

"What *good* is it?" echoed Walter, his eyes wide open with astonishment. "Why, I can pitch better than any boy on the team, and I am second at the bat and I won at shot-putting the other day."

"Yes, but what good is all that?" repeated his father, as he looked at his son quizzically over his newspaper.

Walter was too bewildered to reply immediately. He was used to questions of this kind from his father and he knew that this one, like a good many others, was asked to make him think.

"It makes me strong," he finally hazarded by way of answer.

"But what good is strength?" again asked his father.

A smile broke over Walter's face. "Now father," he said, affectionately, "you're only teasing me. You know you want me to be strong—you said so the other day. And you said I could put in all the athletics I wanted if I didn't neglect my studies. Now, didn't you, pa?"

"Yes, my boy," replied his father. "I certainly did. And I do want you to become a strong man. But remember one thing—physical strength without courage and chivalry to back it is worthless. You might become as strong as Samson of old, but if you only use your strength selfishly, what is the good of it, as I said before? Grow as strong as you can; get as much muscle as you like by shot-putting, horizontal bars, and so forth, but do not stop there. Keep your eyes open for chances to use your strength on behalf of those who are weaker. Then your strength will be worth while. Now run away, son, and think it over."

"Courage!" "Chivalry!" How the words fired the boy's imagination! He had recently finished reading *Ivanhoe* and was at that time about half-way through *Quentin Durward*. He knew that no matter how strong those knights of old might be, unless their cause was a

worthy one it counted for nought in the annals of chivalry. If he would be like those envied warriors he must not only have muscle and strength, but an eye quick to perceive danger to a weaker one and a heart sensitive to another's distress.

"By the knights of old I'll make my strength worth while," he said, determinedly, to himself, as he prepared for bed that night. "This muscle of mine shall do some good one of these days or I'll know the reason why!"

This determination awoke with him in the morning and stayed with him all that day. It spurred him to so much agility and proficiency in his "gym" practice that his teacher exclaimed before the rest of the boys, "Keep at it, boy, and you'll make an athletic record at college one of these days." But—"What is the good of it?" was the question that held itself persistently before his mind. It did not dampen his enthusiasm, but rather strengthened his resolution to prove that physical strength is good for something.

As the days went by Walter did not lose interest in watching for opportunities to make his strength count for something worth while. There were no fair ladies to rescue from some predicament; no false knights with whom to clash swords, but there were scuttles of coal to carry into the kitchen for his mother; there were ash barrels to roll out on the sidewalk and the lawn mower to push, instead of leaving these for his tired father to do at night, for there were many other such homely but honorable tasks which his strength could manage and so make him a real help to those about him. But these did not wholly satisfy his longing to "win his spurs"—to do something truly knight-like.

One day Walter started a trifle late for school. He had a mile to walk and usually stopped for one of his chums, but this morning he took a short cut across an empty lot which would bring him out at the upper end of the street which led to the schoolhouse—rather unfrequented because not built up portion of the town. Before he reached the road he heard a rumbling of wheels and something that sounded like a woman's scream. Breaking into a run, he reached the street in time to see the Widow Brigg's horse and buggy coming down a nearby hill at a rapid rate. The lines were dragging on the ground and the widow, who was along in years, and her grand-daughter were crouched in one corner of the buggy. Walter knew the temper of the old horse, as he had often gone to the Widow Brigg's for apples. He knew that to try to stop him when he reached the foot of the hill by clutching at the bridle would only anger him, and, with the impetus the descent had already given him, spur him to faster running, while, on the other hand, an obstacle which might cause him to swerve aside would without doubt overturn the vehicle. If he could only get hold of those loose reins?—that was the safest course. He thought of the muscle in that right arm and this nerved him to courage and quick action. "Now is my chance to win my spurs!" sprang into his mind and almost

to his lips in his eagerness. The buggy was an old-fashioned one, with the box extending out behind. The curtain was loose and flapping in the wind. All these details Walter noticed in the few seconds he waited for the horse to reach him, and he formed his plan. Dropping his school books he stood as close to the center of the road as he dared. The old horse swerved a trifle at the unexpected obstacle, and this gave Walter his opportunity. Quick as a flash he seized the frame of the buggy and swung himself around to the back. Although the horse was checked for a moment by the added weight, he started on again faster than before, and Walter's strength and nerve were taxed to the utmost to keep his grip on the rear of the buggy. His bar practice was his friend now. In a moment he drew himself up into the back of the buggy, climbed over the back of the seat, with the widow's thanks already pouring into his ears, stepped over the dashboard on to the whiffle-tree, and, with one hand gripping the dashboard to steady himself, reached with the other for the reins. Slowly but surely he is reaching them. A little more strain on that right arm, a little more nerve to brace him as he reaches out over the careering animal's back, a final clutch and the reins are in his hand! It was comparatively easy then, first to guide the old horse, who was becoming "winded," and next to pull him up to a dead stop, and the widow and her grandchild were safe! They stumbled out of the buggy while the horse was still wheezing and trembling from his unwonted exercise.

"O, Master Walter!" the widow cried, with the tears running down her cheeks, "you've saved my life and Annie's. How can I ever thank you enough? I never thought old Dobbin could run like that. But he slipped on a stone at the top of the hill, and my hands bein' stiff with the rheumatiz he jerked the reins out of 'em, and they scared him flapping around his feet, and he ran till you caught him. How can I ever pay you for saving a poor old woman and this innocent child? You tell your mother she has a son to be proud of, and I'll—"

By this time Walter, who was naturally modest and did not want his act paraded before the crowd that was beginning to collect, jumped out of the buggy himself and said: "Please, Widow Briggs, don't say any more about it. I am glad I could help you. And now what shall I do with the horse?"

"I'll take charge of him, my boy," said a neighbor of the widow's who had just come up. "I'll take the widow home in my wagon, for that old horse is too nearly done for to make the trip again very soon. As for you, boy, you look pretty nigh winded yourself. You've done a noble act, but you better go home and brush up a bit if you expect to go to school."

The bright color flew into Walter's cheeks at the man's words and he looked down at himself for the first time. Coat, trousers, shoes covered with white dust, hands grimy, hat left behind somewhere, a great tear in one sleeve of his coat. With a sudden feeling of bashfulness he slipped away from the ready questions that were beginning to bombard

him as the widow repeated the story to every newcomer, and struck into a side street on his way home. Though heated and weary and chagrined at his personal appearance, his heart was light, for he had had his chance—he had won his spurs—he was knight-errant in earnest now! What were soiled clothes or a strained, aching arm compared to that? Now his father could not say his strength was useless, for he had saved a weaker one from danger. Surely *that* was something worth while!

In after years Walter did make his mark on the athletic field, as his teacher had predicted. But never, even when borne aloft on the shoulders of his comrades after some famous victory, did he feel the same intense thrill of happiness as he did after this first successful effort to use physical strength in an unselfish cause.—Emma Virginia Fish.

A WIDENING CIRCLE.

"There go the Andersons in their new automobile," said Augusta, as they sat on the vine-shaded piazza. "I'm crazy for a ride in a real auto, and I've never even set foot in one. People *are* selfish, and I don't suppose Maude Anderson will ever think of inviting me."

"Well," said her friend Mattie, "I don't suppose they realize what a great treat it would be to you or me." She hesitated a moment, then continued boldly: "Just as *you* don't realize what an immense pleasure it would be to mamma if you would invite her sometime when you are going for a long drive. Of course *I've* been with you lots of things, Gustie; but I've often wanted to ask you to let mamma have my place sometime. She never has anything but trolley rides, you know."

"Why, I never thought of it," said Augusta, promptly. "Why didn't you ask me before? We've always had a horse and have been so used to driving that I never thought it would be any special pleasure. Tell your mamma I'll call for her Saturday, and we will take the prettiest ride I can find—where trolley cars won't take one."

When Mattie told her mother of the invitation that evening, Mrs. Loring's face lighted up. "Indeed, I should like it very much, Mattie; but wouldn't Augusta enjoy it more if you went instead?"

"No, mamma; she really wants *you* this time. I'm not invited at all," laughed Mattie. She had not told her mother of the conversation that had led to the invitation, and that the first suggestions of the drive had come from Mattie herself.

"It has been a long time," said Mrs. Loring, "since I've had anything more than a car ride."

"Dade, thin," said Mrs. Murphy, who had just brought back the laundry and had stopped a few minutes, at Mrs. Loring's invitation, to rest and enjoy the cool glass of lemonade that was very refresh-

ing after her long walk, "it's meself would be glad to get a car ride now and thin—'way out to the parks wid me little Maggie; but it's precious few nickels I can be sparin' fer car rides this summer."

Mrs. Loring and Mattie gave a quick glance at each other as the same thought flashed through their minds. Had they not neglected a very simple means of giving pleasure to others? They could well afford the money to give Mrs. Murphy and her ten-year-old Maggie a refreshing car ride at times.

"Mrs. Murphy, when I have my pleasant carriage drive next Saturday, I'd like to think that you and Maggie are having an outing too. You take these dimes and enjoy a good ride. It will give me real pleasure."

"Wasn't Mrs. Loring good to give us this lovely ride?" said Maggie to her mother as, in the very front seat of an electric car, they rode out to one of the beautiful parks the next Saturday afternoon.

"Yis, indade," said Mrs. Murphy. "And 'tis meself was wishin' we cud 'a' brought Biddy Ryan's little lame Tommie along wid us. How he would 'a' liked to see the green grass and the yaller buttercups!"

Maggie puzzled over this for some time. She knew it cost money for car rides, and she knew her mother had none to spare. It was hard work sometimes to get enough to pay the landlord and to buy food.

Before the ride was over, she had solved the problem: "Mamma, I think Mrs. McCarthy would lend me her baby carriage; and I could wheel Timmie over to the square, where he could see the fountain and the grass and the trees, and it would be nice and cool. He wouldn't be very heavy, if he is 'most five. Can I?"

"Yis, dear; an' it's a good thought, darlin'," responded Mrs. Murphy.

So the deed of kindness was "passed along." And each one found it was in her power to give pleasure to others—to share what seemed a simple thing to her, but meant much to others less fortunate than herself.—*Ida Kenniston, in the Circle.*

DOROTHY'S LETTER PARTY.

Girls, what do you think? Dorothy Day cannot come back to school this term."

"Why, Helen Morton, what is the matter? How do you know? Dorothy not coming back? How can we manage without her, and how it will put her back with her work! Too bad! too bad!"

These exclamations were not all uttered by one voice. Helen explained, as soon as she had a chance, in reply to the general outcry:—

"Dorothy went to her aunt's to spend the week's vacation and she

has just been discovered to have whooping cough—yes, at her age, big girl that she is. She cannot come home because she would give it to the little ones, and there she must stay cooped up in the country till she is well. She will be as lonesome as an owl, you may be sure.”

“And the seventeenth is her birthday,” said Alta Monroe. “Let’s try to think up something pleasant to do, as she can’t have her party. It was to have been her first party, and she will feel so sorry.”

Dorothy, who had been, as she said, “a give-uppity” all her life, was indeed grieved to think that now, when for the first time in her life her father felt that he could afford to allow a simple little party, must still be “a give-uppity.”

But when in the country cottage, visited by the rural mail-carrier, Dorothy’s birthday dawned, it brought a party in the postman’s bag. The loving girls had decided upon a letter party, and proceeded to carry it out. Each girl in the class, and some out of it, wrote a cheery, chatty letter, inclosing some tiny remembrance of her own handiwork, as far as possible, and all the letters, being mailed at once, came showering down upon the birthday girl like a beautiful snow fall. What a perfect delight it was!

Grown-ups are likely to appreciate letter-writing as a means of pleasure-giving, but perhaps young people do not indulge in it as often as they might. Think of the “Shut-ins” who might be thus cheered by so inexpensive a party, on some holiday, or upon any day in the year, and if you wish to know how much pleasure it will give, do try it.
—*Boys and Girls.*



AN ECHO FROM CHRISTMAS.

Dear Santa Claus—

Will you please bring my little sister, Alma May, a doll on Christmas, because she has not a nice doll like Judith’s and mine. If you have not enough money, I will let you take the money out of my bank that I was saving for a pony.

ELSA LOUISE.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

What will you do in the year that is new,
Little maid?
Will you make it a happy New Year to you,
Little maid?
Will you keep your heart full of sunshine, dear,
Though skies be cloudy and days be drear?
Will you help the mother, and lighten her care?
Be ready in duties to take your share?
Will you aim to make little ones happy and glad,
Be cheerful and hopeful when others are sad?
Will you aim to have life hold a little less pain
For those whom sickness and want enchain?
Will you strive to be gentle, brave, and sweet,
And to follow the Master with willing feet,
Little maid?
If this you do in the year that is new,
'Twill be truly a happy New Year to you,
Little maid!

—Selected.

A GOOD VIEW.

Two small girls were discussing the approaching holidays.

"Why do they have a New Year?" inquired one.

"Oh, that's so folks can have a chance to start over again," the other answered, wisely. "You know they have resolutions and things, and say they're going to be awful good. And maybe if there wasn't any New Year, they'd never think of starting over again."

The first child pondered for a moment, and then said: "I wonder why they have it so near Christmas? If it was some other time, we might get another week of vacation."

"Oh, I know," replied the small sage; "you know at Christmas everyone gives things away, and feels real kind and thankful. And they have New Year then so people will make their resolutions while they feel good. They're sure to make lots better ones that way."—Exchange.

TO-DAY.

It was John Ruskin who had the block of chalcedony on his desk carved with the word, "To-day," but no one has ever hinted that he was the only one who could take this one word for a motto in life. To think over the great amount of work accomplished by Ruskin, is to

know that he really did take advantage of to-day, and not trust till to-morrow for important duties.

"Why do you have to take that pudding to Miss Harper to-day?" asked a girl the other day, when her friend refused to put off the errand to the sick woman, to go to a little party.

"Miss Harper enjoys the puddings mother makes, and I will not disappoint her," was the quiet answer. "You may as well go on without me, for it will be too late when I get back."

The next day the girl who had urged delay, came in with a sad face, to say: "Miss Harper died last night. Her mother told me how much she enjoyed the pudding you carried to her, and your little visit with her. They all thought she was much better, and now she is gone. I am glad you didn't listen to me yesterday, and I'm never going to put off anything again, where sick people are concerned."

"Mother says well people can be disappointed as much as invalids," said her friend, "so I want to do everything as promptly as I can."

Of course people who are perfectly well can be disappointed when friends put them off. Really, the only time to do things is to-day, and the boys and girls who are prompt, always attract attention. "Fred is a good boy, but we can't keep him," said a merchant the other day, in speaking of a thirteen-year-old lad who did errands nights and mornings. "The minute the big store across the way knows we have a boy who doesn't dilly-dally, they offer him more wages than we can afford to pay. I can see by the way boys take hold of work just how they will turn out later. You'll never hear Fred whining about 'no chance' when he grows up. He'll make his own chance."

A girl was lamenting, just before the holidays, that she could not buy her mother a Christmas gift, while right across the way sat her chum bending over some dish towels that she was hemming for an old lady, to earn money for the gifts she wanted to buy. Adele had been asked time and again to do errands for money, but she always put them off until no one would trust her, while Ruth did everything just as she promised.

After all, there isn't anything in the world like a clear conscience. It is so nice to sit down to read, or go out to play, with the thought of chores all done, and lessons all finished, but only misery to have to make excuses all the time for work undone. When shall we do the things on our list of duties? To-day.—Hilda Richmond.

ADVICE TO SCHOOLGIRLS.

The principal of one of the large city schools, a man of superb physique, as well as fine intellectual endowments, gives this sensible advice to the young girls under his care:

"Study hard while you study. Put your whole mind into your work, and don't dally.

"Begin your studying early in the evening, but stop before 9 o'clock.

"Take a little recreation before retiring, to change the current of thought and to rest your head.

"Be in bed before 10 o'clock. The sleep thus obtained before midnight is the rest which most recuperates the system, giving brightness to the eye and a glow to the cheek.

"Take care of your health. That is first. If you need to do more studying, rise at six in the morning."—Phrenological Journal

TAKE TIME FOR IT.

"Take time to notice when someone about you is in trouble. Take time to sympathize with her. Stop long enough to be thoughtful and helpful and kind. These things take time, to be sure, but what is time good for if not for matters like these?

LOOK OUT FOR THE SCRAPS.

"Out of the scraps of silk and velvet that one girl throws away another will make something both useful and beautiful. And out of the bits of pleasure which one girl hardly notices, another makes happiness for herself and her friends. Look out for the scraps. Don't fancy that it is only the big things that count."

GUARDING YOUR DIGNITY.

"That dignity of yours makes some of you a great deal of trouble, doesn't it? You are so afraid that people will not treat you with enough consideration that you are all the time ready to take offense. When girls are looking for slights and snubs they are very likely to misinterpret things that were meant kindly and so make themselves unhappy when there is no reason for it. Instead of spending your time guarding your dignity, just set yourself to do kind things for other people. That will be less trouble than the other, and will pay far better."

IF WE ARE TO GROW WISER.

"Every day should make us a little wiser. If we have made a blunder once, we should be on our guard against repeating it. If we have succeeded in our undertakings, we should know better how to succeed another time. But we cannot learn from the day's experiences unless we stop to think. We must stop long enough to look back on what we have done, and then to look ahead on what we are going to do. The girl who is in such a hurry to do certain things that she cannot stop to think about them, will not be very much wiser at seventeen than she was at seven."

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

You are going to do great things you say—
But what have you done?
You are going to win in a splendid way,
As others have won;
You have plans that when they are put in force
Will make you sublime;
You have mapped out a glorious upward course—
But why don't you climb?

You are not quite ready to start, you say;
If you hope to win,
The time to be starting is now—to-day—
Don't dally—begin!
No man has ever been ready as yet,
Nor ever will be;
You may fall ere you reach where your hopes are set—
But try it and see.

You are going to do great things, you say,
You have splendid plans;
Your dreams are of heights that are far away;
They're a hopeful man's—
But the world when it judges the case for you
At the end, my son,
Will think not of what you are going to do,
But of what you've done.

—Selected.

A SPLENDID CHRISTMAS GIFT.

It is the custom of the Cleveland Consolidated Railway Co. to place a black mark after the names of its employes for each infringement of the company's rules, and those having the greatest number of black marks are the first to be discharged. For a Christmas present the company wiped out all the black marks, so that all its employes could start out the New Year with a clean record.

It would be a good thing for every boy, whether he feels that there are any black marks against him or not on the great Book of Life, to ask God for a new, clean page, not only each year, but each day.—
Selected.

RESOLVED!

"New Year's resolutions!" sneers Jack. Oh, pshaw! what's the good of 'em, anyway?"

"I don't know exactly," Tom answers, with some hesitation, "but somehow I can't help thinking they will do *some* good,—and anyhow that's the way I like to begin the new year. I'm going to try hard to keep some of those resolutions, too. If I fail—but maybe I won't fail. You never can tell till you try, you know."

And Tom is right, boys. To begin the new year with good resolutions is not a foolish thing. We feel sorry for the boy who does not make such resolutions. There is something wrong with him. His spiritual nature is not in a healthy state. Is he perfectly satisfied with himself? If not, why doesn't he brace up and resolve to do better? The first day of the year is the right time to begin.

Resolved—to be better, kinder, more studious; to do without grumbling the small duties that come to me; to consecrate anew my life to God. These are noble and inspiring resolutions, Jack, and it's well worth while to make them. Just try for yourself, and see. You may not keep them all for very long, for you are but a boy, and somewhat inclined to be careless and thoughtless. But if you forget resolve again and try again. Be sure you have a Friend who is watching you with kind and sympathetic eyes. When you reach upwards to God, His helping hands are stretched downwards to you. Ask Him, in all earnestness, to help you in your good resolutions. He will surely do it.—Selected.

THE IDEAL BOY.

As we have read about the lives of boys who have lived in other days, we hardly could help noticing how very important a part physical strength played. We are coming to understand, more and more, to-day, that unless a person has a strong, sound body, he is at a great disadvantage in life's many battles. As early as 1825, we hear of the Tremont gymnasium being established in Boston, and about 1860 gymnasiums were built for Princeton, Harvard, Yale, and Amherst.

The gymnasium of those days was very different from the gymnasiums of today. The instructor was usually a broken-down prize fighter, or an old circus performer. A boy going to such a gymnasium was taught to pound a bag filled with sand, until his knuckles were sore. He strained away, trying to lift heavy iron dumb-bells, and the more neck-breaking feats he could learn upon the bars of trapeze, the greater the benefit he thought he was deriving from his training. No examination was made, on their entering, to learn if they were able to take the exercise, or to find out just what kind of exercise they most needed, but all were given the same violent work that often resulted in far more harm than good. Then, too, some one had written that the perfect man should measure the same around his neck, his upper arm, and the calf of the leg, and thousands toiled away trying to reach this ideal. Gradually, however, there has grown up a new order of things. Today, a boy entering a well-conducted gymnasium is, first of

all, carefully examined for any weaknesses. Then he is given special exercises to strengthen the weak spots, in addition to the regular class work, in which all take part. Instead of straining away with great, heavy iron dumb-bells, he uses lighter ones, and instead of spending a year in learning a few dangerous feats, he plays games, has contests of a more athletic nature, and not only enjoys the work more, but develops more naturally through his games and sports, rather than by heavy straining exercises. His class drills are light and quick, and are intended to improve the general carriage of the body, as much as to develop muscle. The old idea that a person went to a gymnasium to learn a few gymnastic feats has long ago been superseded by the idea that a person attends a gymnasium to keep strong, and vigorous, and healthy. It is true that many people develop much gymnastic, or athletic, skill, but this is done naturally, and gymnastic skill is not the aim of the modern gymnasium so much as good health and recreation.

Today, a class of boys in a gymnasium follows a systematic course much like this. First, they spend from fifteen minutes to half an hour in dressing and free work, then they are lined up for a drill, either without apparatus, or with Indian clubs, dumb-bells, wands, or something of a similar nature. They are usually marched in to their positions and then put through a fifteen or twenty-minute drill. Then the class is again lined up and divided into a number of squads for instruction in the various pieces of apparatus. Each squad is in charge of a leader, who not only sets the exercise to be performed, but watches the members of his squad closely to see that they do not fall. Usually each squad changes several times each class day, so that several different pieces of apparatus are used. After the squad work is over, the class is again divided into sections, and various games or contests are given until the time to leave the floor comes. After the exercise is over, the members spend from fifteen minutes to half an hour, or even more, in bathing, usually taking a warm shower bath, followed by a cold one, or, if the gymnasium has a swimming pool, closing with a swim. Then, a good, brisk rub down with a coarse towel, rubbing until the whole body is a glowing pink, and then home to eat, as only a healthy boy can. The effects of such a course, particularly upon a growing boy, can scarcely be realized except by one who has spent some years in this work. Small, pale, and weak boys, grow into strong, powerful men, round shoulders disappear, flat chests fill out; dull boys become bright; shy, backward ones become more self-reliant and manly. It has been twenty years since the writer first joined a gymnasium connected with a Young Men's Christian Association, and today, when he occasionally drops in for a visit, he is surprised to see many of the men who were boys with him in the gymnasium, still keeping up their exercise. These men know how much benefit they have derived from their exercise, and are keeping young and vigorous as the years roll by.

However, one does not have to be a member of a gymnasium to obtain the same benefits. Regular, persistent exercise in your own room

at home, either before retiring at night, or early in the morning, will develop your muscles and strength just as much, even if it is not quite so enjoyable. The out-door games, during the warmer months, are also a more natural way of developing. Swimming is one of the best all-round exercises. Football and cross-country running, in the fall, are splendid games for health, if not overdone.

If a boy really is in earnest about exercising at home, he can use two flat irons for dumb-bells, or two stones. For a chinning bar he can "rig" up a broom-stick across a doorway. For parallel bars he can use two chairs. He can easily devise a pair of chest weights with some clothesline and a couple of cheap pulleys, that he can get for a few cents at the hardware store.

Then, too, if he has a few chums, they can form a little club and work together. I remember, with much pleasure, such a club that I organized which met in a cellar. We manufactured our own trapeze and bars, we bought several pairs of iron dumb-bells and one pair of Indian clubs, made our own chest weights, and begged an old mattress to place on the floor under our bar and trapeze to prevent our getting a bump, should we try too difficult a feat. I remember how we procured a tape measure, and how we would measure each other's muscles, watching to see how much they would increase. As I remember it now, we all obtained a bit of good from our rude gymnasium, for we kept it up with considerable regularity until we became high school boys.

And now, before closing our series on the "Boys of Other Days," let us think together for a few minutes. We have been talking, principally, about the physical side, as a most important side, of a boy's life. But this is not all. The physical part, the body, is like the foundation of a building, the rest is supported by it, and yet, though of great importance, no one would call the foundation the whole building. The ideal boy of today is one with a strong, healthy, and well-developed body, which is guided by a well-educated and well-trained mind, and in which body there dwells an honest, loving soul, which has been touched by the Christ, and led into a willing service for Him. Some of the finest boys and men I ever have met were splendid athletics, known in every college in the land. They were fine students, with brilliant, trained minds, and best of all, they were earnest workers for Christ. Many of these men, after their college days, when thousands of young people would cheer them on the football or athletic field, after graduation, have given their lives to help their fellow-men, some in the slum districts, others to preach from pulpits, while still others have gone far away to tell the story of Jesus and His love of heathen lands.

May every boy who has read these little stories of the "Boys of Other Days," have for his ideal, a man with a strong body, a cultured mind, and a soul filled with love for God and his fellows. Then, indeed, shall the boy of today be like the best type of all of the "boys of other days."—Prof. Matthew E. O'Brien.

PARTIES AND GAMES

GETTING ACQUAINTED. Each person attending the social is greeted at the door by delegated members of the class and handed a large card, 5x7 inches in size, the space on each side of which is divided into two parallel columns. The caption of the first column is "Acquaintance," and that of the second column on the same side, "Noted Characters." On the reverse side of the card the first column is headed "Musical Romance," and the second column "A Boat Race." Each person present is instructed as he enters the room to get the names of as many as possible of the people present on his list of acquaintances in the first column of his card. This provides an opportunity for getting acquainted.

NOTED CHARACTERS. After all have arrived and have had an opportunity to greet other people present and secure their names on their "Acquaintance" list, the person in charge of the program requests that those present arrange themselves in two parallel lines, facing each other, on opposite sides of the room, each person joining the line most convenient. A slip of paper bearing the name of some familiar historic, literary, or biblical character is then pinned to the back of each person. Each name is typewritten in capitals, without spacing, making it somewhat more difficult to recognize quickly. When all are provided with these names it is explained that each is to see to it if possible that no one else shall ascertain the name pinned on his back, at the same time endeavoring to secure for his card list of noted characters as many names as possible from the backs of other persons in the room. A time limit is set, and the word is given to proceed in the gathering of the lists of names. That the few minutes allotted to this portion of the program is a time of jovial activity can well be imagined.

MUSICAL ROMANCE. All present are seated, and after one or two familiar hymns or songs have been sung it is explained that the person at the piano will play in rapid succession short measures of different familiar hymns, fifteen or twenty in all. Each person is instructed to write down the title or first line of each hymn or song that he recognizes, and at the close the results are compared, the list reviewed in concert and this number of the program brought to a close by the singing of one or two of the songs included in the list.

RECITATION OR READING. While the company is still seated, one or more suitable short recitations or readings may be rendered.

A BOAT RACE. The company is again arranged on opposite sides of the room. Captains are appointed and these, in turn, choose sides, each side consisting of as many persons as convenient, not to exceed

twelve. In the middle of the room, between the two lines, are stretched two parallel cords, extending lengthwise entirely across the room. On each of these cords is a paper cornucopia, so attached that the cord slips easily through the point of the cornucopia, which can be blown along the cord across the room. The last column on the card may serve as a tally or record sheet for this contest. The two persons first chosen on opposite sides take their places one at each cord and cornucopia at the same end of the room, and at a given signal begin blowing the cornucopias along the cords across the room, each endeavoring to win in the race. The loser drops out of the contest and the winner returns to his place at the head of the line on his side. One rule to be carefully observed is that contestants shall fold their arms behind their back, and shall not touch either cord or cornucopia while blowing the latter across the room. The next two chosen on opposite sides follow, in a similar contest; and then Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, etc., until the entire number on both sides have taken part, when half of the entire number will have dropped out of the contest. The remaining members of both sides continue the contest until one side has been defeated and every member forced to drop out. The winning side and contestants then receive the warm congratulations of everyone.

SINGING AND ADJOURNMENT.—Selected.

NEWSPAPER ANIMALS.

I went to a party the other day where we played a new game. It was called newspaper animals, and this is how it was played:

Each child was given a sheet of newspaper and was told to tear it into the shape of some animal. We were not allowed to cut it with scissors, only to tear it with our fingers. And if you have never tried to tear out an animal you don't know how hard it is to make them look the way they ought to look.

When we had finished we had a funny collection. Such queer looking, humpy beasts!

And then they were all numbered and we wrote down what we thought each was intended for. A prize was offered for the best animal.

One boy handed in just a little irregular piece of paper that looked more like Lake Michigan on the map than anything else, and none of us could guess what it was till the boy who made it told us it was an oyster. And so they gave him the prize.—Washington Star.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FROM THE BABY.

The mystery of unfolding life
Is more than dawning morn,
Than opening flower or crescent moon
The human soul new-born!

And still to childhood's sweet appeal
The heart of genius turns,
And more than all the sages teach
From lisping voices learns.

Before life's sweetest mystery still
The heart in reverence kneels;
The wonder of the primal birth
The latest mother feels.

We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can;
God hath His small interpreters;
The child must teach the man.

We wander wide through evil years,
Our eyes of faith grow dim;
But he is freshest from His hands
And nearest unto Him!

And happy, pleading long with Him
For sin-sick hearts and cold,
The angels of our childhood still
The Father's face behold.

Of such the kingdom! Teach Thou us,
O Master most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of Thine!

—Selected.

PLEASANT EVENINGS AT HOME.

To make home pleasant should be the effort of all those who make a claim to be Latter-day Saints. It is too often the case that home is made not so inviting as it should be to the family, and the result is that the children are only too glad to get out of the nest and fly to some place that is more attractive. The other evening I invited a gentleman to supper, who made the hours go swiftly by his interesting talk of incidents that happened to him while abroad. He related nothing of a very startling character, but incidents that were very pleasant and instructive. He proved himself to be one of the best conversationalists, and the sooner he comes to supper at my home again the better it will be for my family and myself.

As the winter evenings are now upon us I ask the heads of families of my readers to hunt up some one who resides in their neighborhood to spend an evening with them and give them a treat equal to

the one that I enjoyed. Almost every neighborhood in this country has such a one residing in it, and the best way to do is to make all the use you can of him.

Home is such a nice place where every member of the family puts forth every effort to make it as near like heaven as possible. There is no necessity for dull hours at home during the evenings of the fall and winter months. There are innocent games that can be played by those who enjoy such recreation; and those who do not enjoy playing such games can easily be entertained otherwise.

The statistics prove that there are more female inmates of insane institutions in this country than there ought to be, and the bulk of them are from rural localities. Physicians inform us that the reason is that such unfortunates do not having sufficient relaxation from the monotonous cares of domestic life; and I believe that there is much truth in the assertion, for all work and no play makes Mary a dull woman.

There is an intense desire in the human heart for variety. God recognized this fact when He created no two flowers alike. There is a difference between the looks of every man and woman from any other, and also a difference in the appearance of animals and birds. Even the waters in the oceans are of different colors. The eye loves changes and so do the hearts of the people. The mind also wants a change. Too much laughter soon becomes obnoxious, and there is such a thing as too much solemnity in some households.

I love to see my children joyous at times, and have not the slightest doubt but that God takes delight in looking into the faces of His bright and cheerful children. Of course, there are times when solemnity, and only solemnity, is in order; and we should be very careful to keep those times in a proper manner.

I love to see jovial, romping children; but when father or mother calls "stop," then is the time to have all romping put away and something more serious engaged in.

What sight can be more pleasant than to see a whole family quietly enjoying an evening together? I have friends who are the father and mother of eight children, and one of the regulations of that household is that on one night of the week all the children must be at home to spend the evening with father and mother. And the plan works well, for I know not a more orderly and well-governed family. The children of that family are allowed much liberty on the other evenings of the week; but "home night" must be kept sacred. I sincerely wish that all homes were as well governed as that home. Eight children is a large number to handle, but the parents of that home seem to have no trouble in maintaining discipline and obedience in their commands.

It is to be hoped that the dull winter months will be pleasantly spent in all the homes of my readers. In order that they may be so, fathers and mothers must do considerable thinking and so must the children. What pleases father should please mother, and what pleases the children should please both parents. Study to please each other

in all things. Children's tastes alter as they grow older and so do the tastes of those who have seen many years. John and Mary will soon become man and woman, with all the tastes that go with manhood and womanhood. I have now arrived at an age when I can enjoy good children more than ever; but I want to be let alone by them occasionally in order to think carefully over the stern realities of life. There is a charm to me in some children, and their bright and happy ways have much to do with making my old days enjoyable.

Make the dark evenings of the coming winter the most pleasant ones you have ever enjoyed at your homes. Lift up the curtains of your kitchen windows so as to allow the man in the moon to look in and enjoy the peaceful, pleasant scenes. Let nothing happen, if you can help it, to mar the evening's entertainment. Let all be actors in the home, without regard to age or intellectual accomplishments.

May the parents of Latter-day Saint homes so bring up their families that the song of the children will be "There is no place like home!"

Those of the children who can play on the piano should do their best to entertain the other members of the family; and may the old grandmothers and grandfathers keep wide awake to show the others that they appreciate the sport that is going on.

And when all is over for the night, let all retire to rest with the feeling that they have each done what they could to make the others happy; for that is what makes a family what a family should be.

No more dull winter evenings for the families who read *The Children's Friend*; but may sunshine, moonlight and starlight do their best to please all my friends, both young and old.

I might have written a heavier article than this one; but I feel more anxious about being a blessing to my readers than I do about being a profound writer. To say some words that will help to make your homes happier than they are is worthy of a better heart than mine.—George R. Scott.

THE NEW YEAR.

Put as much poetry into the opening year as you can. The children will love the fancy that he is another child like themselves.

"O, I, am the little New Year, ho! ho!
Here I come tripping it over the snow
Shaking my bells with a merry din
So open your door and let me in."

In the little New Year's talks with the children, let it be the leading thought that one's own happiness for the coming year is not to be the chief consideration—but the happiness of others. Not *too* much moralizing, teachers. It is the little word here and there that seems to "say itself" that does the good. Watch for this golden moment but never force it. Don't have any particular time for saying the close heart-words, but let them always be the "word in season."—then how good it is.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT



THE NEW HOME OF THE GENERAL BOARD OF PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS AND THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

At a convention of Primary Officers held some years ago in Salt Lake City, Utah, the sisters were much blessed and encouraged by the remarks of President John R. Winder. Among other good things which he said he promised that with the help of the Lord he would do all that was in his power to arrange for a comfortable place where the Primray workers could meet to conduct their business and not be compelled to hold annual conventions in a different place each year.

The Lord has blessed President Winder with continued life and his word has been fulfilled. The thought started by our kind friend was received and accepted by the other members of the First Presidency and through their efforts and generosity the General Board find themselves in beautiful and convenient quarters, on the third floor of the Bishop's Building.

The Primary associations throughout the Church have all contributed towards the erection of this building, but all that was collected would be but a very small part of the cost of this, one of the most beautiful houses yet erected by the Latter-day Saints.

However, this opportunity is taken to extend the gratitude of the Board to all who have assisted in making the home of the general offices one of comfort and convenience and to extend a cordial invitation to all to come and visit them. The new address is The Bishop's Building, 40 North Main, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The two following letters explain themselves:

Salt Lake City, Utah, December 8th, 1909.

To the First Presidency,

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Brethren:—The General Board of Primary Associations has moved into its new offices, which have been given to them through your kindness and courtesy. The members of the Board desire to thank you for this great benefit. The rooms are beyond their greatest expectations, both in beauty and comfort; and were any incentive for increased effort on their part necessary, these surroundings would certainly furnish it.

Kindly accept the thanks and gratitude of the entire Board for your thoughtfulness and kindness in their behalf, not only for the beautiful rooms, but for your interest in their work.

Very respectfully yours,

GENERAL BOARD OF PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS.

By LOUIE B. FELT,

President.

OLIVE D. CHRISTENSEN,

Secretary.

Salt Lake City, Utah, December 10th, 1909.

*Mrs. Louie B. Felt, President, and Members of
the General Board of Primary Associations.*

Dear Sisters: We feel very much gratified to know by yours of the 8th inst. that you appreciate your present office quarters in the beautiful, substantial, New Building, and feel to congratulate you, in common with all of our brethren and sisters who occupy it in the fact that the building is the property of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and stands as one of the external evidences of its growth and strength.

When our minds revert to the days of our poverty and weakness, the days of our predecessors who labored and struggled under all kinds of adverse circumstances, and compare their lot with ours, it is fitting indeed to be grateful to the Lord for what He has wrought through us, and proper that we express our feelings in acknowledgement of His goodness to us.

Sincerely hoping that your new office quarters will prove a stimulus to all engaged in Primary work, and that you will always feel encouraged and blessed in your labors, we are, with kindest regards,

Your brethren and fellow-servants,

JOSEPH F. SMITH,

JOHN R. WINDER,

ANTHON H. LUND.

First Presidency.

MOTTO FOR 1910.

"During this year may I be faithful to my duty in little things, remembering that happiness does not consist in "doing the things I like to do, but in liking the things I have to do." May I strive to look on the bright side of things; to lighten the burdens of others; to see how much I can put into life rather than how much I can get out of it, and to attain to that purity of heart and life wherein I may see God."

DO IT NOW.

Don't wait until to-morrow's sun,
To do the deed that should be done;
To lift a banner for the right,
To hold aloft a guiding light,
To say the pleasant thing
That sweetly in some heart shall ring;—
Go forward! God will show you how;
Do loving service—"do it now!"
—Eliza Edmunds Hewitt.

MORAL INFECTIOUSNESS.

The primary object of teaching is the impartation of knowledge, the causing another to learn. But another and very important result, never to be lost sight of, is the awakening or intensifying in the scholar a love and enthusiasm for the thing taught. The instructor in literature, science, music, or art, deems himself successful as he sees in his pupil a response to his interest and devotion. Indeed, his highest compensation is the consciousness that under his influence his pupil is developing as an artist, mechanic, etc. The ultimate object of the Primary Association, as of all religious teaching, is righteousness, morality. It is not enough to merely inform the scholar as to the letter of the law, to make him correct in his understanding of the principles and statutes of morality. He may have all this and only reach the low level of Pharisaism. The teacher should strive to so present righteousness as to arouse and strengthen the moral sense of her scholars, to make righteousness appear so desirable that they will hunger and thirst for it. The true teacher is a necessary factor in the pupil's moral life, exerting an influence for or against its development. Consciously or unconsciously she is repellent or infectious. The moral influence of the teacher is twofold, intended and conscious, or unintentional and unconscious.

1. *Intentional Influence.* Such influence is the result of an intelligent and purposeful endeavor. Every lesson has a moral in it, and the wise teacher will endeavor so to present it as to influence her class to accept it as part of their outfit in righteousness. First, satisfy yourself as to the moral. Does the lesson teach or exemplify reverence, truthfulness, purity, what? Make no mistake here, or some quick witted scholar may see some prominent moral in the lesson's picture, and wonder at her teacher's obtuseness. Being sure as to the aim of your endeavors at influence, you can make good use of all your knowledge of truth, of all your knowledge of your scholars, and of all your knowledge of wise methods of doing in the direction of that aim. If a teacher wishes her scholars to be truthful and honorable, she will make every Bible narrative or Bible precept bearing thereon to ring out in favor of the right, with tones so sharp and clear that there can be no mistaking their meaning. Make your own appreciation of the truth effective by the method and manner of presentation. I once heard Dr. Schauffler present the story of the palsied man borne of four. He so pictured the sympathy, interest, labor, and unbaflled determination of these men that he seemed to influence every listener to become

a helper in some direction for good. Another instance of intended influence I well remember. When a boy I wanted to get beyond my reach. Placing the family Bible on a chair, I was about to step upon it when my father entered the room. Taking in the situation, and seeing his opportunity, he said in quiet tones: "Was my boy going to put his feet upon God's Holy Word?" Lifting it reverently, he carried it to the stand beside which he sat at family prayers. Over fifty years have not erased that picture from my mind, or failed to influence my treatment of the Holy Book.

Nor does this uplifting of the influence of truth depreciate the value and the importance of freshness and force in the truth presented. The more a teacher knows, the better she is furnished for teaching. It is a familiar story that a very ignorant person said to wise old Dr. South: "The Lord has no need of your book-larnin'." Whereat the witty divine replied: "Nor has he any greater need of your ignorance."

2. Unconscious Influence. There is an influence which is "unconscious, involuntary, and unintended: an influence which emanates from the teacher's very character, disclosing itself, without her having thought of such a disclosure, in her actions and manner and incidental words, also in her looks and in the varying expressions of her countenance." Dr. Bushnell said that every man speaks to his fellows by two modes of language: the language of speech, and the language of other expression than speech, "that expression of the eye, the face, the look, the gait, the motion, the time or cadence, which is sometimes called the natural language of the sentiments."

This power of personal character as affecting the influence of truth proclaimed by the person is none the less true of the teacher than of the preacher. It is the person back of the lesson that gives it chief power as a lesson. Every person radiates an influence as truly and constantly as a rose sends forth odors. A Sunday school teacher had a class of giddy boys not in their teens. Over sixty years after one of that class gave witness to the influence of that teacher: "I do not remember his name, nor anything he said to us, but he made a lasting impression upon my boyish mind of purity and patience. In many a temptation that pure, patient face seemed to appear and plead with me not to yield thereto."

Unconsciously the teacher influences her scholars by mannerisms. She may knit her brow, twitch her foot nervously, or "beat time" while teaching. She may repel a scholar by ignorance of him and his surroundings. She may call Charles William, and thus offend the lad's sense of personality. She may consciously gaze upon some fault in the boy's clothing or personal appearance, and thus wound his pride. On the other hand, a love for, and its resultant interest, will cause her to sympathize with the scholar, and unconsciously there will be a kind consideration of the scholar's feelings. And this will manifest itself in speech and manner. The word "fitly spoken" is such not only because of its timeliness, but the manner of its utterance. And this depends largely upon the character of the speaker. This character, manifesting itself in word and manner, develops into a perpetual picture, which her pupils study as unconsciously as she exhibits it. "A teacher inevitably influences more by what she is seven days in the week, than by what she says one day in the week." Consequently, the first and highest preparation of a teacher for her work of having and using influence wisely is, therefore, the preparation of herself in the faith and in the likeness of Christ. Holiness has its beauty, its charm, its infectiousness, which, like love, "never faileth." The living faith in you can not fail to draw. Well has Muller said: "If we do a thing because we think it is our duty, we generally fail; that is the old law which makes slaves of us. The real spring of our life, must be love—true, deep love—not of this or that person, or for this or that reason, but deep human love, devotion of soul to soul, love of God realized where alone it can be, in love to those whom He loves."—Selected.

RECITATIONS

"How can a little child be merry
In snowy, blowy January?
By each day, doing what is best,
By thinking, working for the rest.
So can a little child be merry
In snowy, blowy January."

OPENING ADDRESS.

I am a tiny tot,
And have not much to say;
But I must make, I'm told,
The "Welcome Speech" today.

Dear friends, we're glad you've come
To hear us speak and sing.
We'll do our very best
To please in every thing.

Our speeches we have learned;
And if you'll hear us through,
You'll see what tiny tots—
If they but try—can do.

—Selected.

WORDS OF WELCOME.

"Kind friends and parents, we welcome you here
To our nice pleasant school-room, and teacher so dear;
We wish but to show you how much we have learned,
And how to our lessons our hearts have been turned.

But hope you'll remember we all are quite young,
And when we have spoken, recited and sung,
You will pardon our blunders, which, as all are aware,
May even extend to the President's chair.

Our life is a school time, and till that shall end,
With our Father in heaven for teacher and friend.
O let us perform well each task that is given,
Till our time of probation is ended in heaven."

A NEW-YEAR SONG.

When the year is new, my dear,
When the year is new,
Let us make a promise here,
Little I and you.
Not to fall a-quarreling
Over every tiny thing,
But sing and smile, smile and sing
All the glad year through.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

As the year goes by, my dear,
 As the year goes by,
 Let us keep our sky swept clear,
 Little you and I.
 Sweep up every cloudy scowl,
 Every little thunder growl,
 And live and laugh, laugh and live,
 'Neath a cloudless sky.

When the year is old, my dear,
 When the year is old,
 Let me never doubt or fear,
 Though the days grow cold,
 Loving thoughts are always warm,
 Merry hearts ne'er know a storm;
 Come ice and snow, so love's dear glow
 Turns all our gray to gold.
 —Laura E. Richards.

MOTHER'S COMFORT.

I know a little girlie,
 With loving eyes so blue,
 And lips just made for smiling,
 And heart that's kind and true.
 She wears no dainty dresses,
 No jewels does she own;
 But the greatest of all treasures
 Is her little self alone.

Her name is "Mother's Comfort,"
 For all the livelong day
 Her busy little fingers
 Help mother's cares away.
 The sunshine loves to glisten
 And hide in her soft hair,
 And dimples chase each other
 About her cheeks so fair.

Oh, this darling little girlie,
 With the diamonds in her eyes,
 Makes in mother's heart a sunshine
 Better far than floods the skies!
 But the name that suits her better,
 And makes her glad eyes shine,
 Is the name of "Mother's Comfort,"
 This little treasure, mine.
 —Selected.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

Suggestions for Valentine Day:

To encourage the children in doing for others arrange for the making of valentines, either in the Primary or at home. If made in Primary, let each grade use one design and when finished they could be presented to children in another grade. Pictures cut from old magazines, parts of old valentines, bits of tinsel, gold or silver paper, etc., may be used to manufacture new valentines. If the materials are all ready, with the squares of paper or cardboard and paste to put them together, a very short period would be necessary for each child to make one valentine. Give each child the materials for a valentine, a little piece of paste on a small piece of paper and a toothpick to spread the paste. If it is impossible to make the valentines in the Primary the teacher should prepare a little talk on valentines with instructions on how to make them. It will help if a few samples are prepared so that the children will see how to make valentines without spending money. In volume five, February number, page 55, of *The Children's Friend* will be found some illustrated instructions for the making of valentines.

Washington and Lincoln Birthday Anniversaries.

On the meeting days nearest to the above dates a short program should be prepared and given in honor of the two famous leaders.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

LESSON FIVE.

Aim—Generosity.

Memory Gem:

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,"

"Freely ye have received, freely give."

Review of Lesson Four.

The teacher should repeat the memory gem used last time and then encourage the children to tell of any little deeds of kindness which they may have done during the past week. Refer to helpful actions which are generally done by small children, such as fetching and carrying, amusing the baby, minding mother, little services for others, etc. Review the story, "His Mother's Sleigh Ride." Let the children tell as much of it as possible, the teacher asking questions to assist in recalling the main points in the story.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Five.

Recitation of Memory Gem.

Suggestions for Talk by Teacher:

Talk about the many good things which the Lord gives to His children; in the home; the many beauties of nature; flowers, birds, etc. What does father do for his children? What does mother do? Find out how many of the children know when the anniversary of their birthday comes. What usually happens on birthdays? Let the children talk freely about birthday gifts and parties. Can you have a birthday party all by yourself? Develop the thought that it is sharing and playing with others that make the happiest kind of parties. Speak also of gifts, and dividing with others the pleasures they give.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "The Birthday Sled:"

It was Fred's fifth birthday, and a great day to him. When he went down to breakfast he found beside his chair a bright, new, red sled—just the very thing that he wanted more than anything else. He and his mother were going down town that morning to stay nearly all day, but he wanted so much to try the new sled that when breakfast was over she helped him to wrap up warmly, and let him go out with it for a little while.

The hill back of the house was short, but Fred liked it all the better for that, because he didn't have so far to haul the sled to the top, each time that he slid down. What fun it was to go flying over the ground!

He had gone down twice and was just starting up again when he noticed another little boy, standing by the big oak tree watching him, oh, so longingly. "Hello, Jack," he called, "see my new sled?"

Jack nodded. "It's certainly fine," he said.

Fred walked on up the hill. "It's my sled and my birthday, and I'll only have time for two or three more rides," he kept saying over and over to himself, trying to forget about the other boy.

All at once he turned and ran back. "Don't you want a ride?" he asked. Jack was too delighted to say a word, but how he did smile as he ran over and began helping Fred pull the sled up the hill!

"It's my birthday, and I'm five years old!" explained Fred.

"It's mine, too, and so am I five!" said Jack.

"Truly?" cried Fred. "What did you get?" and then he was sorry that he had asked, for Jack grew very red as he said in a low voice:

"Nothing. My mother didn't have the money to buy anything with for me."

But he was happy again in a minute as the gay sled went skimming down the hill with him. He put the rope over his arm and kept his hands in his pockets as he trudged up the hill with it. "I had some mittens, but I lost them," he said. "Your sled goes fine."

"We'll take turns till I have to go," said Fred. They did so, but soon his mother called him and he had to hurry into the house.

"Mother," he asked suddenly as he stood warming his hands and telling her about its being Jack's birthday, "couldn't we buy Jack a sled and some mittens?"

"Perhaps," said his mother. "I'll see."

"I'll give a quarter out of my bank," he urged.

"Then I'm quite sure we can get them," she said, and she did—a red sled and red mittens.

If Fred's eyes shone when he saw his sled, I'm sure I don't know what to say Jack's did when he saw his and the warm mittens. He was as happy as a boy could be, and Fred was as happy as he was.—Louise M. Oglevee.

LESSON SIX.

Aim—Giving Pleasure to Others.

Memory Gem:

"She's very sweet, my mother dear,
And I want to tell her just here;
And give to her this heart of mine
And sign myself her Valentine."

—Selected.

Review of Lesson Five:

Repeat memory gem from last lesson. Take the thought, "Freely ye have received, freely give," and see how much the children can tell you about all the good things which they receive from the Lord and their parents without having to ask for them. Then let them tell of things which they have asked for and have received. Review story, "The Birthday Sled."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Six:

If it is possible, let the children make valentines to give to mother. They should be very simple and easily made. Have squares of paper or cardboard, one for each child. Cut pictures out of old magazines, or use parts of old valentines, and let the children paste them on the squares of paper. Use toothpicks for spreading the paste. If it is impossible for the children to make the valentines in the class, have the materials put up in envelopes or packages and after showing the children how to make them, give each one the paper and picture and tell them how to make them when they get home.

Recitation of Memory Gem:

The teacher should use the memory gem to help the children to tell why "mother is sweet" and why giving her a valentine is the same as saying "I love you." Talk about valentines; how they are brought to our doors by neighbor children or by the postman. Emphasize the thought that sending valentines is to make others happy. What do we see on valentines? Pretty stars, flowers, pictures of nice little boys and girls, etc. All of them saying something to make us feel happy.

Do not say anything about the ugly valentines, of which we see altogether too many, unless one of the children should speak of them; then say, as though you would not even think about them, "We won't send any but pretty valentines."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "Robert's Valentines:"

Robert stood before his mother, and on her lap lay three dainty valentines which his own busy fingers had made in the kindergarten. "One is for you, of course," he said, "and one is for father, and the other one is for somebody that most likely will not get any, but I can't think of anyone."

"How would Mr. Jones do?" asked his mother.

Mr. Jones lived next door, and was sick and lame, but the very worst thing that ailed him was a disease called bad temper, and he scolded and scolded until anyone who had to go where he was got away as quickly as he could.

At first Robert didn't like the idea of giving his pretty valentine to that cross old man, but the more he thought about him, and his loneliness and unhappiness, the more he felt like trying to help him. So, the next morning soon after breakfast, a timid little boy stood knocking at Mr. Jones' door.

In his hand was a large, square envelope on which were the words in his handwriting:

"For Mr. Jones with Robert's love."

He had to knock twice before there was an answer, and then a surly voice called: "Get away from that door! I don't want anything." Tears came into Robert's eyes, but stooping down he pushed the valentine under the door and then ran softly down the steps.

That afternoon, just as they finished dinner, "thump, thump!" sounded on the porch, and whom should they see but Mr. Jones himself, hobbling on his crutches. "I've come to thank Robert for the valentine," he said at once, "and to beg his pardon. You see, I took him for a boy who comes trying to sell me things almost every day, and I spoke just as crossly as I felt. I haven't had a valentine before for twenty years, and I guess it's no wonder; but Robert has made me ashamed of myself, and I'm going to try to turn over a new leaf if I'm not too old."

He stayed for a little call and then hobbled slowly home again. Robert ran down to open the gate, and when he came back he said to his mother: "Aren't you glad I took him that valentine? I am."

"Indeed, I am glad," she answered, heartily, "and that little valentine has been a real missionary to that lonely old man, and has helped to make him happier and better."

Mr. Jones and Robert were fast friends after that, and they always celebrated St. Valentine's Day together.—*Louise M. Oglevee.*

LESSON SEVEN.

Aim.—The Golden Rule.

Memory Gem:

"Little children must not tease,
But each other try to please,
And obey this simple rule
In the home or in the school:
"Be to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you."

Review of Lesson Six.

Let the children tell about Valentine's Day: what they did themselves to make others happy, the valentines they received, etc. Review the memory gem in lesson six. Let the children tell you the story of "Robert's Valentines."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Seven.

Use the memory gem to develop the aim, "The Golden Rule." Who is kind and good to us?

Review the care of the father and mother in the home. Some of the children have big brothers and sisters; let the children tell how they help. Speak of playmates and the games and plays which the children enjoy together. Compare good and bad traits which children manifest in playing with each other. Let the children tell which of their little friends they like the best and why. Develop the thought that if we want to be liked we must be unselfish and kind to others.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "Making a Picture."

Outside the wide window were snowy fields, but inside was the warm, pleasant room, with the table drawn up into a corner with books and games. Rex was studying the pictures in a book of animals, but the two little girls were busy with a puzzle picture which they were trying to put together.

"This piece goes up here," said Edith.

"No, it doesn't fit; it goes farther down," answered Grace. "Where is the little crooked piece that goes in this place I wonder?"

Rex saw. It had dropped from the table and lay near him, but he did not tell; he slyly pulled a cushion over it, so that the girls could not find it. By and by he managed to slip out another piece and hide it when they were not looking. They were only two tiny pieces, but without them the puzzle would not go together.

"It's too bad!" said Edith. "It's such a pretty picture, and it must be all here, but I can't make it come right, though I was sure I could when uncle gave it to us."

They tried again, and were growing cross and discouraged when Rex pushed aside his book.

"Here, let me help. I'm sure I can do it," he said.

He meant to slip the missing pieces onto the table when no one noticed, but Grace caught sight of his hand as he drew it from under the cushions.

"There, I saw you, Rex! It wasn't one bit fair to spoil all our fun, just because you wanted to tease," she told him.

"I'll help," said Rex again. And with everybody trying and the pieces all at hand the picture was soon fitted together, and ready to show mother when she came in.

"The girls couldn't do it till I helped them," laughed Rex.

"We couldn't do it while you hindered and hid the pieces," answered Edith a little crossly.

"Making that kind of picture is like making a good time or a happy day," said mother. "Each one must put something into it and do his best, and anyone can spoil it by holding back his part."—Kate W. Hamilton.

LESSON EIGHT.

Aim.—Obedience.

Memory Gem:

"Tick!" the clock says, "tick! tick! tick!
What you have to do, do quick.
Time is gliding fast away;
Let us act, and act to-day.

"When your mother speaks, obey;
Do not loiter, do not stay,
Wait not for another tick:
What you have to do, do quick.

—Exchange.

Review of Lesson Seven.

Talk with the children about pets in the home: the dog and the cat, the chickens, lambs, etc., that are kept outdoors. How we take care of them and what they do for us. Sometimes little boys and girls will tease their pets. How do we like to be teased. Illustrate by reference to some of the teasing habits which children have generally. How did Rex tease his sisters? Review story, "Making a Picture."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Eight.

If there is a clock in the room call the attention of the children to it

and have them listen to its tick. If there is not a clock use a watch. While the children are listening repeat the memory gem. Speak of the service of the clock in keeping time. It has a face, hands, and voice, something like boys and girls. Use these resemblances and help the children to see the value of obedience. What might happen in the home if the clock refused to work? Get up late, breakfast late, father late to work, children late to school, etc.

What happens when children forget to do as mother tells them? Little folks go out and forget to put on wraps and hats and rubbers. In this cold weather something happens if we go out without our wraps, what is it? And then mother has to give us medicine, and sometimes children have coughs and the croup and it is very disagreeable, especially in the night; we can't sleep, and no one else can. What a lot of trouble because we forget to do as we are told. (Other instances of disobedience may be used if desired.) Let us listen again to the clock. Have the children repeat the memory gem, say tick! tick! with the clock.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "Jump."

Jump was the brightest and fattest and best-natured fox terrier that ever lived. At least so his little mistress, Annabel Andrews, thought. And you could not fool him or tease him, no matter how hard you tried. If Annabel held up a piece of candy, or a scrap of meat, or cake for him, he would sit up and beg for it; but after he once had been fooled by a piece of leaf, he always seemed to know the difference. Oh, no, Master Jump wouldn't sit up for any but real dainties!

And now I must tell you how Jump kept Annabel from getting lost. One beautiful spring day when Annabel and Jump went shopping with mother, the little girl loitered behind to gaze in the shop windows. They were such beautiful windows, filled with such tempting things,—Teddy bears and funny games, and, oh, a little stuffed dog that looked just like Jump!

"O, mother, look, quick! Doesn't that look like Jump? Do you suppose it could be his little brother?"

Mother smiled. "I think not, dear," she said; "but come, mother will lose you if you fall behind so far."

But Annabel could not resist the beautiful dolls in the next shop; she could see the back of mother's black silk coat, so why need she hurry? Suddenly Jump began to whine and cry.

"O Jump, you silly, there's mother, right there," said Annabel, pointing to the black silk coat. But Jump would not be comforted. So Annabel ran, and caught up with the black silk coat, and it wasn't mother at all!

Then it was Annabel's turn to cry, and Jump stopped crying. He ran back almost half a square, barking, and Annabel followed him.

"I'll find her," he seemed to say.

And so he did. He ran right through the open door of a little pattern shop, and there was mother buying a pattern!

"Mother, mother, you lost me!" wailed Annabel.

"Why, dear, I thought you were just outside. I told you to say out with Jump, while I bought a pattern."

"I—I didn't hear, I guess. I was thinking about the big Teddy bear just then," Annabel sobbed.

Then she told mother how Jump had kept her from getting lost.

"Wise dog," said mother, patting Jump affectionately, "and my little girl has learned a lesson too, hasn't she?"

"Yes, mother," Annabel agreed, smiling.—Dorothy Sherburne.

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Lord's Prayer.
Topic for the Month of February, "Our Father."

Divisions:

1. The Father who made the World.
2. The Father who made the Home.
3. The Father's loving care.
4. The Father who hears our prayers.

LESSON FIVE.

The Father who Made the World.

Aim.—To help the children understand the wonders of the creation.

Result Desired.—An increase in reverence for God and a deepened interest in all of His creations.

Suggestions:

Review lesson four and let the children tell you of any experiences they may have had in receiving answers to prayers, or any incidents of healing by faith with which they may be familiar. Let the children tell, with assistance from the teacher, the story "The Faith of a little girl."

Relate very simply the story of the creation (see lessons one and two for Third Grade, Dec., number.) Use a picture which shows the sun or moon, clouds, trees, water and birds, or animals, and let the children examine and tell you each thing that is represented in the picture. Now, everybody close your eyes. Can you see the picture? Now, open your eyes. Can you see the picture now? What helps you to see the picture? If it were night could you see? What do we call the time when it is not dark? What makes the day light? Where is the sun? What light can you see in the sky at night? Where are the moon and stars? What kind of light can we have in our home when the dark comes? Our Father in heaven made all the wonderful lights which help us so much and we will try to remember how very good our Father in heaven is to all His children.

A beautiful story is told of a little girl whose faith in God may teach us all a lesson.

The lamp had just been put out, and the little girl was rather afraid of the dark. But presently she saw the bright moon out of her window, and she asked her mother, "Is the moon God's light?"

"Yes," the mother replied; "the moon and stars are all God's lights."

"Will God blow out His light and go to sleep, too?" she asked again.

"No, my child," replied the mother; "God's lights are always burning."

"Well, mamma," said the child, "while God's awake, I'm not afraid."

Memory Gem: "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "Every Little Helps."

One night when the sun had disappeared and birds had tucked their heads beneath their wings to rest, one of the night birds flew close to an electric light.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You give so little light compared with the sun."

"I do the best I can," said the light. "Think how dark this corner

would be if I were not here! People walking and driving might run into one another, and someone might get hurt."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew. Then he came near a gaslight, standing apart from houses and busy streets.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You do not give as much light as the electric light."

"I do the best I can," said the light. "Do you not see that steep bank just beyond? If I were not here someone might fail to see it, and fall."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew. Soon his sharp eyes spied a lamp in a window.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You do not give even as much light as the gaslight."

"I do the best I can. I am in the window to throw light down the path, that Farmer Brown may see the way when he comes home. I do the best I can."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew.

But again his sharp eyes spied a light—a tiny candle light in a nursery window.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "Your light is so small. You do not give even as much light as a lamp."

"I do the best I can," said the candle, "and I can easily be carried from room to room. The good mother uses me when she gives the children a drink of water at night or sees that they are snugly covered up in bed. I do the best I can."

"That's true," said the bird; and away he flew, thinking, as he saw the many lights here and there, little and great: "All are helpers."—Kindergarten Review.

LESSON SIX.

The Father Who made the Home.

Aim.—To help the children to see the order and beauty of the ideal home.

Result Desired.—An increased willingness to be helpful and kind in the home.

Suggestions:

Review lesson five and let the children tell you the value of the sun, moon, stars and lights as given in the story "Every Little Helps."

Have the same or a similar picture as the one used in last lesson. What do you see in this picture? Who made the first trees and flowers grow? Have you ever seen beautiful trees and flowers? Where? Would you be glad if your home were in a beautiful garden where tall trees grew, where the grass was soft and green, and where lovely flowers nodded their pretty heads at you every time you went to walk in the garden? When our Heavenly Father made the world, He put in it a beautiful home and a garden with trees and flowers and streams of water. There were animals in the gardens and birds in the trees and everything was just as nice as it could be. When the home was all ready Adam and Eve came there to live and they were the very first father and mother, and they had two little boys whose names were Cain and Abel.

Our Father in heaven who made Adam and Eve and gave them a beautiful home, gave us our homes and our kind fathers and mothers, the beautiful world in which we live, the trees and flowers and everything that we enjoy. And He tells us to be good and kind in our homes and to do our best to help others to be happy.

Memory Gem:

"The Lord is our Father. We thank Him for life, for homes, and for all the beautiful things in the world."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "Dorothy's Welcome Home:"

"I mustn't linger at the breakfast table this morning," Mrs. Collins said, briskly, rolling up her napkin and slipping it into the ring. "There is so much to be done today to get ready for Dorothy's home-coming."

"It's too bad Dorothy couldn't be here to help you," Mr. Collins said, with a twinkle in his eyes. "She's your right-hand man, I believe."

"What does papa mean, mamma?" Elsie asked with wide-open eyes. "Dorothy's a girl!"

"He means, dear, that sister is a great help to me; that I can always depend on her to help me wherever I need her."

"Oh," said Elsie, a little doubtfully; but Mabel's face lighted up.

"Is that what makes people like Dorothy so much, mamma?"

"That is one reason, Mabel. Dorothy is always helpful to others."

As soon as the breakfast dishes were washed and put away, preparations were begun for welcoming home the daughter who had spent the winter with her aunt in New York. Everything about the house was to be put into apple-pie order, and Dorothy's own room was to be refurnished with the dainty new curtains and draperies that Mrs. Collins had lately bought. She had not meant to leave this till the last day, but the week had been a very busy and broken one, and Saturday had come and the room was still lacking its pretty "frills," though these were all ready to put in place.

"Won't it be sweet and lovely, mamma!" Mabel said, looking at the new curtains, which lay on the sitting-room table. "I guess Dorothy will think it's lovely."

"I hope so, dear," her mother answered, thinking happily of the surprise she had planned for her oldest daughter.

Elsie had taken herself off to the attic with her doll, Mabel was practicing at the piano, and Jack and Bob were trying to decide whose turn it was to fill the woodbox, when, as Mrs. Collins was passing through the sitting-room, a rug slipped under her feet, and she fell, wrenching her back badly. Mabel and the boys helped her to the couch, and stood by with frightened faces while she lay there white and groaning.

"It's nothing very serious, dears," she said, at last, "but I'm afraid I shan't be good for much for two or three days. And I did so want to get Dorothy's room fixed up! Poor Dorothy! It won't be quite the home-coming I had planned for her."

The three listeners looked very serious.

"And her room was going to be so pretty!" Mabel said regretfully. Then her face brightened suddenly, and she asked, "Couldn't Jack and Bob and I fix it, mamma? You could tell us about everything, you know. I want Dorothy's room to look lovely for her when she comes. And, mamma, I'd like to be a right-hand man, too."

"Bless your heart, dear, you shall be!" her mother answered, a relieved look coming over her face. "Do Bob and Jack want to be right-hand men also?"

"Sure!" they answered together; while Jack added, "Dorothy's mighty good about helping a fellow out when he gets in a tight place. Trot out your scrubbing pail!"

Under their mother's directions, the three went briskly to work. Mabel swept and dusted the room, while the boys did all the running back and forth, carried up warm suds from the kitchen, beat the mattress, and climbed up and down the stepladder to order. Elsie, up in the attic, heard the clatter of voices, and came down to find out what was going on. She wanted

a chance to help with the others, and so was set to washing some of Dorothy's little china knick-knacks and polishing the silver toilet articles.

"Isn't it pretty!" Elsie cried, delightedly, when the four had finished their work. And certainly the sunny room did look inviting, sweet, clean and tidy as it was, with all the glass and silver shining, fresh white muslin curtains at the windows, and dainty pink-and-white spreads on the table and dresser. "Won't Dorothy be glad we did it!"

"Well, I'm glad we did it," Bob declared with energy. "It would be a pity if the four of us couldn't do that much for mamma and Dorothy."

"Don't you think we might fix things up downstairs a little bit?" Mabel asked, then. "There was ever so much that mamma wanted to do, and I should think we might do some of it for her."

"All right!" the boys answered. "We're in the business now, so we might as well go on."

Perhaps the work wasn't done altogether according to Mrs. Collins' ideas, but it was a great relief to her to see going on, and she smiled at the energetic way in which the four workers wielded broom, dustpan and brush.

When Dorothy came, a little before supper, her first thought was for her mother, who was moving slowly and painfully about the kitchen, getting ready the evening meal. But Mrs. Collins did not forget how eager and impatient the others were.

"You'll want to go to your room before supper, dearest," she said to the tall, slender, graceful girl who stood with her arm about her mother's waist. "The children will show you the way."

Laughing at the idea of having to be shown to the old, familiar room, Dorothy marched away at the head of the little troop, but she understood better when she had stepped into the room and lighted the gas.

"How lovely!" she said, joyfully, looking about at the new belongings, which were exactly what she had been wanting. "I suppose mamma did this for a surprise for me?"

Elsie's clear, eager voice broke out then with the whole story to which Dorothy listened with shining eyes.

"You dears!" she exclaimed, gathering the four in her arms as well as she could. Bob and Jack were beginning to think they were too old to be hugged, but they did not seem to mind now. "It's lovely, and the best of it is that everyone of you had a hand in it. I shall always think of that whenever I look at the room. Let's go now and give mother her share."

As they went back downstairs, Mabel and Bob fell behind.

"Oh, Bob, supposing we hadn't done it!" she said, thinking how happy pretty Dorothy had looked. "I wonder if it's always so nice to be a right-hand man?" she added, with a long sigh of content.—Sara R. Hosmer.

LESSON SEVEN.

The Father's Loving Care.

Aim.—God's care for His children.

Result Desired.—An increased appreciation of daily care, and a deepening knowledge that all good comes from our Heavenly Father.

Suggestions:

Review of lesson six. Emphasize the blessings which are enjoyed daily in the home. Animals, birds, plants, etc., all do their part to make the world beautiful. Fathers, mothers, etc., do things to make home comfortable and pleasant. What must little children do as their share? Let the children tell the story "Dorothy's Welcome Home." Repeat memory gem from lesson six.

Relate the following:

"In a country very far away from here there once lived a king who did

not love God, and who did not try to do the things which God wanted him to do. This king was very cruel and unkind to the people who worked for him, and when little baby boys were born in the homes of the people who worked for the king their fathers and mothers hid them. Why do you suppose their fathers and mothers hid them, so that the king could not find them? Why do you suppose the fathers and mothers took such good care of their baby boys?

"I will tell you of one little baby boy whose mother loved him, just as all mothers love their babies, and she did not want any harm to come to him. So she hid him just as long as she could. When he grew to be such a big baby that she could not hide him any longer, this is what she did: She took something which we would call a basket, and she covered it all over with soft mud that clung to the basket and made it all hard and smooth, and so that not the least bit of water could get inside. Then she put her baby in the basket and laid the basket and baby among the tall grasses which grew right by the edge of the water. Do you think that was a queer place for her to put her baby? That mother had a good reason for putting her baby where she did; she knew that the king's daughter came down to wash herself at the river, and she hoped that the king's daughter would see her baby boy and would love him and take care of him. That is just what happened. When the king's daughter saw the baby and heard him cry, she was sorry for him and loved him and cared for him just as though he were her own boy. And she called his name Moses; and Moses grew bigger and bigger, and stronger and stronger, until at last he grew to be a man, just as I hope you boys will grow to be men.

"Who do you think puts love in all mother's hearts for their children? Who do you think made the king's daughter kind and put love in her heart for the baby boy? Who took care of the baby Moses all the time,—when the mother was near, when she was far away, when the king's daughter was near, and when she was far away?

Who takes care of us at all times? I think that God is good and kind to take care of us, don't you?"

Memory Gem:

"God is good, He cares for me."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "When Billy was Lost:"

"I can't see why I was so stupid as to miss the right turning!" and Billy quickened his steps and peered through the darkness ahead of him.

This was only the second time that he had been over the road that ran from their house to the village, three miles away, for they had only recently moved to Sherbrooke.

Billy's little sister was ill, and on this particular afternoon Billy had been sent to the doctor's for some more medicine and had lost his way going home.

"My, but it is lonesome!" he said half aloud as it began to grow dark and there was no house in sight. "But I don't suppose God will let me get lost, for He must be up there among the stars."

And the little stars smiled back at him, as if to say that he was not entirely alone; they were sentinels to watch over him.

Soon he came to a little stretch of woods, and thrusting his hands deep in his pockets he hurried forward, as it seemed very dark indeed through there. What was that breaking through the bushes? Could it be a bear? He had never heard of bears in that neighborhood, but his heart beat very fast indeed as he listened to something coming nearer and nearer. I am afraid that he even forgot for a time that God was keeping watch over him.

There was a scramble and a final crash, and what should bound out into the road but Billy's own dog, Chum! How glad he was to see him!

"Chum! Chum!" cried Billy, and then what a hugging and barking there was as the two met!

"Now then, Chum, go find Betty!" commanded Billy, who knew in that way he could tell how to get home.

So, looking back every little while to see that his master was following, Chum started off, and much to Billy's surprise he soon found himself but a short distance from his own home.

"Mother," he said that night when he had told her all about it, "I almost think that God sent Chum, don't you, because he knew how lonely I was?"

"Yes, dear, perhaps he did, for he could show you in that way as well as in any other that he would take care of you, if you only trusted in him. —Margaret Warren.

LESSON EIGHT.

The Father Who Hears Our Prayers.

Aim—Faith in God.

Result Desired.—That the children when in trouble will think about their Heavenly Father and ask for His assistance, believing that if it is for the best the Lord will grant their petition.

Suggestions:

Review story of Moses, emphasizing the fact that our Heavenly Father was keeping watch over the baby, that He put the love into the mother's heart and that He sent the king's daughter just at the right time to find Moses. That He put into her mind the thought that it would be nice to take Moses to her home and keep him there, where he would be safe from all harm.

Review story, "When Billy Was Lost."

Repeat memory gem from lesson seven.

"Does God take care of all little children? Do you think God cares just for little children? Do you think He cares for big boys and big girls? for men and women? I think He does, for "God is love."

I will tell you how our Father in heaven helped a man whose name was Elijah. The story is in the Bible and it tells us that Elijah was a teacher who taught the people about God the Father and all that God wanted His people to do. How it happened in that country where Elijah lived that the rain did not fall for a long, long time—such a long time that the green, growing things that the people had for food did not grow. The wheat and other grains did not grow, and there was no meal or flour with which to make bread, and the people did not have enough to eat.

It was at this time that God took care of Elijah in a very wonderful way. God spoke to him and said: "Turn to the east, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith. And it shall be, that thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there." Elijah obeyed, and he went to the brook and lived beside it as long as God the Father told him to. Elijah found the water good to drink, just as God told him it would be. And every morning and every evening ravens flew to the place where Elijah was and brought him food to eat, just as God said they would.

God, the Father of all, has power to do all things, and He has power to take care of everybody. He took care of Elijah because He loved him.

Our Father in heaven loves you little children. He has promised to take care of you, and He will. He will take care of you always,—when you are asleep, when you are awake, when you are afraid or lonely, when you are playing or working."

Memory Gem:

"Father, thou who carest
For smallest tiny flowers,
Thou teachest bees, and squirrels,
To save for winter hours.
To thee, we little children,
Our loving thanks would bring
For all thy loving-kindness,
Of all thy goodness sing."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "The Drummer Boy:"

"Uncle Jasper," demanded Gordon, "didn't you see any places that had anything to do with boys? You have told the girls about fifty-'leven places you visited that had some girl in connection with them, and I think it is our turn now!"

"So do I!" declared both David and Harold together.

"Well," laughed Uncle Jasper, "I think perhaps it is your turn, and, yes, I did visit a place that had a story of a boy attached to it. It was a cave, too! Does not that sound exciting? But it was not a robbers' cave, however; it was a cave which the British used for a small prison during the War of 1812.

"The story is that one day several soldiers, who had been drinking heavily, met a little drummer boy, and they decided it would be a great joke to lock him in this cave, although they probably intended to let him out when his fears or anger had given them sufficient amusement.

"The poor lad was very much frightened, indeed, and begged to be set free, but he was only laughed at for being a timid soldier, and told that he must obey his superiors. They shoved him into the cave and then pretended to leave him there, after telling him many tales of how the French would find him and kill him, or else some wild beast would do the same thing.

"As he trembled there in the cold and darkness, he could still hear the soldiers laughing and shouting in the distance, but presently their voices grew fainter and all was still. In the stillness he remembered that his mother had told him always to trust in God, for he would take care of him. After that he felt that he was not quite alone, and then he must have fallen asleep, for when he awoke he could see the stars from the mouth of the cave.

"Morning came, followed by night, and then another day; still no one was sent to release him or to bring him any water or food. He kept praying to God to send some one soon, but after a little time he lost consciousness and knew nothing until one day he woke up to find himself in the hospital tent, and there, sitting beside him, was one of the same soldiers who had made him a prisoner.

"At first he thought he was still a prisoner, until the soldier explained that they had gone off on a skirmish and had forgotten all about him, until he himself had been brought in wounded, and then, when he remembered what they had done, some one was sent to release the prisoner.

"And I have been waiting all this time to tell you how sorry I am," added the soldier.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the boy, "I knew some one would come, because I kept asking God to send some one, and you see He really did."
—Margaret Warren.

THIRD GRADE.

(Children eight and nine years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Ten Commandments.
Topic for the Month of February—Commandment 2.

Divisions:

1. Idolatry.
2. Worship of Wealth.
3. Worship of Power.
4. How God Loves His Children.

LESSON FIVE.

Idolatry.

Aim—To help the children to understand why the Lord established the Ten Commandments.

Result Desired—That the children will have increased respect for proper authority.

Review of Lessons for January:

Use the four divisions and let the children tell why we believe God to be the Greatest Ruler, etc.

Suggestions for Development of Lesson Five.

Review briefly the story of the giving of the Ten Commandments to the Israelites. How Joseph came to Egypt. How his family and others followed and remained. How they became the servants of the Egyptians. The acquiring of the habits of the people with whom they were living. How Moses came to deliver them, and the long journey in the desert. Describe some of the conditions of the journey with its many trials, and emphasize the fact that the bad habits which the Israelites had acquired made the journey harder and more difficult; for they were discontented and not willing to obey the commands of the Lord which were given to them by Moses. Explain how Moses went to the Lord for assistance and how the Lord wrote on the tablets of stone the Ten Commandments which, if obeyed, would make them a better and a happier people. These commandments are just as good for us as they were for the Israelites and we want to know all about them, so they may help us also to be good. The first commandment bids us remember that we must honor and obey God because He is the Father of all people, the Maker and the Ruler of the earth, and the One who gives us every good thing which we enjoy.

Now, I shall read slowly the second commandment, then we will try to find out just what it means.

(Read second commandment.)

Describe a "graven image." If possible have pictures of idols, such as were worshiped by the Israelites, to show to the class. In almost every home are statuettes which may be referred to, to help the children to understand what is meant by a "graven image." The Israelites sometimes forgot God, and worshiped idols, just as it says in the commandment; they made images of things like the sun, moon and stars, like men and women and animals and birds, and even like the fish that live in the water. They would kneel down before these images and ask help of them. But they were made of stone and brass and other things which could neither hear nor speak; so of course it was very foolish as well as wrong to ask help from such idols. Here in the commandment the Lord speaks very plainly

(read again, slowly, the commandment.) The last part means that if we do God's way we shall be blessed and happy, but if we do wrong and are disobedient we shall be punished. Let us all say the memory gem about "Our Father."

Memory Gem:

"Our Father's love is sure,
And very wise His care;
He gives us what He knows is best,
And hears our every prayer."

LESSON SIX.

Worship of Wealth.

Aim—"The best of life is not to be gotten from the ownership of many things; it comes from work well done."

Result Desired—That the children will recognize the great wisdom of God in giving us commandments which if obeyed, bring happiness and blessings.

Review of Lesson Five:

Let the children tell you the story of the Israelites as outlined in last lesson. Emphasize the thought that the people of God had gone into Egypt and had fallen into bad habits, and so were unhappy and uncomfortable. The desire of the Lord was to help them to be a good people and then they would be more comfortable and happy. Review the memory gem to show the Supreme Wisdom that makes laws which help everybody to be good and kind to others.

Development of Lesson Six:

There are three very good stories in the Bible which may be used to illustrate the aim, that the worship of wealth does not bring happiness, any or all of which may be used as the teacher may desire. They are: The parting of Abram and Lot (Genesis, 13th chapter); Jesus driving out the money changers from the temple (John 2: 13, 16); Jesus and the rich young man (Matthew 19: 16-24).

The following story may be related in the teacher's own words.

Story from Real Life:

A fortune is the ideal of success with many youths. They read of poor boys going to New York or Boston, London or Paris, and finally becoming the millionaires of those cities. They can buy every luxury and worldly pleasure there is; and they are honored far more than many of the best men who ever lived. It is not strange, in these circumstances, that boys especially should conclude that wealth is the greatest thing to be sought for. They believe that to be rich is to be happy and respected, and so they want to be rich. Thus deluded, many enter the race for riches without regard for anything else.

The following story of two boys will show, by contrast, how erroneous and misleading such ideas are. And this is only one of thousands of kindred facts that might be adduced to prove that accumulating a fortune may prove the greatest failure.

Two brothers were left five hundred dollars each by their deceased father. "I will take this money and make myself a rich man," said Henry. He believed that wealth was the greatest thing on earth. "I will take this money and make myself a good man," said George, the elder. Henry, though having little education, ceased going to school, and entered the world of traffic. He was quick-witted, shrewd, and willing to work hard for money.

At the end of a year he had one thousand dollars. In five years he was worth twenty thousand dollars; and at fifty he was called a millionaire.

George did not believe that success was getting money. He knew there was something better than wealth, and he looked for it. He spent two-thirds of his money in going to school, before taking up his chosen occupation. Then he purchased a few acres of land near a thriving city, and became a farmer.

After the lapse of about forty years, the two brothers met at George's house. George was a vigorous, alert, handsome man, the very picture of health and happiness, though nearly sixty years of age. Henry was nervous, thin and infirm, and walked like an old man, though several years younger than George. In his race for riches, he had completely broken down. On the other hand, George was as sound and hearty as he was at twenty-one.

They went into the library, where George spent all his leisure time. Henry had no more interest in the books than in so many stones; he had no taste for reading. They went into the garden. Henry began to cough, and said he was afraid of the east wind. George called his attention to some beautiful shade trees: but Henry only answered, "Pshaw!" They visited the greenhouse; Henry remarked, "I don't care for such things as these." "Are you fond of paintings and engravings?" inquired George. "I can't tell one daub from another." "Well, you must hear my daughter Edith play the piano!" "Oh, don't brother, don't; I never could endure music." "But what can I do to interest you?" continued George, almost in despair; "shall we take a ride?" After a silence of a few moments, Henry answered, "If you please, you may take me down to the bank, and I will have a chat with the president." George was glad to take him there.

Here was a man who had given his life to money-making, and he was nothing but a wreck. His body was shattered, and his mind, too; and he could find no enjoyment in anything but the god he had worshiped—gold. He was not a bad man—he was known as a moral man. But he had made a grave mistake; and he saw it when he contrasted his life with that of his brother; and he said, out of the depths of his disappointment:

"George, you can just support yourself comfortably with your income, and I have money enough to buy up your whole town, including the bank; and yet your life is a success, and mine a dead failure."—Selected.

Memory Gem:

"Good laws make it easier to do right and harder to do wrong."

LESSON SEVEN.

Worship of Power.

Aim—A deepening of the feeling that God is the best and wisest Ruler.

Result Desired—A more willing obedience on the part of the children to proper authority.

Review of Lesson Six:

Read Deuteronomy, 8th chapter, and review in your own words the blessings which were bestowed on the Israelites; then compare with the story of our people and how the Lord led us, as He did the Israelites, into a land of plenty. We must remember the great kindness of our Father and be willing to honor and serve Him.

Development of Lesson Seven:

Talk with the children about power, what it is and what it can do. What powers do children possess and how may they use them for good or ill? What power have parents over their children and how is it generally used

for the benefit of the children? What is the power in physical strength? In mental strength? What is the power of money and of position? Refer to the power held by Pharaoh. How did he use it against the Israelites? Use story of Saul and David to illustrate the thought that Saul desired so much his power as king that he wished to destroy David for fear that David might take away some of his power which he had as king of the Jews. Read 1st Samuel for story of Saul and David. The story of Herod may be used, how, when he heard of the birth of Jesus, he commanded that all the little boys under two years of age should be destroyed. (Matthew 2: 16-18.)

These men all worshiped power and it made them do wrong and wicked things. Go back to thoughts in 8th chapter of Deuteronomy and show how God uses His power to make people happy.

Memory Gem:

"No man doth safely rule but he that has learned gladly to obey."

LESSON EIGHT.

How God Loves His Children.

Aim—"God is King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding."

Result Desired—An increased reverence for God and a better understanding why the commandments of God should be obeyed.

Review of Lesson Seven:

Let the children tell of the results of worshiping power, as illustrated in the lives of Pharaoh, Saul and David and Herod. Also review story of the two brothers.

Development of Lesson Eight:

Recite the second commandment. Let the children tell what is meant by a "graven image." What kind of idols did the Israelites make and worship? What did they worship in the heavens? In the earth? Beneath the waters? What do people worship now? Which will make people the happiest, to honor and obey God or to give all their time and ability to getting riches or power?

The commandment says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Then in many ways the Lord tells us that if we wish to prove that we love Him we are to be kind to each other, not only our parents and brothers and sisters, but to be good to everybody. People who worship wealth, keep it for themselves. People who worship power generally use it to hurt others. Now, how does God use His wealth and power? What does God own? (Permit the class to go into details because everything that is belongs to Him.)

What power may God use? (This question may bring in the thoughts of the planets, the uses of electricity, the giving of life; death, etc. Encourage all the class to take part in the talk.)

To illustrate the forgiveness of God use some of the following: Story of the flood (Gen. 6th and 7th chapters). Lot at the destruction of Sodom, (Gen. 19th). Stories of Joseph and Moses. Daniel in the lion's den (Daniel 6th chapter). The giving of His son that all might learn the blessing of loving and giving. Any of the incidents from the life of Our Savior which illustrates the thought of God's continual goodness to those who keep His commandments.

Memory Gem:

"The Lord is good to all."

FOURTH GRADE.

(Children ten and eleven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Word of Wisdom.

Topic for the Month of February—Care of the Body.

Divisions:

1. Why We Eat.
2. What to Eat.
3. Varieties in Food.
4. When to Eat.

LESSON FIVE.

Why We Eat.

Aim—The necessity for food.

Result Desired—That the children may desire to understand the needs of the body. That they will recognize God's blessings in caring for His Children.

Memory Gem:

Behold, God exalteth by His power: who teacheth like Him?—Job 36: 22.

Suggestive Talk:

Did you ever see an automobile whizzing down the road? What was pulling it? Was there anything pushing it? It looked as though it were going of itself. What was the man doing who sat in front holding a small wheel? After the automobile had passed there was a strong odor. What was it? The gasoline is the fuel that makes the power which moves the automobile. Did you ever see an automobile when it could not go? Sometimes the owner has to get a team to pull the machine home. What do you think had happened to it? Sometimes an accident happens to some part of the machine; but, usually, when an automobile stops running it is because it has used up all its fuel (gasoline).

Did you ever think about your body as a wonderful machine, much more wonderful than an automobile? The machinery of your body would soon stop working if you did not keep it well supplied with fuel; so to keep it going we put in fresh fuel about three times each day.

When you use an automobile constantly its parts are getting worn out. Sometimes the parts become so worn that they break and then the automobile will not run. What must be done to put it in good working order?

Parts of your body become worn with constant use, but they are able to mend themselves. Just as fast as the parts of your body are being worn out some wonderful process is at work making them new again.

There are many parts in your body and they are all working at one time to keep you alive and give you strength to move about and to think.

You may use your body until it is all tired out, but it soon becomes rested again. If you fall and bruise yourself, does the bruise stay there forever? What happens to the skin or bone that is bruised? How about a cut? Then your body is constantly taking care of itself.

Did you ever see a small automobile grow into a big one? How about a baby? When he was very little what could he do to help himself? What are some of the first things he does? How do you know his body is growing stronger? What makes you think his mind grows too? What helps the baby to grow?

How about plants? How can you tell that they are growing? What

kind of food do plants need? Does the plant look like the soil and water out of which they grow? Does the baby look like the milk it drinks?

There are three reasons why we eat: to keep the machinery of our bodies working smoothly, to repair the parts as they are being worn out, to make them grow. We get strength or power from our food; as fast as we wear out it builds us up; we grow taller and larger; we can use our minds so that we understand more and do more."

We need to know how to eat and when to eat to get the best use of all the parts of the body. We should learn to chew carefully the food before it is swallowed. When the food reaches the stomach it is changed by the juices which the body supplies; then it goes into the blood and becomes a part of the body. The work that is done in the stomach we call digestion.

Like plants we need more than food, we must have air and sunshine. We must be very careful of our bodies, they are the most wonderful machines in the world.

Questions on the Lesson:

What can you tell about an automobile?

What do you know of some other wonderful machine? (This question is for the benefit of children who are familiar with farming or other industrial machines.)

What do you know about your body as a wonderful machine? What can it do?

What happens to a machine that is being constantly used?

What happens to the body that is in active service every day?

How is the body repaired and kept alive?

Tell about some injury you have received and how it was repaired?

How do you know that the mind and body grow larger and stronger?

What have you noticed in the growth of plants?

What are the three reasons for eating?

What is the good of knowing when and what to eat?

What happens to the food when it gets into the stomach?

If the stomach is not in good order what usually happens?

Has the Lord told us anything about how we should care for our bodies?

Where do we find this information?

LESSON SIX.

What to Eat.

Aim—Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law.—Psalms 119: 34.

Result Desired—That the children will understand that the Lord desires His children to be as comfortable and happy as possible.

Memory Gem:

Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!—Psalms 107: 8.

Suggestive Talk:

Louisa M. Alcott wrote a story about a little girl who was very fond of sweets. She wished that she might eat all the cake and candy she wanted, and that she need eat nothing else.

She had a dream once that she was taken to a land where all the people were small and where everything, including the people, were made of candy. The little girl was delighted, and began to eat all the candy she wanted. Very soon she began to feel cross. She was tired of eating and seeing so much candy. Now she wanted something else to eat! Then she made up her mind to run away from Candy Land.

She came to a great desert and as she hurried over it she discovered

that it was all brown sugar. Next she came to a country where everything was cake. Beautiful frosted and fruit cakes! Cookies and gingerbread! The little girl tasted everything but she thought how good a piece of plain bread and butter would taste if she could only find it. All the people who lived in the Cake Country were dissatisfied and were waiting for a chance to go to the Land of Bread. The little girl wished she could go there, so she asked the Cake people to tell her the way to go; and then she started to run on.

As she traveled along she found that she must pass between fields of growing grain and by a river of milk. By and by she smelled something that was very delicious. Yes, it was the odor of bread, fresh and warm. What do you think the little girl thought about sweet foods and good bread and butter ever after?

Suppose you had a dream like the little girl in the story, would you have wanted to go to the Land of Bread? Why?

How does your body tell you that cake and candy is not the right kind of food? Plain food like bread is much better for the body than very sweet food. You never feel ill after eating bread, no matter how much you eat of it, but if you should eat too much candy or cake your stomach would rebel and make you suffer pain.

We need some sweets in our food, but we must not eat much of them, as they will not help us to grow or be strong unless we have plenty of good plain food like bread, milk, meat and potatoes.

We need a number of kinds of food to keep our bodies healthy and strong. If you had the same kind of food every time you were hungry, you would be like the little girl in the story, you would be cross and miserable and would want to run away to some place where there were more kinds of food to be had.

If you had a great many different things to eat, you would not grow tired of any of them.

But there is a reason for using different kinds of food. Some foods are good for mending the body, some give us strength, and some make us grow. We need all kinds of good food to keep us in the best condition.

We like some foods better than others, but we should try to like all good food so that we may have as many kinds as we need.

Questions on the Lesson:

The little girl in the story was a sickly girl. Why was she so?

What kind of food do you like for your breakfast? For dinner? For supper?

How do you feel after eating bread? After eating candy?

Have you ever had the headache? What was the cause of it?

What does food do for us?

Are there any kinds of food you do not like? Name them.

How does a person look whose food agrees with him?

How does a person look whose food does not agree with him?

How many kinds of food does the Word of Wisdom tell us is good for us?

Does the Word of Wisdom tell us to eat all we want of any kind of food?

What kind of foods are said to be very good for people to eat?

What kind of food are we told to eat sparingly?

If you should put the best kind of coal in your stove, what kind of a fire would you have?

If you use the same wisdom about the food you put in your stomach what will be the effect on your body?

What is your opinion about our Father in Heaven in taking so much interest in us even to telling us what is best to eat?

LESSON SEVEN.

Varieties of Food.

Aim—Teach me good judgment and knowledge.—Psalms 119: 66.

Result Desired—An increased interest in a knowledge of the body and its needs.

Memory Gem:

Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.—Psalms 119: 18.

Suggestive Talk:

On a cold winter day, when you get home from school and run into the house, stamping your feet and clapping your hands, you sometimes say to your mother, "Oh, I am so cold!" And mother says, "Come and have some nice warm dinner and then you won't feel so cold." Mother has the dinner all ready for you, good and hot. But, if it stands on the table very long, what will happen to it? But if you eat it, why will it keep you warm?

After you have eaten you can go out and play or do your chores and feel very comfortable, not a bit cold.

But you were not comfortable before. What has made the difference?

The fuel or food is in your machinery box (stomach) and it is working, that is, being digested, and the work that is going on makes your blood flow faster and that makes you warmer.

What does the Word of Wisdom say we should eat in winter?

In cold weather we need plenty of food to keep our blood moving so fast that the cold in the air will not chill us. If the body gets very cold it will become ill.

Some foods give more heat than others. Meat and other foods that contain oil are good for us in cold weather. In summer grains and fruits are best.

In a country far north of us where the Eskimo lives, it is necessary to eat great quantities of fat to be able to keep warm. An Eskimo would rather eat a dozen candles than a dozen oranges.

As long as you are alive the blood in your body is warm, even though your skin should feel cold.

The food that you eat is always being turned into blood. What you had to eat yesterday is still helping.

You are very much like a stove, and the supplies in your stomach change like the coal does as it is being burned. The burning of your food keeps your blood warm.

Then we need to consider what we do every day to help us to know how much food is good for us at a time.

Some of us are more active than others. A person who moves about a good deal or does hard labor needs more to eat than a person who sits or keeps still most of the time.

If you go outdoors and play and run or jump, you will get hungry much more quickly than you will sitting reading or studying your lessons. Then as long as you are growing, you need more food for the bones and other parts of your body which are becoming larger every day. You need to make new material as well as to renew the old.

Questions on the Lesson:

On a warm summer day what do you like best for your breakfast?

On a very cold morning, what would you prefer for your breakfast?

Why is there a difference in your tastes in winter and summer?

After You have eaten what keeps the food warm?

Tell what you can about the change that takes place in coal while it is burning.

What heat comes from coal before it is on fire or after it has turned to ashes?

Why is your stomach like a stove?

If you burn poor coal or allow the ashes to stay in your stove what happens?

What does that teach us about food in the stomach?

What kinds of food are good for cold weather?

What kinds of foods are good for warm weather?

Why do we need to eat more in cold weather than in warm?

What has your work or play to do with the amount you eat?

What season of the year is food the most plentiful?

Why do you think the harvest time is in the fall or just before the winter time?

Who regulates the seasons and the food supplies?

Repeat the memory gem and ask some member of the class to tell what it means.

LESSON EIGHT.

When to Eat.

Aim—Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.—Proverbs 3: 13.

Result Desired—An increased appreciation of the wisdom and goodness of the Lord.

Memory Gem:

Forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments: For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.—Proverbs 3: 1-2.

Suggestive Talk:

Review the questions in lessons five, six and seven.

When you get very tired you can rest by lying down or keeping still for a short time, but we get our best rest by sleeping. When we fall asleep the whole body rests and when we waken in the morning we are refreshed and ready to do whatever is necessary through the coming day.

The stomach cannot digest food as easily when we are asleep as when we are awake; so we must be careful not to eat very much food before going to bed. We should stay up at least one hour after supper and then the stomach has a chance to take care of the food.

The best time to eat a dinner of solid food, such as meat and vegetables, is in the middle of the day. If you are busy all the morning the food you ate for breakfast will be digested because of your activity, and then you are hungry, and the stomach is ready for new supplies.

It is a good plan never to eat unless you are hungry, and then you know the old saying, "Enough is as good as a feast." But I think your stomach would say, "Enough is better than a feast."

The stomach should never be overloaded any more than you should stuff a stove so full of coal that it will not burn. Neither will the stomach burn its fuel if there is too much in it. Of course it will do its best, but an overworked stomach is a sick stomach, and a sick stomach is not a very comfortable thing to have. One should think about what they are going to eat and if, besides meat and vegetables, you want some dessert, leave room for it. Don't eat meat and potatoes until you feel perfectly satisfied, and then try to cram down a piece of pie or some pudding or cake.

The stomach is small and can hold just so much at a time. You will do

yourself great harm if you injure your stomach and it is much wiser not to eat all you want than to eat too much.

We have been trying to find out why we should eat and what eating does for us; now let us think about the food itself and where it comes from.

We need variety, that is, to keep our bodies well supplied with material to keep us healthy and strong. we must have a number of kinds of food.

Suppose you had for breakfast an orange, some mush made of oatmeal, an egg, a cornmeal muffin and a glass of milk. Where did these foods come from? Of course, you will say the orange grew on a tree, the oatmeal was ground out of oats and the cornmeal out of corn, that the egg was laid by a hen and that the milk came from a cow. But there was more in the muffins than corn, you would use something to change the taste of your mush, your egg and your muffin.

Questions on the Lesson.

When the body is tired how may it get rested?

How about eating just before you go to bed?

Why is the middle of the day the best time to eat a hearty dinner?

Why is enough better than a feast?

What kind of food is an orange?

There are three classes of food and they are known as mineral, animal and vegetable.

If the orange grew on a tree, to what class would it belong?

What would you use with your mush?

With your egg?

What does mother put in the muffins beside cornmeal to make them light and good to taste?

What part of your breakfast belongs to the mineral kingdom? (Salt.)

Where does sugar come from? (Sugar cane or beets.)

How much belongs to the vegetable kingdom? (Orange, oatmeal, cornmeal, sugar and wheat.)

What part came from the animal kingdom? (Milk, butter and egg.)

How is it possible for us to get so many varieties of food?

When we sit down to eat, why should we return thanks to God for the food that is prepared for our use?

What good will it do us to remember and obey the Word of Wisdom?

FIFTH GRADE.

(Children twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Articles of Faith.

Topic for the Month of February—Rewards.

Divisions:

1. What Shall the Harvest Be?
2. Responsibility.
3. Resisting Temptation.
4. Natural Results.

LESSON FIVE.

"What Shall the Harvest Be?"

Aim—The whole of life and experience goes to show, that right or wrong doing is sure in the end to meet its appropriate reward or punishment.—H. W. Beecher.

Review of Lesson Four:

The four lessons for the month will be based on the second Article of Faith, but instead of developing only the idea that punishment comes from wrong doing we shall try to work out the thought that the Lord means us to work out our own salvation and that good as well as evil acts will bear their natural fruits in the formation of character and in the success or failures of our lives.

However, to have a good understanding of the meaning of Article Two, and so as to be able when necessary to make explanations about it as the lessons are developed, the teacher should read carefully all of Lecture Three in The Articles of Faith, by Talmage, and all of Chapter Three in The Gospel by Roberts.

Development of Lesson Five:

Review briefly the story of the Fall and explain that we can do nothing either good or bad without it affecting our own character and the lives of other people. Read the following article and relate to the class to show that it is the better way to make the most of every possible opportunity and believe that we shall reap rewards for every well-spent day.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun

Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

Story, "Prepared for Possibilities:"

No one can foretell the possibilities of a human life. In an age and country where the poorest boy may become the richest, best educated, and most influential citizen; and the humblest girl the model wife and mother, teacher and scholar, and mistress of the White House, it is presumptuous to prophesy the fortune a youth may command forty years hence. Providential changes may lift one into a position of honor and trust, or of hardship and trial, wholly unanticipated, and the fact should become a factor in the preparation for a lifework. It is certain that the faithful improvement of present opportunities to develop the whole man will qualify a youth for any post to which Providence may call him.

Forty years ago, a school-girl in Ohio resolved to acquire as much culture as her poverty would allow. She was the daughter of a farmer in humble circumstances, yet strongly desirous that his children should qualify themselves for usefulness. This daughter aspired to be a teacher, and she devoted herself to this commendable purpose with the closest application, going to school whenever money enough could be scraped together to pay the expenses of a term. She did not dream that any higher or nobler position than that of a teacher in her own or some other town awaited her. She was too poor and humble to justify herself in building air castles of wealth or fame. The improvement of her time, however, and the discipline to which she subjected her powers, were as complete as they would have been if she had known that she would occupy the highest place in the land. Hence she was prepared for any position to which a noble woman might be called. This Ohio school-girl, Miss Lucretia Rudolph, became Mrs. President Garfield, mistress of the White House at Washington. Little did she dream that such an exalted experience awaited her, when she modestly but persistently pursued her studies at Chester Academy and Hiram Institute. Indeed, when she became the wife of her teacher, James A. Garfield, such a heritage could not have seemed among the possibilities. But that was immaterial so long as her fidelity in youth fitted her for that, or any other sphere. The school-girl who is true to herself and her Maker is qualified to be, not only a teacher, but, also, wife of the President of the United States.

The foregoing proves that youth may acquire culture, mental and moral, that will adorn the highest position in womanhood and manhood.

Should misfortune disappoint our hopes, such a one can take up the

burden of poverty and personal sorrow, and bear it with royal dignity. Culture will not hinder the discharge of the humblest duties of every-day life, but will dignify them, and thereby magnify their importance.

A young lady who had scarcely been two years out of school, where her talents and application won for her the highest honors, was introduced by marriage to rapidly accumulating wealth. In fifteen years she was placed above the necessity of toil and care, moving in a circle where wealth and intelligence ruled. But misfortune overtook her husband; his wealth vanished in a single season, and finally he himself went down to his grave under the calamity, leaving his wife and four children penniless. Although such a possibility had not been thought of, she was prepared for it. Her faithful self-culture in girlhood made it easy to fit herself for a medical practitioner. Soon she was settled in New York City, where her ability and skill rapidly increased her practice by winning public confidence. With business came money, and she gave her two sons a collegiate education, preparing them for the Christian ministry; and her two daughters, educated, like herself to adorn any place of usefulness and honor, were introduced into affluent homes of their own.

The celebrated Dr. Parr was talented, studious, and trusty in his youth, though he did not indulge anticipations of greatness and fame. The latter were thrust upon him in due time, though he never would have shared them but for the industry and application of his youth. Here he laid the foundation of his future renown, greatness easily followed early fidelity.

In early manhood Parr married a pert, pretty miss, his inferior socially and mentally. He might have made a better selection had he anticipated the possibility of great learning and wisdom, and if his wife had known that she was going to wed a learned man of the future, she might have fitted herself for the position. But not even thinking of such a possibility, she became the wife of a man far, far above her, thirty years thereafter. She could not appreciate his love of books, nor was she at all fitted to mingle in the literary circle to which he belonged. Consequently she became a perfect "thorn in the flesh." There was neither peace nor comfort in his home. The years in which an admiring public honored him were wretched years to him because his life was embittered at the fountain. His domestic relations were a torture. Neither party was prepared for possibilities. Both got what they did not bargain for, or expect.

Michael Faraday was a poor boy, the son of a blacksmith, who apprenticed him to a bookbinder in London by the name of Reband, at the age of thirteen. Here the boy laid the foundation of his future greatness by making himself familiar with the contents of the books he bound. He remained in the bindery at night, after employer and employees had left, to read the volumes to which he had access. He became especially interested in "Mrs. Marcet's Conversations on Chemistry," and instituted a series of experiments, which made it necessary to invent and manufacture apparatus for his own use. Electricity, as well as chemistry, commanded his attention, absorbing every leisure moment, taxing his brain constantly, and often "turning night into day." There is no doubt that he was a born philosopher, but his natural gifts would not have served him profitably without those early habits of thoughtful inquiry, industry, and indomitable purpose, that made his youth remarkable.

These facts confirm the remark, "Youth is the springtime of life," the season of seed-sowing. "What shall the harvest be?" All that the most exacting could ask, if it be the real preparation for the possibilities of mature life.—Selecteu.

Questions on the Lesson:

Recite the second Article of Faith.

If you do a wrong act how many people in your family are affected by it?

Can you tell of some incident that happened in school that made every pupil as well as the teacher uncomfortable and perhaps, unhappy?

How do you feel if you have been guilty of doing wrong?

If you are promoted at the close of the school year, how many people are happy in your success?

If you desire promotion what must you do every school day?

Why do we use the old saying, "The boy is father to the man."

Have you ever seen or read of a man (or woman) whom you would like to grow like?

What is the value of good companions?

Give me some good reasons why you think that there are more opportunities for boys and girls today than ever before in the history of the world?

(This question may be discussed by all the class and should include some of the wonderful inventions of science and manufacture, such as the telephone, telegraph, flying machines, wonderful possibilities of transportation by sea and by land, the machinery which produces such wonderful results, etc.)

How many of the men and women in responsible positions that you know about had any knowledge when they were boys and girls that they would be called to assume offices of trust for the people?

How, then, were they ready when they were needed?

Do you think it possible that some of the members of this class may become men and women of national reputation?

How could you prepare yourselves for high positions in the Church?

LESSON SIX.

Responsibility.

Aim—All men, if they work not as in the great Taskmaster's eye, will work wrong, and work unhappily for themselves and for you.—Carlyle.

Review of Lesson Five.

Development of Lesson Six:

Talk about the second article to develop the thought that if the law means that we must bear the punishment for wrongs done or enjoy the reward of good deeds, we must try to understand what is right and what is wrong, so as to do the best we can each day.

Story, "Dare to Do Right:"

It requires more courage in the average youth to do right than to do wrong. Strange as it may seem, it is easier for both young and old to do the latter than the former. Hence it is that he or she who dares to do right at all times and in all places stands forth prominently among the crowd. Only here and there one of this class is to be seen, and these few win golden opinions.

This virtue is indispensable to a really successful career. There are so many opinions among men on both secular and moral questions, and so much opposition, even to the noblest action, that one must do and dare in order to be true to God and man.

The enemies of God sought to remove Daniel out of their way. They believed in false gods, and not in the great God whom Daniel worshiped. But there were obstacles in their way; Daniel was in the Babylonian court, and had the confidences of King Darius. So they must outwit Darius to accomplish their purpose, and they resorted to the following ruse:

They proposed to him to issue a "royal statue that whosoever shall ask a petition of any God or man for thirty days, save of thee, O king, he shall

be cast into the den of lions." They knew that Daniel would dare to defy the king's decree, and worship the true God, and thus his death would be sure. The king yielded to the request, and the decree was issued.

But Daniel did not mind the decree. It was right that he should worship God, and so he continued to pray "three times a day." Now, their opportunity to put Daniel out of the way had come, and they insisted that Darius should order him thrown into the den of lions. The result you know. Daniel did not shrink from the terrible ordeal. He dared to obey his conscience whether in or out of the den of lions. He came forth from the perilous situation, "and no manner of hurt was found upon him."

When our forefathers declared themselves to be a free and independent nation, they knew that the brave step exposed them to death. The signers of the Declaration, which has won the admiration of the world, understood that if the Declaration were not maintained, each one of them would be hung for treason. But they believed fully in the right of independence and stood firm and steadfast, resolved to have liberty or die. We have a republic large and prosperous today because they dared to do right.

A few years ago a farmer's son entered a New England college. He had no money, so that he was obliged to work in order to pay his way. He was an expert wood sawyer, and he could pay his bills by hard labor at that business. If students in the college could not furnish him with wood enough to saw, he could obtain work about the town. "But students will make fun of you," suggested friends. "That will do me no injury," he replied. "Perhaps the faculty will think less of you for engaging in such menial employment," remarked another. "I will compel them to think well of me by the highest scholarship," he answered grandly.

The author often saw him at his work. He dared all ridicule, and his sterling character shone brighter and brighter. Those who were inclined to make fun of his employment fell far behind him in the race for knowledge, so that they were forced to defer to his scholarship and worth in the end. Brave, aspiring, invincible young man!

"Dare forsake what you deem wrong;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong;
Dare God's precepts to obey.

"Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with all your mind and might;
Do your duty and be blest."

Questions on the Lesson:

How old should you be to be baptized?

Why are you baptized? (It is possible that the children will know very little about the ordinance of baptism; so it will be advisable to be prepared to make a brief explanation of the principle. The Articles of Faith and The Gospel will give you all the necessary information.)

Before you were baptized you were not punished for wrong things you may have done, because you were too young to know exactly what was right or what was wrong. But now, how do you know when you are in the wrong?

How did the Lord say Adam should earn his bread?

When commandments were given to Adam who were expected to obey them?

Do you earn your bread by the sweat of your brow?

If not, why?

How is your bread and all the necessary things you need supplied?

Then somebody works for what you enjoy?

What would be the fairest thing for each of us to do about getting bread, etc.?

If our parents are willing to provide our food, clothing, etc., what ought we to do for them?

What does one of the Ten Commandments say about our parents?

LESSON SEVEN.

Resisting Temptation.

Aim—Self-mastery is the essence of heroism.—Emerson.

Review of Lesson Six:

Development of Lesson Seven:

Help the class to understand that it is the overcoming of difficulties and temptations that make strong characters. That the Lord has made it possible for each one to make themselves better by meeting and triumphing over any obstacle that comes in the way of doing right.

The story of Abram in offering his son Isaac could be used to illustrate the aim of the lesson. It was the greatest sacrifice that could have been required of Abram and the courage which he manifested in obeying the command gave him strength for any other trial which might come.

Story, "Self-Control:"

Some one has said, "Self-control is only courage under another form;" but we think it is far more than that. It is the master of all the virtues, courage included. If it is not so, how can it so control them as to develop a pure and noble character? The self-control which we commend has its root in true self-respect. The wayward, drifting youth or man cannot respect himself. He knows that there is no decision of character in drifting with the current, no enterprise, spirit, or determination. He must look the world squarely in the face, and say, "I am a man," or he cannot respect himself; and he must stem the current and row up stream to command his destiny.

Self-control is at the root of all the virtues. Let a man yield to his impulses and passions, and from that moment he gives up his moral freedom. "Teach self-denial and make its practice pleasurable," says Walter Scott, "and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer."

This may seem to be a very strong statement, but it is fully sustained by the experience of great men like Dr. Cuyler, who said, not long ago, "I have been watching the careers of young men by the thousand in this busy city of New York for over thirty years, and I find that the chief difference between the successful and the unsuccessful lies in the single element of 'staying-power.'"

Think of a man just starting out in life to conquer the world being at the mercy of his own appetites and passions! He cannot stand up and look the world in the face when he is the slave of what should be his own servants. He cannot lead who is led. There is nothing which gives certainty and direction to the life of a man who is not his own master. If he has mastered all but one appetite, passion, or weakness, he is still a slave; it is the weakest point that measures the strength of character.

It is the self-discipline of a man who had never looked upon war until he was forty, that enabled Oliver Cromwell to create an army which never fought without victory, yet which retired into the ranks of industry as soon as the government was established, each soldier being distinguished from his neighbors only by his superior diligence, sobriety, and regularity in the pursuits of peace.

Many of the greatest characters in history illustrate this trait. Take, as

a single instance, the case of the Duke of Wellington, whose career was marked by a persistent watchfulness over his irritable and explosive nature. How well he conquered himself, let the story of his deeds tell. The field of his victory, which was Napoleon's overthrow, could not have been won but for this power of subduing himself.

In ordinary life the application is the same. He who would lead must first command himself. The time of test is when everybody is excited or angry or dismayed; then the well-balanced mind comes to the front. To say, "No" in the face of glowing temptation is a part of this power.

A very striking illustration is recorded in the life of Horace Greeley. Offended by a pungent article, a gentleman called at the Tribune office and inquired for the editor. He was shown into a little seven-by-nine sanctum, where Greeley sat, with his little head close down to the paper, scribbling away at a rapid rate. The angry man began by asking if this was Mr. Greeley. "Yes, sir; what do you want?" said the editor, quickly, without once looking up from his paper. The irate visitor then began using his tongue, with no deference to the rules of propriety, good breeding, or reason. Meantime Mr. Greeley continued to write. Page after page was dashed off in the most impetuous style, with no change of features, and without paying the slightest attention to the visitor. Finally, after about twenty minutes of the most impassioned scolding ever poured out in an editor's office, the angry man became disgusted, and abruptly turned to walk out of the room. Then, for the first time, Mr. Greeley looked up, rose from his chair, and slapping the gentleman familiarly on his shoulder, in a pleasant tone of voice said: "Don't go, friend; sit down, sit down, and free your mind; it will do you good, you will feel better for it. Besides, it helps me to think what I am to write about. Don't go."

Endurance is a much better test of character than any one act of heroism, however noble. It was many years of drudgery, and reading a thousand volumes, that enable George Eliot to get fifty thousand dollars for "Daniel Deronda."

Edison, in describing his repeated efforts to make the phonograph reproduce a sibilant sound, says: "From eighteen to twenty hours a day for the last seven months I have worked on this single word 'specie.' I said unto the phonograph 'specia, specia, specia;' but the instrument responded, 'pecia, pecia, pecia.' It was enough to drive one mad. But I held firm, and I have succeeded."

Years of patient apprenticeship make a man a good mechanic. It takes longer to form the artisan. The trained intellect requires a longer period still. Henry Ward Beecher sent half a dozen articles to the publishers of a religious paper to pay for his subscription, but they were "respectfully declined." One of the leading magazines ridiculed Tennyson's first poems, and consigned the young poet to oblivion. Only one of Ralph Waldo Emerson's books had a remunerative sale. Washington Irving was nearly seventy years old before the income from his books paid the expenses of his household. Who does not see that if these men had lost their grip upon themselves, the world would have been deprived of many of its rarest literary treasures?

A great many rules have been given for securing and increasing this trait. A large number rest on mere policy, and are good only for the surface; they do not go to the center. Others are too radical, and tear up the roots, leaving one without energy or ambition. The aim should be to keep the native force unabated, but to give it wiser guidance.

There are two chief aims which, if held in view, will surely strengthen our self-control; one is attention to conscience, the other is a spirit of goodwill. The lawless nature, not intending to live according to right, is always breaking over proper restraints,—is suspicious and quarrelsome. And he who has not the disposition to love his fellow-men, grows more and more petulant, disagreeable, and unfair.

You must also learn to guard your weak point. For example: Have you a hot, passionate temper? If so, a moment's outbreak, like a rat-hole in a dam, may flood all the work of years. One angry word sometimes raises a storm that time itself cannot allay. A single angry word has lost many a friend. The man who would succeed in any great undertaking must hold all his faculties under perfect control; they must be disciplined and drilled, until they quickly and cheerfully obey the will.

Questions on the Lesson:

Let the members of the class give instances of conditions in their lives which have been difficult for them and with which they have had to struggle constantly. For instance: Dislike of school or some teacher or a particular study; desire to stay in bed in the morning; tendency to forget, to be unpunctual; to be thoughtless of others and reckless about themselves, etc.

How do muscles grow strong?

How do habits grow so firm that sometimes they cannot be overcome?

Tell of some habits which you have noticed on others and which have grown so strong that the doers of them actually are ignorant of what they are doing?

Give a list of some good habits which contribute to your own and other people's comfort and happiness?

What do you think about the sacrifice which Abram was asked to make.

Was Abram a very important person among his people?

Can you tell of any great person who did not have to pass through trials and temptations before they became great?

Name the Person who had the greatest temptations and made the most wonderful of all sacrifices?

Name some men and women who have given their services for the benefit of others?

LESSON EIGHT.

Natural Results.

Aim—We should believe only in deeds; words go for nothing everywhere.—Rojas.

Review of Lessons, Five, Six and Seven.

Development of Lesson Eight:

In this lesson the children should be helped to understand that every act which we perform has some result.

Story, "Through Thick and Thin:"

When John Foster started out to recover a wasted fortune, a friend remarked: "He will go through thick and thin to accomplish his object." The friend knew how determined he was, and that he would press forward through the greatest difficulties for the prize; and this was what he meant by going 'through thick and thin.' Having once put his hand to the plow, he would never look back.

He accepted and reduced to practice the poet's motto,

"There's no such word as fail."

This is an indispensable quality in a world like ours. There are so many obstacles to be overcome, so much competition to be met, and so much ex-

pected of achievers now that this virtue is found in the front rank. The times require it, and men respect it. Observers predict good things of it in the future, if it be coupled with moral principle.

When the celebrated William Corbett was a boy, he obtained the consent of his father to become a sailor. So he proceeded to a neighboring seaport for a "chance," but found none. He pressed on to another seaport, but was no more fortunate; and now his money was nearly exhausted; but he was not discouraged. He resolved to visit a third seaport. On the way, he met a gentleman in the coach, who advised him to return to his father. The boy's reply was: "No! come what will, I shall not return to be laughed at for being a faint-hearted fool. I left home to try a seafaring life, and I shall try it." The real grit of the boy pleased the gentleman so much that he persuaded him to accept the position of copying clerk temporarily. In this way he tided him over a perilous crisis; and, finally, William Corbett became one of the best scholars and most remarkable men of his time.

This is a capital quality for the school room. It will not cower before "difficult problems," "hard lessons," or even "long lessons." These are the "lions in the way" to many pupils, and they shrink from an encounter. They come up squarely to a "hard lesson," and there stop. Their hearts fail them in the outset. They give way beaten without trying to conquer; and that is the height of folly. Poor, weak, irresolute souls, that falter for the want of that timely, useful quality that knows no such word as fail.

But for men and women who will go "through thick and thin" to carry their purpose, our country would not have been much of a country today. There would have been no steamers on its rivers and lakes, no network of railways over its vast domain, no telegraph to its remotest hamlet, no Atlantic cable, and none of those great enterprises that have developed our resources and made the nation what it is. The indomitable spirit of the Fultons, Ames, Mosses, and Fields have supplemented all the other indispensable agencies to achieve wonders.

Cyrus W. Field was a poor boy in A. T. Stewart's store, New York, at fifteen years of age, a thoughtful, steady, bright, ambitious lad. His friends selected this place because he would be drilled in accuracy, punctuality, and uprightness; and, for the same reason, he preferred it. In six years he went into business for himself; and in thirteen years more he was a rich man. He met with many obstacles, but he surmounted them. Difficulties that would dishearten others had no effect upon him, except to rally his powers to greater efforts. He looked at an obstacle as something to be overcome, and not as a "lion" or bugbear. In this way his purpose became invincible; and this proved to be just the preparation he needed for the most remarkable achievement of his life—laying of the Atlantic cable.

When Mr. Field first made public his scheme to lay a telegraphic cable under the Atlantic Ocean, he was laughed at by many people. It seemed to them a visionary project, scarcely worth a moment's attention. But laughter and ridicule did not scare or discourage him. He saw by faith the signal blessing of an Atlantic cable to the world a few years ahead; and he resolved to convert the idea into a fact. It was a Herculean task, but all his energies were bent to accomplish it.

At length he succeeded in organizing a syndicate among his friends, that the millions the cable would cost might be provided. The stupendous work was undertaken, the cable was manufactured, and all the preparations consummated for laying the mammoth wire. The first attempt failed; the cable parted in mid-ocean. Again the trial of laying it was made; the second time the cable broke.

"It never can be done," members of the syndicate said. "It is only wasting money, some of his nearest friends said to him privately. But he did not heed their counsel, for the idea of the cable had taken possession of him. Again the attempt was made to lay it, and again it parted far out in the sea. Now, opposition to further procedure by members of the syndi-

cate became general. Only a single member of the company stood with Mr. Field in his determination to push the project to success.

On he went, and the fourth attempt to lay the cable was successful, and his wisdom and genius were vindicated before the world. "What hath God wrought?" was the first message telegraphed under the sea. All nations rejoiced in the glorious consummation of a work that seemed to so many impossible.

The enterprise would have proved a failure but for Mr. Field's determination to go "through thick and thin" to make it a success. Had he possessed no more of this element than most of his interested friends, the cable would have turned out a rope of sand. A short time before his death, Mr. Field wrote:

In looking back over those eventful years, I wonder how we had the courage to carry it through in the face of so many defeats, and of almost universal unbelief. A hundred times I reproached myself for persisting in what seemed beyond the power of man. And again there came a feeling that, having begun, I could not then turn back; at any cost I must see it through."

George Borrow said, "A determination to conquer all difficulties will invariably make a man of the veriest dolt."

Questions on the Lesson:

What parts of your body do you move?

Why do you move them?

If you stopped breathing what would happen?

If you did not exercise your limbs what would be the result?

Think about a whole day, how many things do you do between one morning and the next.

Can you think of any one thing that you do that does not make some change in you?

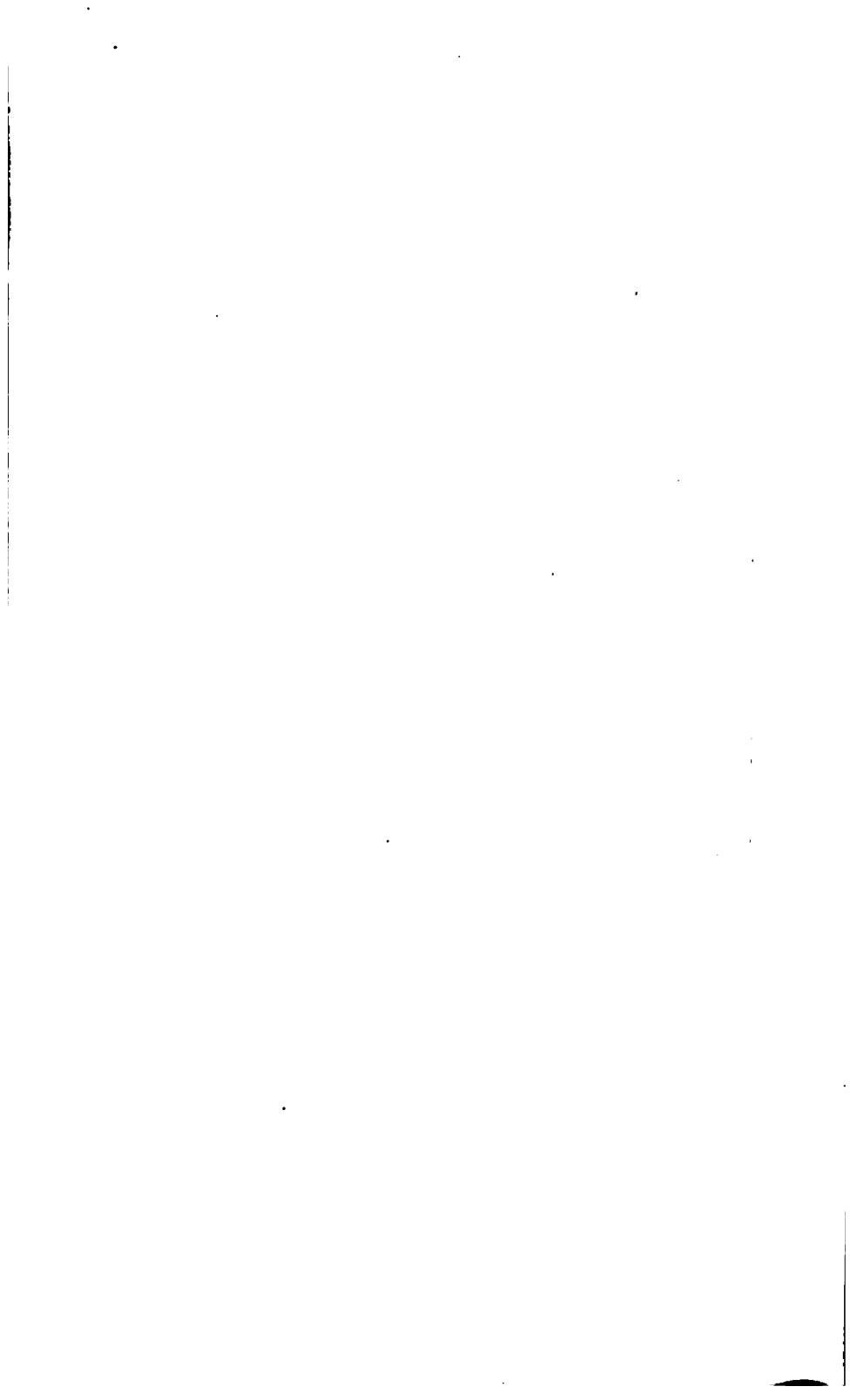
Do you think that today you are different from what you were yesterday? How? (This answer should include growth in a physical and mental way, also a growth in moral and spiritual life. Considerable time could be given to a discussion of this question to help the class to see clearly that every act, no matter how slight, has a result for good or ill on the character.)

Why has the poor boy or girl who must struggle to gain an education the better chance to become strong and valuable than the boy or girl who has everything done for him or her?

Name some people that you know about who have overcome difficulties and become great in spite of many trials?

What special advantages did the greatest Man have to become the Savior of the world?

What assistance did He receive from His heavenly Father? (Illustrate this question by relating the incident in the garden of Gethesemane where the Savior said, "Not my will, but Thine be done.")





SHOEING THE HORSE

Landseer.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. IX.

FEBRUARY, 1910.

No. 2.

BETSY BRANDON'S GUEST.

HOW A LITTLE MAID ENTERTAINED GENERAL WASHINGTON.

It was a bright spring morning in 1791, and the sun shone as bright over the Brandon plantation as it did in the country town of Salisbury. Yet little Miss Betsy Brandon, sitting lonely and disconsolate on the piazza of the great plantation house, did not think of the sunshine, did not notice the gay tulips nodding good morning, did not listen to the merry songs of the birds, for her thoughts were in Salisbury, and she longed to be there.

For not more than an hour ago all the family had driven to the town to see General Washington, who was to be received there with great honor, and with as handsome a demonstration as the brave, patriotic folk of the town and country could make for him.

It was a wonderful thing, this southern tour of the general—now President of the United States. He had traveled in his family carriage all the way down from Virginia, through the Carolinas and Georgia, near the coast to Savannah, and was now returning through the “upcountry,” stopping at Augusta, Camden, Charlotte, and other towns. All along the route people united to do him honor, and war-worn veterans who had followed his standard, pressed near to grasp his hand.

And now that he was coming to Salisbury, such grand things were to be done! Captain John Baird, in command of the “Rowan Light Horse Company,” had gone to meet him at Charlotte and escort him to Salisbury. A company of boys—one of whom was Betsy's brother—were to meet him half a mile from town and march as his escort with the men. And the boys were to be in uniform and were to wear buck-tails in their hats. And Betsy's sister was to be one of the little girls, all dressed in white, to scatter flowers before the general when he entered the town. Oh, it would all be beautiful! Yet Betsy must stay at home.

Was it not a little hard? And was it altogether strange that twelve-year-old Betsy, in spite of the self-control taught by the strict old-time discipline, must, from time to time, wipe away the gathering tears?

Yet, not everyone had gone to Salisbury, for, after awhile, Betsy was surprised to see two gentlemen riding up the avenue. On reach-

ing the house they dismounted, and one—a gentleman of very grand and handsome appearance—bowed low to the little maid, and asked if she would be kind enough to give breakfast to two tired wayfarers.

Betsy courtesied, in a pretty, old fashion, and said that, as all the grown people had gone to town to see General Washington, she was afraid the breakfast might not be very nice, but she would have something ready in a little while, and would they please be seated on the piazza.

"I am a plain old man," said the gentleman who had spoken, "and only want a cup of milk and piece of cornbread." The "plain old man" was very dignified and courteous, and there was something in his bearing so noble that somehow his little hostess felt that here was a man fit to stand with the greatest. "I promise you," he continued, "that you shall see General Washington before any of your people do."

How that might be Betsy did not know, nor did she question. For there was something about this unexpected guest that won her trust from the beginning. So she hurried away to the kitchen to interview old Dinah. Then, while Dinah was making ready the hoecake, and Cinda was setting the table, Betsy herself ran down the hill to the springhouse for the milk and butter. In a little while the simple repast was ready, and the guests were bidden to partake of it.

Betsy was pleased, as any hostess would have been, to see how the breakfast was enjoyed. Encouraged by the kindness of the gentleman who had promised that she should see General Washington, she talked freely of the great doings in town that day. There was to be a grand reception in the afternoon, and a ball at night. Her mother had the most beautiful gown for the ball, and no doubt all the other ladies had beautiful gowns. But her father would wear his old uniform. And then she told of how her father honored and loved General Washington, and of how he said that he was the greatest man and the best in all the world.

But now the guests rose, and he who had asked for the breakfast thanked Betsy for it. "The milk you gave me," he said, "is the best I have drunk for many a day, and the hoecake is delicious. I thank you for your kindness. I must now bid you farewell, and go on my journey."

"Farewell, sir," said Betsy, courtesying. "But when—for now the question would come—"when do I see General Washington?"

She raised her eager eyes to meet those of the stranger who had given her the promise. With a kind smile he answered simply, "I am General Washington."

Like other wonderful things, it had all come about very naturally. The general was fatigued by his journey, and knowing that he would have little opportunity of rest during the day, left his party for awhile, and, with one attendant, rode on horseback to the Brandon house for some refreshment before going on to Salisbury, six miles farther. And

so it came to pass that the little girl in the North Carolina farmhouse not only saw the great man, but entertained him at breakfast.—*Caroline Mays Brevard, in St. Nicholas.*

MR. DAY'S VALENTINE.

It was Saturday, and St. Valentine's Day. Margery was too happy to mind the cold as she skipped along, thinking of the package of valentines that she had just put into the post office, and of how pleased her friends would be to get them.

As she reached her own gate she saw Mr. Day, old and lame, creeping along the icy sidewalk. He did not know that it was Valentine's Day. He only knew that it was cold, and hard for him to walk. All at once his cane slipped and he nearly fell, at which a shout of laughter went up from the group of boys playing, near by, with their sleds.

"You rude young rascals!" he cried as he hobbled away; but the boys only laughed again and one of them said: "Old crosspatch! Let us send him a valentine!"

"Yes, we will!" said the others, and away they raced to the nearest store. The valentine that they bought had on it the picture of a dreadful-looking old man, and verses that were worse than the picture. Hurrying back, they pinned it on the door of his tiny, shabby house, and then ran down to the corner to watch for him to come back.

Kind-hearted Margery had seen and heard it all, and greatly troubled, ran in to ask her mother what to do about it. Her mother was just a nice, big, grown-up little girl, and after thinking a minute she said: "Perhaps we can play a joke on the boys, and put a kind valentine in place of the unkind one. We haven't time to buy one, so we'll have to make one."

They cut a heart out of white paper. On one side Margery pasted one of her Sabbath-school cards, which was all, that, in her hurry, she could find, and on the other side mother wrote, "St. Valentine's Greeting." There were fresh cookies just out of the oven, and some of these were put into a paper sack to send, too.

Away flew Margery, and while the boys were still out of sight, she quickly unpinned the ugly valentine, and put hers in its place. Then she hung the bag of cookies on the door knob, and in another minute was back in her own house again.

When the tired old man reached his door, he looked greatly surprised to find a letter there. It was hard for his cold, stiff fingers to get it out of the envelope, but when he did, his face fairly shone, and in his eyes were two big tears, but not sorry tears. It was only a little, homemade valentine, but it told him that some child loved him.

The boys who were watching slipped away, very glad that some one had undone their mischief, and made the old man happy, instead.

—*Louise M. Oglevee.*

WASHINGTON ANECDOTES.

Washington began to be a soldier in his boyhood. During the British campaign against the West Indies, Lawrence Washington, George's half-brother, made the acquaintance of a Dutchman, named Jacob von Braam, who afterwards came to Virginia. These young men were great heroes to the ten-year-old George. Von Braam took the lad in hand and began his military education. He drilled him in the manual of arms and sword exercise, and taught him fortification and engineering. All the theory of the war which Washington knew was gained from von Braam; the practice he was soon to gain in the field.

Many stories are told which show Washington's athletic skill. During the surveying expedition he first visited the Natural Bridge in Virginia. Standing almost directly under it he tossed a stone on top, a distance of nearly five hundred feet. He scaled the rocks and carried his name far above all others. He was said to be the only man who could throw a stone across the Potomac River. Washington was never more at home than when in the saddle. "The general is a very bold and excellent horseman," wrote a contemporary, "leaping the highest fences and going extremely quick, without standing on his stirrups, bearing on his bridle, or letting his horse run wild."

Punctuality was one of Washington's strong points. When company was invited to dinner he made an allowance of only five minutes for variation in watches. If the guests came late he would say: "We are too punctual for you. I have a cook who does not ask if the company has come, but if the hour has come."

A letter to his sister, Betty, shows his businesslike manner: "If your son, Howell is with you and not usefully employed in your own affairs and should incline to spend a few months with me in my office as a writer (if he is fit for it), I will allow him the wage of three hundred a year, provided he is diligent in discharging the duties of it from breakfast till dinner time. I am particular in declaring beforehand what I require, so that there may be no disappointment or false expectations on either side."

Stuart, the portrait painter, once said to General Lee that Washington had a tremendous temper, but that he had it under wonderful control. While dining with the Washingtons General Lee repeated the first part of Stuart's remark. Mrs. Washington flushed, and said that Mr. Stuart took a great deal upon himself. Then General Lee said that Mr. Stuart had added that the president had his temper under wonderful control. Washington seemed to be thinking for a moment, then he smiled and said, "Mr. Stuart is right."

At one time, as Washington entered a shop in New York, a Scotch nursemaid followed him, carrying her infant charge. "Please, sir, here's a bairn that was named after you."

"What is his name?" asked the president.

"Washington Irving, sir."

Washington put his hand on the child's head and gave him a blessing, little thinking that "the bairn" would write, as a labor of love, a life of Washington.

While at his Newburgh headquarters the general was approached by Aaron Burr, who stealthily crept up as he was writing and looked over his shoulder. Although Washington had not heard the footfall, he saw the shadow in the mirror. He looked up, and said only, "Mr. Burr!" but the tone was enough to make Burr quail and beat a hasty retreat.

A man, who, well for himself, is nameless, made a wager with some friends, that he could approach Washington familiarly. The president was walking up Chestnut Street, in Philadelphia, when the would-be wag, in full view of his companions, slapped him on the back and said, "Well, old fellow, how are you this morning?" Washington looked at him, and in a freezing tone asked, "Sir, what have I ever said or done which induces you to treat me in this manner?"

Any collections of anecdotes about Washington is sure to refer to his extreme modesty. Upon one occasion, when the speaker of the Assembly returned thanks in glowing terms to Colonel Washington for his services, he rose to express his acknowledgments, but he was so embarrassed that he could not articulate a word. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said the speaker, "your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language which I possess."

When Adams suggested that Congress should appoint a general, and hinted plainly at Washington, who happened to sit near the door, the latter rose "and, with his usual modesty, darted into the library room."

Washington's favorite quotation was Addison's "'Tis not in mortals to command success," but he frequently quoted Shakespeare.

After Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, Washington said to his army: "My brave fellows, let no sensation of satisfaction for the triumphs you have gained induce you to insult your fallen enemy. Let no shouting, no clamorous huzzaing increase their mortification. It is sufficient for us that we witness their humiliation. Posterity will huzza for us."

In these beautiful traits of character shown in these various anecdotes we have a clue to Washington's marvelous success as a man, a soldier, and a president.

A NEW THOUGHT.

If all the bashful boys and girls that grow,
Who sit alone, and think, "But I don't count!"

Would watch, instead, for kindnesses to show,

How high the world's rich store of love would mount,

And bring it sudden gladness, bright and new!

Yet—some one must begin the work. Will you?

—Aldis Dunbar.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

What is the origin of St. Valentine's Day? Nobody knows for a certainty. The custom of sending little billets or "valentines" on the fourteenth of February is not mentioned among the legends of the saints as recorded in the *Acta Sanctorum*, or Deeds of the Saints.

Mr. Douce suggests, in his *Illustration of Shakespeare*, that the custom may have descended to us from the ancient Romans, who, during the celebration of the *Lupercalia*, which took place in February, were wont to "put the names of young women into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed."

It has always been a difficult matter to rid people of pagan rites and practices. It is supposed that the Christian clergy, finding it impossible to suppress the old heathen *Lupercalia*, strove to give it at least a religious aspect by using the names of saints on the slips of paper. Even today, in the Roman Catholic church, it is a usage, widely extended to select, either on St. Valentine's Day or some other, a patron saint for the year, who is termed a valentine.

However, other authorities think the custom of choosing valentines is probably a relic of that nature-religion which has been the primitive form of religion the world over. On this day the birds choose their nests, according to tradition. Hence came the custom of young men and maidens choosing valentines or special loving friends on the same day.

At one time St. Valentine's Day was widely observed in England and Scotland, as well as in some parts of France. In the evening, the young folks would gather together, and write on little slips of paper the names of the maids and bachelors of their acquaintance. These would be thrown into boxes, and then drawn out, one by one, like a lottery. The person whose name was drawn became one's valentine for the year. Besides becoming someone's else valentine, each person, of course, drew another valentine for himself or herself. For a whole year a bachelor remained bound to the service of his valentine, very much as a knight of old romance was the squire of his lady-love.

At one time it was customary for both men and maidens to give one another presents, but later only the young men gave the gifts. During the fifteenth century this custom was very popular among the upper classes, as well as at many European courts.

In our own day the custom of sending valentines has largely fallen into disuse among grownup people. But our boys and girls still cling to it. No names are drawn now—at any rate, not in a lottery—but each is privileged to pick out his valentine, and to send her a lithographed and embossed card, inscribed with some pretty and appropriate sentiment, generally in rhyme.

Let us hope that the fourteenth of February will always remain a red-letter day on the calendar. The times are growing matter-of-fact and prosaic. We need to be reminded, now and then, that there

is a world of affection and feeling as well as a world of ambition and money.

Every boy should be a noble young knight in the lists of courtesy and kind deeds. Choose, then, not one valentine, but many, and be a gentle friend and defender of all!

LINCOLN AND THE BIRDS.

This story of Lincoln's loving kindness to animals is not new, but it is not well known in this form, in which it was related by his boyhood friend, J. R. Speed:

"Six Gentlemen—Herndon, Lincoln, Baker, Hardin, and one other whose name I do not now recall, were riding along a country road. We were strung along the road two and two together. We were passing through a thicket of wild plum and apple trees. A violent wind storm had just occurred.

Lincoln and Hardin were behind. There were two young birds by the roadside too young to fly. They had been blown from the nest by the storm. The old bird was fluttering about and wailing as a mother ever does for her babies.

"Lincoln stopped, hitched his horse, caught his birds, hunted the nest, and placed them in it. The rest of us rode on to a creek, and while our horses were drinking, Hardin rode up. 'Where is Lincoln?' asked one. 'Oh when I saw him last he had two little birds in his hands hunting for their nest.' In an hour, perhaps, he came. They laughed at him. He said with much emphasis: 'Gentlemen, you may laugh, but I could not have slept well tonight if I had not saved those birds. Their cries would have rung in my ears.'

THE GROWING BOY.

Few people take the trouble to think about the boy who is leaving childhood behind him, but he requires as much care as his sister of the same stage. People say he is clumsy and awkward, that his feet and hands are all out of proportion, and they quite ignore the fact that this "ugly duckling" will very probably develop into the "swan" of society. The growing boy is exceedingly sensitive, though you may not think it, and to be ridiculed for his changing voice or roughly reproofed for his unintentional awkwardness is almost agony to him. Praise and encouragement will bring out the best that is in him. No lad with conscientious instincts would dream of doing a mean action, no matter how much his playmates may try to goad him on, but nagging and "scolding" parents will do a great deal to hurt his pride and crush his spirits. If his conduct merits reproof administer a quiet word or two in private and then let the matter drop. He will see and understand that you trust him and will try to live up to your standard.—Selected.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer;
But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the after while,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls on earth;
But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown today?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built today?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
"What have we done today?"
—Nixon Waterman.

IF I WERE A GIRL AGAIN.

First of all, I should study self-control—the control of body, of speech of temper; a power best learned in youth, before the current of habit has deepened the channel of self-will and impetuosity that seems to be cut in every human heart.

If I were a girl again I should be more careful about my conversation. I should beware of slang and gossip, and a tendency to drop into silence. I should avoid sarcasm like the plague, remembering that the person who uses it shows her sense of her own inferiority.

I should practice the art of such gay repartee as is free from satire and unkindness, learning to tell a story well, and to dwell upon what is kindly and happy. I should be more ready to express my appreciation and thanks for services rendered, be quicker with my praise, and tardier with my criticism.

These things I should do if I were a girl again.—*The Herald*.

MUFFINS, AND—OTHER THINGS.

Betsy looked disconsolate as she loosened the fluffy brown muffins from their rings and piled them on a plate.

"That's one thing you can do, girlie," said mother, smiling approval at the golden pile. "I don't mean the *only* thing," she added, as she noticed Betsy's expression, "but it's one of the many little things you do better than anyone else."

Bob held much the same opinion of Betsy's genius, as she passed through the kitchen a little later. "Muffins for mine, sister," he said, laughing, as he made the pile smaller by two. "No one can touch our Bet when the bill says muffins."

But with all this lavish praise, there was a frown on Betsy's pretty forehead, as she put the muffins away in the pantry.

"I'll admit I *can* make muffins, but that's not much of a distinction. There are so many things—big things—I *can't* do. I can see the brilliant career I might have—'Betsy Baker—Muffin Maker.' I imagine the gleam of my star would be rather dim in the presence of some other stellar lights I know of. For instance: Francis Baker, novelist; Joan Baker, Musician.' Yes, they'd soon put my light out altogether. But that's what it is to be just commonplace and have a lot of clever sisters. I'm going out to talk it over with Gran, and impress on her what a common, ordinary, everyday variety of a girl she has for a granddaughter."

But the smile that brightened the sweet old face, when Betsy threw herself into the hammock on the veranda, showed she held a different view from her pretty, vivacious granddaughter.

"I know, Gran, you love that knitting just as much as you love everything else you do, but just stop and listen to me for not more than five minutes. I can do *one* thing well—muffins, Bob says, and there are a *thousand* things I can't do. I can't sing, I can't play, I can't write, I can't do anything that attracts or fascinates other people. I'm just commonplace, from beginning to end, and I don't see any help for it. What would you do?"

Grandmother had taken up her knitting again, and she *smiled*, as the needles clicked in and out.

"You're a tremendously lucky girl, Betsy Baker, to be able to do *one* thing well, in these days of keen competition," she began, looking over at the pretty picture in the hammock.

"Some wiser person than I once said, 'If you do one thing better than anyone else, if it be only the making of a mousetrap, the world is sure to tread a pathway to your door.' And even leaving muffins out of the question, there's a certain sweet little girl that can do a great many other things just a little bit better than anyone else I know of. They may not be *big* things, but they're the kind of things that count, even to the world. It's the history of kind words, kind looks,

and glad hearts that have made this world such a gloriously happy place for so many of us. And you've got a large share of them all, dearie. But, there! I've given away a secret I've had for a long while. But I think—" and she smiled more sweetly, "it was the right time to tell it."

"You're right, as usual, Gran," said Bob, with much of the usual mischief gone from his sunburned face, as he came stealthily round the corner of the veranda. "I suppose that wasn't meant for me—but you'll forgive me listening Bet; I couldn't help it, it was so good to hear someone throwing bouquets where they belong. Muffins aren't the only drawing card Betsy has—not by a long way. Fran's giddy two-steps, and Jean's weird tales, aren't in it with some of the things only Betsy can do. I'm not saying what, but they count."

"And here, Betsy's, the first installment for that pathway to your door Gran was speaking of. You'll need to begin on it right away, and make a good foundation for the footballs of the world to travel. Here goes, for the future shrine worshipers, with my blessings," and Bob mischievously threw a small stone after Betsy as she disappeared into the house.

As her busy feet flew back and forth from pantry to kitchen in the preparation for tea, her curly head was full of happy thoughts. The frown had gone, only smiles remained.

It was of the "other things" that Gran had spoken that Betsy was thinking, as she made up her mind, as she patted the puffy muffins, that she would use the *common* gifts that had been given her to make her life something other than *common-place*.—Margaret Fairlee.

COMIC VALENTINES.

The custom of sending comic valentines is comparatively new. May it perish at once! The so-called comic valentines are never funny. They are coarse, they are cruel, they are unkind. They do not spring from a loving thought, but from a feeling of ill-will and dislike. They stand for hate and revenge, not for love and forgiveness. They are a disgrace to a Christian land, bad in art and worse in morals.

Boys, if you ever feel tempted to send one of these, stop and think and you won't do it. You'll send a valentine that's worthy of the day, not a gross and insulting caricature to misrepresent the gentle saint whom the day commemorates.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

THE GRINDSTONE OF FATE.

One day when I, a boy, bewailed the wealth to me denied,
I recollect my Uncle Hiram taking me aside
To chide me for my petulance and whisper in my ear
A bit of homespun logic and some facts designed to cheer.
"My boy," he said, "in after years you'll recognize that strife,
Unceasing toil and poverty equip one best for life;
For men, like tools, don't get an edge on things as smooth as wax,
It's just the grindstone's roughness, lad, that sharpens up the axe.

"'Twas Lincoln's task of splitting rails, his buffeting by fate
In early life, that made him fit to steer the ship of state.
A tow-path life proved Garfield's steel; a tan-yard's pleasure scant
And weary round of work brought out the best there was in Grant.
If each had held within his mouth, when born, a silver spoon,
And had not been so ground by fate the whole of life's forenoon,
Their brains that keenness would have lacked to probe prosaic facts—
It's just the grindstone's roughness, lad, that sharpens up the axe.

"If things went always smooth with you," my Uncle Hiram vowed,
"You'd go through life unknown and undistinguished from the crowd,
More apt than not; while rasping want and grinding work, I've found,
Will sharpen wits that steps may cleave to fortune's higher ground.
The wearing stones of fate that seem your progress to retard
You'll some day bless, and thank the world for bearing down so hard.
The grit that puts an edge on is just what success exacts—
It's just the grindstone's roughness, lad, that sharpens up the axe!"
—Ray Farrell Greene, in Success.

HOW BOYS LEARN TO BE KINGS.

Little boys who expect to be kings and emperors when they grow up have a hard time of it. Many other children who think that they have to study hard would deem their lot an easy one if they knew what little princes have to go through in order to be prepared to take their places in the world when they grow up.

First of all, they have to learn many languages, at least four or five, and this before they are six years old, for they must be able to converse in the tongue of the guests who come to their court, not only with kings and princes, but also with ambassadors and foreign ministers and commanders of foreign vessels.

Besides, they must learn a lot of history—the history of their own land and that of foreign lands. And they must know why wars are

fought, and how they can be avoided; and, as they may be going to make history themselves, they must surely know as perfectly as possible how it is made. They must, of course, know what laws are for, and whether these laws are good or bad.

But studying is not the hardest thing for a little prince. He is not allowed to be naughty like other children, because whatever he does is of so much more importance; and sometimes this is pretty hard.

The present King of Italy found this out when he was still very little—then they used to call him the Prince of Naples. The queen used to let other little boys come and play with him, and, of course, he liked to have his own way just as does any little boy. His mother did not like this at all. She wanted him to be more polite than any of the other children, and to give up readily, and she never, never wanted the other boys to yield to him merely because he was the Prince Royal. And this meant that he could never insist upon having his own way at all, unless the other boys let him have it of their own accord.

One day the Prince of Naples got into a real quarrel with one of the little playmates. The other boy said he did not think it was fair for him to insist upon having his own way, and it made no difference who he was, because the queen wanted them to play fair.

Then the Prince of Naples got just as angry as a little American boy might get when playing with the boys in his "crowd," and he said:

"I don't care! You have your own way now, but when I'm grown up and get to be king I'll have your head cut off."

Of course, there was always some grown-up person around when the children played, to see that they kept out of harm, for if anything had happened to the Prince Royal it would have been a terrible thing. The prince's governor was present; he overheard this remark, and repeated it to King Humbert and Queen Margaret.

Then the king and the queen sent for the Prince of Naples, and they talked to him very seriously. They told him that he should never, never, never dare to say such a thing again, and that he should not imagine that when he was grown he could cut people's heads off if they did not do as he liked. But this was not enough. They kept him three days on bread and water in a dark room, and told him to think it over, and also to make up his mind firmly that he would never, never, never think or say such a thing again.

Now this is the story as they used to tell it to me when I was a child in Italy, and I suppose when American children hear about it they think so, too. Of course, the reason royal children have to be so very careful in their behavior is that everyone knows what they do, and if they are naughty and impolite it reflects upon the whole nation. All children should remember that it reflects upon their nation, too, if they are rude and ignorant, even if everyone does not know about it. For all of us, little and big, can contribute to the building up of the reputation of a nation.—*Lisi Cipriani, in Children's Magazine.*

PARTIES AND GAMES

PARTIALLY COVERED PHOTOGRAPHS.

Gather photographs of a number of the members. In some way cover the head so that only the hands, body, and feet show. Or cover the face and body, leaving only the hands, feet, and forehead to be seen. Fasten the photographs on the wall, and number each one. Send people along the line of pictures, with a request that they write down their identifications. It will be great fun to see to whom different hands and feet are fitted. Sometimes they will be so characteristic that folk will at once identify them.

SHOUTING A PROVERB.

Another plan by which proverbs can be guessed: Send six people out of the room. They will select a proverb with six words and, coming back, each one of the group will shout out his particular word at the same time. It will be so confusing that it will be exceedingly difficult to pick out the sound of each word and so recognize the proverb. The whole company may be divided into several groups of six or eight, and then assemble together again, each group in turn shouting its proverb in this way, and all the rest trying to guess what it is. It will be interesting to see which group succeeds in hiding its proverb the longest. It will be better to form these groups by distributing numbers so that people not acquainted will be brought together. The informality of shouting, and the common interest aroused in the effort to excel, will melt all chilling reserve and make common fellowship possible.

PLAYING HOSPITAL.

The children were kept in by a heavy rain and had tried all the games until they were tired.

"I wish we had something new," said Mary; "all these games are as slow as going to sleep."

"I'll tell you," exclaimed Elizabeth; "we will play hospital."

"Whatever is that?" questioned Mary.

"I play it often. Whenever I get kept in this way I fix up my express, put my broken dolls in different places, and play that I'm called up for an emergency case; so I dash on, bring in my case and patch up one patient and put her in a clean cot. Brother is the surgeon, so we pass an hour in no time."

"Oh, that's good!" exclaimed Mary.

"Come play it now. I'll be a nurse."

The dolls' beds were arranged, the express fitted and everything in apple pie order, when a hurry call came in for an ambulance.

Away it rattled, returning with an unlucky Chinaman, who had lost both legs and a part of his body, but was still able to roll his eyes.

"This is a serious case," said the surgeon, scanning the Oriental with professional eyes. "Cut away the clothing from the wounded parts."

The nurse was so excited that she could scarcely perform her duties.

The surgeon performed miracles. The Chinaman was put in a clean dress, placed on a cot and watched closely. "He will be all right," said the surgeon, "in about an hour."

"The next call brought in a wretched wreck of a colored woman, who had not half of her paste head.

"This won't go," said the surgeon. "Throw her in the attic. She wouldn't look well in a cot."

Before the supper bell rang, the children awoke to the fact that the afternoon was nearly over, the dolls were neatly mended and dressed, and, best of all, they had not noticed the rain nor missed the outdoor sports of other and brighter days.—Selected.

POST CARD GAME.

The following competition required a still livelier working of wits, although in itself extremely easy to prepare for. Here the contestants were asked to draw up their chairs forming a circle under the chandelier.

When all were seated the hostess produced twelve ordinary postal cards, each of which had a word written upon it. There was nothing in the least mysterious about these words. They were unpretentious English ones to be found in any self-respecting dictionary.

The mistress of ceremonies explained that the words on the cards, if properly arranged, would form a sentence. The sentence was, however, very much jumbled at present.

At a given signal she would begin passing the cards around the line. Each person would be allowed to retain the card just long enough to read the word written upon it, after which he or she must immediately pass it on to the left hand neighbor; this neighbor passing it rapidly on to another and so forth.

The cards were circulated twice around the group. At the end of that time they were gathered up and removed by the hostess.

Pencils and paper being again furnished the players were requested to reconstruct a sentence from the words on the cards, which could be learned only by having recourse to one's memory.

The phrase on the cards was as follows:

THE POSTAL CARD CRAZE HAS REACHED ALL QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE.

It was guessed by two members of the party who at once drew for the prize. This took the form of a pretty satin sachet fashioned to represent a postal card.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

THE COMING MAN.

A pair of very chubby legs
Incased in scarlet hose,
A pair of little stubby boots
With rather doubtful toes,
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And, lo, before us stands in state
The future's "coming man."

His eyes perchance will read the stars
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.

Those hands—those little, busy hands,
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands whose only mission seems
To pull all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may be
Concealed within their grasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they clasp?

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future holds in store,
God bless the "coming man!"

—Beacon.

CHUMMING WITH THE BOY.

Why should a busy grown person waste his valuable time playing with children? We who have gone part way through life know that even if we work at a hot clip sixteen hours in the day, seven days in the week we seldom get very far ahead on the chase for a fortune till it is time for us to pull in our lines and get ready to quit this life. How

is a person thus rushed through life going to find time to drop his business and play with the baby, or chum with the boy? I don't know how women look at this matter, but I know lots of men who think no work so important as theirs, not even that of the wife. And as for the children their play and plans are so very inconsequential that a man with any business ability at all should not spend any valuable time with them. He might spend a few rags of time he couldn't do anything else with. If he could throw a kiss to the baby while cutting across lots to work and do it without slackening his pace, he might think it worth his while. And some men would think that this is a very large consideration to grant the child. They think that the wife whose time is not so valuable, can look after the babies and children without much help from them.

Now if the making of money is the big end of life, this way of treating the child is all logical enough. But let us stop a minute and honestly settle this question: What are we here for? What is the most important thing for a man to do between the cradle and the grave? Is it to make money or to make character?

What will a man carry out of this world when he goes? Absolutely nothing but character! Nothing else, not even a cotton handkerchief. When John D. Rockefeller dies, though he may be worth a million dollars—he won't have enough of it left to buy a postage stamp when he emerges through the door of the tomb into the next world. All he will have to begin life on there will be the character he has made here. It is the same with you and me. Our stock in trade there will be our character. A man might die rich as Midas and wake up over there poor as Lazarus.

Looking at life from this standpoint what shall we say about the relative importance of a man's work and a child's play? Character is made very fast before twelve years age—probably a good deal faster than it is after forty. If character making is the very important work of life, whose job is the more important, the man's work or the child's play? From this view point it may be that the man who is feeding six car loads of cattle that will net him two thousand dollars profit, may not be doing half as important business as is his little son who is digging a railroad tunnel through a sand pile with a clam shell.

I would not venture to say what is a childless man's duty. But it looks as though the man with a child had no bigger business in life than to take care of that child—not to pile up money for it to scatter, but to make of the child a man of good, solid character.

When I come home at night and find in the shop a lot of good boards sawed up in a bungling way, hammered full of nails and staples, tied up with strings and strewn about the floors; or I find saw horses, chairs scantlings, corn baskets, pitch forks, rakes and the wheel barrow littered about the lawn where a lot of children ten years of age and younger have been doing exciting things, shall I conclude that I am outraged and put upon because I must take my valuable time to clean

up the litter of children's cheap play? Shall I feel as I do when I find the skim-milk calf has done damage in the garden that it takes me an hour to mend?

Not a bit of it! Not if I have any sense of just proportions. The calf was given to me to eat. The boy was given to me to prepare for first-class citizenship in this world and in the world to come. There is quite a difference therefore between a boy's play and a calf's play. It may have been time wasted to pick up after the calf. But it might have been good business to take a big chunk out of the afternoon to help the boy litter up the lawn.

My father, who was, by the way the most conscientious and self-sacrificing man I ever lived with, thought it was a wicked waste of time to play ball. In fact almost any kind of play was trifling in his sight. So we boys never learned to play anything well. You never can get to be very proficient in ball if you think you are sinning while you play. It wasn't any wonder that father took this view of play. Pioneering was hard work. Here was a bunch of little boys idle, we will say, and over the fence were weeds growing and bugs eating the family potatoes three rows at a time. And what could you do? Let the boys and the crop go to waste? If we had done this he would probably have raised a family of poor white trash, a shame to their parents and a burden on the community.

There is a way to cultivate the child and the crop at the same time and that way is for the father to work in the traces along with the boy. Let the father take the boy into his confidence, talk with him as a junior partner; be a partner both in work and play, with him and make play of his work. In this way the father will get very close to his boy and mould his character as it can be moulded in no other way. His interest in life can be thus kept wholesome. His love for his home and his parents will be such as to hold him steady in the storm and stress of after life.

How much a man loses who goes about by himself, thinking his own line of thoughts and letting his boy go about by himself or hunt up other companions and think his own line of thought. Ten years of this kind of life will put a father and son so far apart that they will never learn to understand each other. It is such a life as this that explains why some parents do not hear from their children for years at a time after they have left home. And why should a boy care to chum with a parent who through all the years when he had a chance never cared to chum with him?

The average mother will keep closer to her daughter than the average father will to his son. The reasons for this are obvious. If father at your farm is making a mistake, help him to correct it. Ten minutes of catch and throw, with a boy after supper; a picnic a month, planned and talked over a good long time in advance; conversation at table and at work permits it, all may be woven into cords of love to keep the boy and make him an efficient, wholesome, helpful citizen of this world and

of the world to come. Cultivate the boy. Make a chum of him.—Milton O. Nelson.

TWELVE THINGS WHICH PARENTS MAY DO.

A subject of much moment is discussed by Dr. A. T. Schofield, in his late book, "Christian Sanity." In the chapter on "Sanity in Childhood and Youth," he points out twelve things that parents may do "to strengthen and fortify their children in their conflict with evil."

1. They can control the child's surroundings so as to make them ever the medium of good suggestions, physical, mental, moral and spiritual.

2. They can, by example and story, fill the child's mind with inspiring, lofty and Christian ideals.

3. They can form habits of moral and religious value, and allow none others to be acquired.

4. They can feed the child's mind with ideas, the character of which they can wholly control.

5. They can exercise and strengthen the child's moral powers by circumstances which they can arrange, taking care that the trial is not too hard.

6. They can, by watching hereditary tendencies, foster one and restrain another, so as to produce a more even character.

7. They can strengthen the will and make it act with energy and decision.

8. They can educate and train the moral sense; keeping it sensitive and tender to evil, and must only set up such standards of right and wrong as are true and will last through life, so that no artificial conscience is created.

9. They can increase the sense of moral responsibility to oneself, to others and to God.

10. They can directly teach moral principles, and the sequence of cause and effect.

11. They can inspire faith in God and in Christ, and the spirit of reverence and humility.

12. They can thus obey the two exhortations, "Train up a child in the way he should go," and "Despise not one of these little ones."—Selected.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

OUR TASKS.

For what we cannot do, God never asks:
Beyond what we can bear, He never tries.
In sweet fulfilments of the little tasks
We make our preparation for the skies.

The restless heart seeks to do something great,
And lets the common things of life slip by,
Forgetting that the trifles indicate
Which path we're taking for eternity.
—Selected.

Be sure to read "The Self-Training of the Teacher."

A Good Plan to Try.

One of the Stake Boards has established a plan something like the following, and finds it very successful. The Stake Chorister and Organist select the songs and all material for preliminary or supplementary programs for the coming month. At the meeting of the Stake Board this should be presented for the approval of the Board. Then, at the meeting of Stake and Local Officers the Stake Chorister and Organist meet with all the local Choristers and Organists and practice the songs, and present and explain the material for programs.

The Self-Training of the Teacher.

Some years ago I was in a southern city, and picked up a magazine called a business men's magazine and saw there an account of a school of methods in a department store. I found that, when his young clerks, boys and girls, came into his employment, at thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen years of age, the proprietor recognized that they were to be his future salesmen. He recognized that they were to serve his people as they came daily into the store. He recognized that they were to do their work well and they must be prepared for future services. And so if you went into that store you might at first see nothing unusual, and yet you would find, if you watched a boy for a whole week, that every day, one hour of the day, he would be missing from the store, and on further investigation you would find that there was a class high up in the building where all these boys were being educated. Four days of the week they have one hour upon arithmetic, grammar, reading and things of that sort, picking them up where they left off school work and carrying them on. One day in the week they are taught how to do the work in which they are specially engaged. They go on errands, but someone goes with them and shows them how. Just as soon as this school advances a little further something else happens. When they are about sixteen, for two hours they leave off the day work and are put in evening classes—what for? Men who are to sell gloves and handkerchiefs and things of that sort—what are they doing? They are put through a regular course of business, bookkeeping, things that don't seem to relate to the work that they have in mind. That business man knows that this is a necessity—that not only those who serve the goods over the counter, but also heads of de-

partments should be organized together. As a result there is a perfect system in all directions.

Whenever there is a special sale everything is explained, so that sales people not only know what is to be done, but they know where the goods come from and where and how they are prepared. The boy of fourteen must know this. He must know the material with which he deals. It is not enough that a handkerchief is given to the girl, and she told that it came from a certain place; she knows when she feels it, and can tell the texture and all about it, where it is made and where it came from, and she can answer your questions intelligently. She must also have skill in the handling of her work. If you could go there sometimes, you would find an experienced salesman retailing with the younger ones; he comes and buys goods of the younger ones, who answer the questions of these customers; and all this is done that skill in work may be acquired. That is what a business man thinks about the preparation of those who are to do his work—the knowledge that they must know more than they know, that they must know how to handle the goods they are working with and have skill in the doing of it—the kind of skill that only comes in the doing of it.

Let this serve as a parable. Our Church does not say to its workers, "You must be trained; you cannot take hold of a book and teach it until you have passed an examination in it." It does not say, "You cannot lay your hands on these boys and girls until you thoroughly understand them." But it just takes us and allows us, very largely of our own free will, to say, We will be trained; we will know this work of God better, and we will try somehow to get the skill that we need to teach the principles of truth. That is what we are doing. It is a self-training, and we desire to suggest a few practical hints along the line we have to work.

Let us see how you and I can make ourselves better teachers. What are we to do? We have not only lessons to teach, but we have to know these lessons so that we can teach them thoroughly, as well as someone else teaches grammar, arithmetic or geography. We have to know more than that. We have to know the pupils, not only as we know them in some general characteristics, but we have to know the needs of those pupils spiritually; we have to know the thing that they are hungering for. And then we have to know how to do it, for, somehow, you and I have to help that pupil to weave into his conduct the truth that he has taken hold of, the truth that he longs for, until, earnestly reaching after the truth, he makes it his own, and lives it. Ours is a great work. We have these higher things to do.

Then, how about the child? Do we know him well enough? Knowledge of our religion will avail little to teachers if it be not accompanied by knowledge of the children.

A few years ago I was attending a summer school in Rhode Island. It was the first summer school the Rhode Island Association ever had. While we were there, busy from morning until night, I heard that out in the bay there was a school, a peculiar kind of school; it was a school for lobster-men. Of course I investigated, and I found that the fisheries were suffering. What could be done? Commercial interests were at stake, and so this Rhode Island fishery school had been established out there in the bay. And I found that young men from Brown University came yearly, giving up their vacation time, to study lobster life for commercial purposes. I went out there and saw what kind of place it was, and I wish I could bring you the inspiration that came to me when I was there. I wish I could give you the earnestness of one young man. He said, "We have never known much about lobster life because we have always been dealing with the maturer form and we have never studied the smaller. In lobster life there are five stages—the oneses, the twoses, the threeses, the fourses, and the fiveses. We have always been dealing with lobster life up here in fourses and fiveses, and we have never understood anything about it in these younger stages, the

oneses and twoses." And he went on to explain. I cannot tell you all he said, but his earnestness seemed to indicate that to him it was the most important question in the whole universe—this stage of lobster life that had not been understood. He said we did not know lobster limitations, how enemies attack it, how to get it from the oneses stage over into the twoses stage, and so on. I am sure that no young mother was ever more delighted in getting her child past the teething stage than was this young man in getting the lobster life from the oneses stage over into the twoses stage. He said we had never understood the possibilities because we had never known its limitations; we never could plan for it; we never knew how to treat it. He said: "You know, when they are large enough to send out into the water we do something else, because we do not study here only; we carry it on all along the coast; when a lobster is put out in the water it is registered in a book, and every lobster has a tag on its neck; and for what? No matter where it goes we can study it in its migrating stages, and word is sent back." And thus these men continue their study by cooperation with the others along the coast. I said: "Does it pay?" He gave me the figures as to what it meant to the Rhode Island fisheries, and all the fisheries along the coast. It paid magnificently! Now, for commercial purposes people sacrifice, people plan, people build, but of the child that God has made what do you know, and what do I? I just leave that with you, that you may, perhaps, be impressed, as I was, to reach out and better understand this wonderful material that God has placed in our hands. Go to work—carelessly? No, No! Study the child so that we may better understand him, that we may help him, and work with him to a better understanding. How shall we do it? How shall you and I train ourselves to do better things as teachers? Some of us, perhaps, are where everybody seems to be indifferent. Perhaps we are in places where we want things that we cannot have. What is it you and I can do to better our conditions? It seems to me there is just one thing which brings to us personal responsibility. I cannot build a Primary Association for myself; perhaps I have odds against me in every direction; but there is only one person that can keep me from being a better trained teacher, and that is myself. And so it comes back to the simple statement that every woman, and every person whom we can reach, can be better teachers if we can only be brought to feel the force and the responsibility of being better teachers.—Mrs. J. W. Barnes.

THE MAN IN THE BOY.

In the acorn is wrapped the forest,
 In the little brook, the sea;
 The twig that will sway with the sparrow today,
 Is tomorrow's sturdy tree.
 There is hope in a mother's joy,
 Like a peach in its blossom furred,
 And a noble boy, a gentle boy,
 And a manly boy, is king of the world.

The power that will never fail us
 Is the soul of simple truth;
 The oak that defies the stormiest skies
 Was upright in its youth;
 The beauty no time can destroy
 In the pure young heart is furred;
 And a worthy boy, a tender boy,
 A faithful boy, is king of the world.
 —Selected.

RECITATIONS

THIS LITTLE BOY WAS RIGHT.

Said Peter Paul Augustus: "When I am grown a man,
I'll help my dearest mother the very best I can.
I'll wait upon her kindly; she'll lean upon my arm;
I'll lead her very gently, and keep her safe from harm.

"But when I think upon it, the time will be so long,"
Said Peter Paul Augustus, "before I'm tall and strong,
I think it would be wiser to be her pride and joy
By helping her my very best while I'm a little boy."
—The Brown Memorial Monthly.

WHO WILLIAM IS.

When William clears the table,
And carries out each plate,
And piles the cups and saucers,
He says his name is Kate!

And when he dons his overcoat
And mitts and leggings trim,
And sallies forth to carry wood,
Why, then his name is Jim!

But when he dresses in his best,
With collar stiff and white,
To promenade upon the street,
He's William Horace Dwight!
—Little Men and Women.

LITTLE BUILDERS.

Little builders, day by day,
Building with the words we say;
Building from our hearts within,
Thoughts of good, or thoughts of sin.
Building with the deeds we do,
Actions ill, or pure and true.
Oh, how careful we must be
Building for eternity.
Building, building every day.
Help us, Lord, to watch and pray.
—Selected.

A WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY WISH.

The little young George Washington,
Our country's best-loved son,
I fear no holiday he had
Upon his birthday, as a lad;
For times were somewhat sterner then,
And boys worked harder, more like men;
While festal days, to us so dear,
Were rare in homesteads pioneer.

Oh, how surprised he would have been
If, looking forward, he had seen
The multitude of little folks,
With gleeful mien and merry jokes,
And hatchet, flag and cherry bough,
His birthday celebrating now!
I wish he might have shared our fun—
The little young George Washington.
—Selected.

THOSE BUTTONS.

When I am going to bed at night,
My clothes come right undone;
I'm sure I can undress myself
As fast as anyone.

But in the morning, when I dress,
My things seem such a lot!
It takes so long to put them on,
I get all tired and hot.

My stockings aren't so very bad,
I lace my boots up, too.
But oh, the buttons up my back
Are dreadfully hard to do.

I twist and turn, and try to feel
To get them buttoned straight;
But it's no use. They're always wrong,
And always keep me late.

Big people may like buttoned backs,
But I do wish there'd be
Some clothes that go on easier,
For little girls like me.

—Alice King.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

LESSON NINE.

Aim—Helpfulness.

Memory Gem:

"Little deeds of faith and love
Make a home for us above."

Review of Lesson Eight:

Use the memory gem and recite words, keeping time, if possible, with the ticking of a clock. Review talk on obedience and let the children tell you the story of "Jump" and the value of obedience as illustrated in the story.

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Development of Lesson Nine:

Talk about a happy home. Busy father and mother. Children who are willing to help by sharing playthings, etc. Tell story of "I Will."

Little "I Will" was a very small boy, with the sweetest face anyone could wish to see, and under his white blouse, with its big, sailor collar, beat the sweetest little heart that ever grew.

Of course "I Will" had another name. His really truly name, he would have told you, was Louis; but those who knew him thought that "I Will" suited him better.

"Dear," mother would say, "will you run upstairs and get my scissors? You will find them on the sewing machine."

"I will, I will!" would sing out the pleasant little voice, and in a twinkling the scissors would be put in mother's hand.

Or father would say, "Louis, gather up your toys, it is almost supper time."

"I will!" would come the smiling answer.

Dear little "I will!" He is a big boy now, big enough to go to school and do all sorts of other hard things, but the sunshine of his merry baby ways has never faded from his mother's heart.

What a pity there is not a little "I Will" in every home!—Anna C. Hall.

How Gypsy Helped:

Gypsy was a proud mother and no wonder, for two more beautiful puppies than hers it would be hard to find. Their hair was as fine and soft as silk, and their bright eyes fairly sparkled with fun, excepting when they were asleep, and even then you never were quite sure that they were not playing possum" and covering up the twinkle a few minutes while they thought of some new mischief to get into.

Gypsy loved Baby Harold almost as well as she did her babies, and Harold loved Gypsy and the puppies almost as well as he did his mother.

One warm morning Harold's mother spread a big piece of carpet down on the sidewalk close to the house for him to have his daily play out of doors. She had started back into the house when she heard a noise down at the barn, and there was Dapple, the horse, just walking out of his door! He somehow had managed to get the hook unfastened, and was looking very happy at the thought of being free.

Harold's mother stood still for a minute, looking greatly troubled. If Dapple went out of the yard, which he was almost sure to do unless some one caught him right away, there was no telling what might happen, for he would probably get to capering and running, and the school yard with its romping crowd of boys and girls was only a block away.

She looked at Dapple, and then she looked at the baby. She felt that she must go after Dapple; but suppose Harold should creep off of his carpet and get hurt in some way! "Gypsy," she asked, suddenly, "will you take care of Harold for me?" Gypsy wagged her tail and gave a quick little bark that said "Yes" as plainly as could be. Perhaps the bright eyed little dog may have thought, "Now, why doesn't my mistress stay and take care of the baby herself, and let me go after Dapple? I'm sure I could get him into the stable." But Gypsy was wise enough to know that she could help best by doing exactly what she was asked to do, no matter what she thought. How lovely it would be if boys and girls always did that way, too!

Away ran Harold's mother, but saucy Dapple was not anxious to be put into the stable, and over and over again he let her get almost up to him, and then walked away with a saucy shake of his head, so that it was some time before she could catch him. Then back to the house she hurried. There on the carpet sat Harold and Gypsy and the puppies, safe and sound and not in any mischief, Gypsy sitting up very straight and looking as if she would like to say, "There, don't you see what good care I took of all these babies? Doesn't it show you that I love you very much?"—Louise M. Oglevee.

LESSON TEN.

Aim—Obedience.

Memory Gem:

"Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child cannot repay,
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey."

Review of Lesson Nine:

Let the children tell about their pets, how they care for them, etc. If there are any who have little kittens, puppies or chickens at home, talk about them and how the mother always makes her children obey. Review stories of "I Will" and "How Gypsy Helped."

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Development of Lesson Ten:

Talk about fences around the home; the chicken runs; the corral for horses and cows; the pig pens, etc. Let the children tell about all these fences; how they are used to keep some things in and others out. A mother's arms make the first fence for us when we are babies; then come the cradle and bed, each with its fence to protect the little one. Help the children to understand that all this protection is for the safety of children and animals who do not know how to take care of themselves. Take one form of animal life that is most familiar to the children and make a story about it;

showing how necessary it is to protect it or it would be harmed and perhaps destroyed. Talk about God's love in caring for us. Use memory gem.

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Story, "Robert and Elizabeth:"

"May Elizabeth and I go out to play, mother?" Robert sang out from the nursery.

"Yes, but don't go out of the yard," his mother answered.

"Why, mother? Why can't we go out of the yard?" urged the little boy.

"Because I say so; that must be sufficient," was his mother's pleasant but decided answer.

Now Robert hadn't any particular desire to leave his own yard, but, like many other little boys, when he was forbidden to do so he immediately began to think how much pleasanter it would be to play in some other person's yard; and, in consequence, a pout instantly settled upon his face.

"How would you like to be tied to the doorpost as some children are?" remarked the children's mother.

"I wouldn't like it," said Elizabeth.

But Robert scuffed his feet and said nothing. If his mother wanted to tie him to the door, she could—he didn't care. "You might about as well be tied as have to stay," he thought.

Elizabeth, however, wanted to hear about the "tied" children—poor little things! "Tell us, mother," she urged.

"These children live in Norway, away up on the cliffs," began Mrs. Harding, lifting Elizabeth to her knee. "There is a very little level land in Norway, and many of the houses are built upon the edge of the cliffs; so there would be great danger of falling down into the fjords, if little children were not tied, to keep them from running around."

"What are fjords, mother?" asked Robert, who had forgotten, in his interest, that he had been pouting.

"Fjord is the Norwegian name for bay," explained his mother. "Fjords are never found except where lofty mountain ranges border closely on the sea. They run in between the cliffs for a long distance, and sometimes open into the sea again.

"Well, the little children who live near these fjords get used to being tied, and have just as good a time as you and Elizabeth do with a whole large yard to run around in."

"Can't even ask to go into the next yard!" said Robert.

"Unless the string breaks," suggested Elizabeth.

"Norwegian mothers take care that the cords are good and strong; they love their children just as I love you and Robert," Mrs. Harding answered with a smile.

"May we be tied in our yard, mother?" both children asked.

Their mother brought some rope and tied it around each little waist, while the other ends she made fast to the door knob, and left them, saying, "When you are tired of playing in Norway, I will come and release you."

At first they found it great sport to run around, and when they went too far, suddenly to feel themselves pulled back.

"It's about the same as hearing mother say, 'Come back, Robert, you mustn't go there!'" Robert said.

"I think the yard is big enough," suddenly spoke up Elizabeth.

"So do I!" declared Robert.

"Mother, we want to come back to (Give name of home town)" suddenly piped up two small voices.

"Do you think you will be contented to stay in the yard?" their mother questioned, as she untied the rope that held Robert.

"Oh, yes, mother; the yard seems ever so much bigger since I've been tied," replied the little boy.—Helen M. Richardson.

LESSON ELEVEN.

Aim—Kindness.

Memory Gem:

"Do something for each other,
Though small the help may be;
There's comfort in little things,
Far more than others see."

Review of Lesson Ten:

Use memory gem from last lesson. Develop the thought that the Lord gives us kind parents and comfortable homes; that we must try to be kind and helpful to everybody, for that is the way we say "Thank you" to the Lord for all He gives to His children.

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Development of Lesson Eleven:

If possible have some pictures which show children doing acts of kindness to others. Such pictures may be found in old magazines and it is a good plan to cut them out and paste on large pieces of cardboard or heavy paper. Children's picture books may be used also. Be sure to let the children tell the stories they see in the pictures.

If it is impossible to use pictures, review the activities in the home, the many acts of kindness done for children by parents and others. Help the little ones in the class to feel that they may do many kind things to help to make home happy.

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Story, "Little Sister:"

"Mother, we're going down to the station with the express wagon to meet father."

"That will be nice, dear. He'll have a heavy suit-case tonight, and you can bring it up for him."

Edith and Eleanor rushed down the stairs and out into the yard, with Little Sister at their heels.

"I go too!" she chirped, eagerly.

"No, you can't go," answered Edith, frowning. "There's not room. Besides, it's my turn to drive. You really cannot go."

"But I'll walk at the back and push," the baby pleaded.

"No, you won't!"

Little Sister's lip quivered, but she didn't cry a tear. She even helped to tuck Edith in, and went out to the gate with them. As they turned the corner she looked after them very wistfully.

"What's the matter, little girl?" The doctor's wife stopped the doctor's automobile to speak to Little Sister. The doctor's wife had four great, strapping boys, but not one little girl, and to her Little Sister, with her clean, starched frock and her yellow curls bobbing in the sunshine, seemed very sweet indeed. "Run and ask mother if I may take you down to the station with me, sweetheart," said the doctor's wife.

So Little Sister ran into the house, and soon came out happy and smiling. In a few minutes she was snuggled up close to the doctor's wife, going "awful fastly," as she called it.

About half a square from the station, they overtook the express wagon.

"I'm tired; you'll have to be horse now. This is a terrible hill."

"I won't be horse! I was horse all day yesterday."

"Yes, but you're bigger than I am."

That was all that Little Sister and the doctor's wife heard, for while horse and driver were arguing the train came in, and there were father and the doctor.

"Jump in, Howard!" said the doctor.

"Come on, get in!" said the doctor once more.

"Better not, father," said Little Sister.

Father laughed and understood, for just then he spied two little girls, both pulling an empty express wagon up the hill.

"Thanks! I'll walk with the girls, doctor," father said, then added, "Which would you rather take along in the automobile, Little Sister or the suit-case?"

The doctor's wife hugged the baby close. "Both," she answered.—Dorothy Sherburne.

LESSON TWELVE.

Aim—Cheerfulness.

Memory Gem:

"Three little rules we all should keep,
To make life happy and bright—
Smile in the morning, smile at noon,
And keep on smiling at night!"

Review Lesson Eleven:

If pictures were used last time let the children see them again and tell about them. Also have children tell of little helpful things they do at home. (Notice any little exaggerations, and kindly, but firmly check them. Never, under any circumstances, accuse a child of telling an untruth.)

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Development of Lesson Twelve:

Have concert recitation of the memory gem.

Talk about the cheerfulness of the sun as it rises in the morning, how it smiles on everything and everybody saying, "It is time to get up and go to work." Let the children tell of the many people and things which the sun wakes up; members of the family, domestic pets, birds, flowers, etc. The sun makes us happy. How may we make others happy? Let the children tell and then suggest other helpful things, emphasizing the thought of cheerfulness.

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Story, "Why Everybody Loved Dan:"

He was just a little, plainly dressed lame boy sitting on the doorstep as I went by to market one day. He could not run, but as the others raced from one end of the block to the other they always stopped at the step where he sat and chatted, and their faces showed that they wanted to stop there.

He did not cry or fret, and I caught a tune as I drew near. "There's sunshine in my heart today," he sang; then, as the make-believe horses stopped beside him, he put his thin little hand on Ned's curly head. "Good horse, Ned," he said. "O Willard, let's make-believe I was going down town to buy you a horse," was the sweet suggestion that came next.

Then I knew why they stopped. Dan's heart was full of sunshine and of plans for others. So Ned went into the step corner and waited to be brought and given to some one else who could use him, and I went on to market, feeling as if there was considerable more sunshine in the world than one might think.—Children's Companion.

Story, "Two Little Children:"

Once upon a time, many, many years ago, there were born into the world, on the same day, two little children. It was quite a long time before their mother could decide on names for them, for, you see, she didn't think there were names in the world quite pretty enough. But as the children

new older, names were soon found for them. One was called Sunray and the other Teardrop.

Now little Sunray laughed from morning till night. Everyone was so good, and the world was so bright; for it just seemed to Sunray that the birds sang and the sun shone all day long. The flowers were so lovely and smelled so sweet, and if it did rain, why it gave the sun a chance to rest, so that he would shine brighter than ever when he next came out. And the grass and flowers must be thirsty, that was why the kind rain came down to give them a drink to refresh them, so that afterwards the flowers would smell sweeter and the grass grow greener.

Everyone was so good to her, she thought. It seemed to Sunray that they did everything they could to make her happy, her school-teachers took so much trouble to help her understand her lessons, and make them as easy as possible for her. Her little school friends would ask her to join in their games, or to come to their parties, just as if Sunray were giving them pleasure by coming, not at all as if they were doing her a favor by asking her. Why, Sunray just felt, if she tried all her life long, she never would be able to pay back all the kindness and happiness she received from everybody.

But her sister, little Teardrop, cried all the day long. Everyone was so bad to her and all the world was wrong. Why, the sun shone brightly just on purpose to make her head ache; the birds made a horrid noise; as for the flowers, if you picked them, they went and died at once, and if you felt them they died, anyway. The rain always came when she was going to a picnic, or some place to enjoy herself, and made the grass wet, and the roads muddy. It soiled her shoes and splashed on her dress so that it spoiled it. As for school, it was even worse. The teachers all conspired together to give her the very hardest lessons they could find in the books; lessons that no one possibly could learn, if they studied them forever. Then they took great delight in punishing her, by making her stay in after school and make her write her lesson all out, so that her hands ached. Her little school friends; when they asked her to come and play with them, would pick out the very roughest games they could find. As for their parties, they were horrid. She was always ill the next day, just because they gave her the cakes and candies that no one else would eat; not, as her mother said, because she ate too much sweet stuff; she didn't eat half as much as Sunray or the other children did.

The consequence was that wherever Sunray went she made everyone glad. But Teardrop, alas! she made everyone sad. So it happened after a while that her little friends gave up asking Teardrop to their parties, or to join in their games, and nobody loved her or wanted her but her mother; for mothers always love their children, no matter how naughty or disagreeable they may be. But everybody loved Sunray, and Sunray loved everybody, too.

If you just think about it you'll see, all the world over, wherever you go, some little Sunrays and Teardrops you'll know.—Selected.

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Lord's Prayer.
Topic for the Month of March—Heaven.

Divisions:

1. The Earthly Home.
2. Separation.
3. The Heavenly Home.
4. Preparation for Heaven.

LESSON NINE.**The Earthly Home.**

Aim—The development of the thought that heaven is a home.

Result Desired—That the children will be more helpful and loving in the home.

Suggestions:

In the lessons for this month it is hoped that the children will get the feeling that heaven is a desirable place where good people go after they leave their homes here. That death may be thought of as a wonderful change and not something to be feared. Separation for time or eternity is a natural happening, and we must try to help the children to see that separation is for a good purpose, and assist them to look forward to the pleasures of happy reunions with those we love.

For the lesson on the earthly home it will be interesting to talk about the homes of the children and all that is necessary to make them happy and comfortable. Let the children tell how and by whom the best homes are made. What part may each child take in this responsibility?

Talk with the children about the first home in the garden of Eden. The garden must have been a beautiful place in which to live. Talk about all the wonderful things which were probably there, and how Adam was the care-taker of it all. (Do not go into any of the details of the Fall in this lesson.)

Memory Gem:

"There is beauty all around
When there's love at home."

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Story, "The Little Care-Takers:"

"Fe-leep-e! Fe-leep-e!" The call sounded clear and strong down the still canyon, but there was no reply except from the mocking bird, who tried to repeat the name. There was a crackling of twigs, a rustling among the branches, then presently the name was repeated. This time there was an answering "Hoo!" like the prolonged cry of an owl, which came from far up the cliff, and the owner of the voice appeared on a narrow ledge of rock, clinging to a manzanita bush, and looking down at his sister Ysabel.

Felipe, or Philip as we say, was a little Spanish boy whose home was in the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains of California. His father had what is called a bee ranch, and the rows and rows of hives sheltered the busy creatures that gathered the sweets from the wild blooms near by. Sweetest was the mountain sage, and the clear white honey made from this sold best of all.

The tiny home itself looked little larger than a good-sized beehive, and nestled close against the great mountain side. Ysabel, Felipe, and the father, that was all; the mother had died, and the three lived alone, seeing few people, except the buyers who came to get the strained honey and carry it away to the town. But the little girl had to care for the home, and cook the meals, with the help of her father, and she had no time to be lonely, while Felipe had to keep track of every bird's nest, and squirrel's hole, and coyote's lair, and the wildcat's tracks, which kept him pretty busy.

Just now, he came scrambling down the mountain side to where his sister stood, holding something carefully in one hand. Ysabel waited; he always had something. When he stood beside her, he carefully opened his

hand a little, holding the other one over it, and two bright eyes peered out at her from a mass of scraggly gray feathers.

"A little mocking bird! Why did you bring it away?"

"It is only that it is hurt and cannot fly," and he showed the drooping wing. Ysabel had nursed many a hurt bird and sick animal; so she said, "Poor bird, we'll take care of him."

It was sunset when they came to the little home clearing, and the valley was already full of dark shadows; but the tops of the mountains were pink, and far away the snow on Old Baldy was the color of a rose. As they neared the cottage they smelled the bacon cooking, and the father came to the door, shading his eyes with his hand to look for them. Father was always interested, and he stooped down to look at the bird and touch its rough head with one hand, while the other held the fork with which he had been turning the meat.

"So it is a baby mocker that the caretaker has now; that is good, but put it in the box quickly, for the supper is nearly done."

Ysabel was already getting out the few dishes for their supper, and they soon sat down to their cheery meal. A little later, when the dishes were washed and put away, when the wounded bird, and a hurt squirrel, and a rabbit, had been fed and cared for, and the night wind blew cool down the canyon, Felipe stretched himself on the warm, dry ground at his father's feet, and said, "Tell us again the story of the Caretaker." This was the story that he liked best of all to hear, though he had heard it so many times. So, as an owl out of the darkness called "Who-o-o-o-!" and the far-off cry of a coyote came to their ears, the father told again to Ysabel and Felipe the loved story; how once in the long ago there was a great, good Friend who loved every bird, and animal, every insect, and even every blossom. Each day he watched over them, and each night he sheltered them from harm. There were but few people, then; that was long, long ago. But as the people came to be more and more numerous, there were some who were thoughtless of these little brothers of the air, and field, and even some who were unkind. So the Great Friend put it into the hearts of those whom He most cared for, to watch, and, if possible, see that no harm came to them, and when, in spite of their watchfulness there were those that suffered or were in danger, to care for and nurse them, shelter and feed them, until they were healed, and then let them go again to their own.

"Yes," said Felipe, "and the Great Friend is the good God who loves everything."

"And the care-takers," added Ysabel, "are those who never hurt and always help."

"I am a little care-taker," whispered the boy, as he looked up at the blue mountain peaks, wrapped round and round with the silver moonlight.

The next day was an important one, for the buyers came for the honey. The great cans or sweetness were filled and loaded into the wagon, to be taken to the valley, and the money that was to buy food and clothes was put away. It was still too early to start down, and while they waited for the cool of the late afternoon, one of the men whom Felipe knew well, and loved, went with the boy to see his little brothers, as they both called them. The baby mocker was nearly well, and spread its hurt wing, which was now almost as strong as the other one; the squirrel's leg was getting along finely, and the rabbit as well. As they petted and fed each one, Felipe told the man the story of the Care-taker, and the man, too, loved the story.

The man lived in the city at the mountain's foot, and his home was large and fine. He had a little daughter, Mary, and the next evening she came to him with an earnest face. "Father, nearly all the boys and girls in our school want to get up a society and promise to be kind to the birds and animals, but we can't think of a good name, one that no other society has; will you tell us one?"

Then her father told of the little Spanish boy, Felipe, who lived on the bee ranch, and his story of the care-takers; and the society was named "The Care-takers."

Just at the close of the school term, some pins were made with the letters C. T. on them, and one was sent to Felipe, who first tried to live out the story. Since then there have been other societies, and some who read this may start new C. T.'s to help, and not hurt, their little brothers of field and air.—Gussie Packard Dubois.

LESSON TEN.

Separation.

Aim—Punishment follows disobedience.

Result Desired—A better understanding of the value of obedience.

Suggestions:

Review last lesson, emphasizing the thought of the blessings which God gave to the first family in the garden of Eden. Do not tell the story of the fall, but continue the narrative by telling the children that one day Adam and Eve forgot to be good and disobeyed their heavenly Father. After that they were not happy, for they must leave their home in the garden of Eden, which God had made for obedient children.

They now had a new home. There were many useful and beautiful things in it, because, even if we are not good, God still loves us and gives us many things to make us comfortable and happy. Talk of what Adam and Eve would have to do. What they worked for, etc. By and by children came. Talk of the changes which children make in a home. Carry on the story, letting the children help you. Do not tell about the quarrel between Cain and Abel, but lead the children to see that obedience in a home makes happiness, while disobedience makes suffering.

Adam and Eve could probably remember all about their beautiful home in the garden of Eden and the kind heavenly Father and would want to go back to it; and when God was ready to call them I am sure they were glad to go.

Memory Gem:

"If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments."

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Story, "Little Jessie's Lesson:"

One morning Jessie's mamma called to her: "Daughter, I have just received a phone message from mother that she is quite ill and I must go to see her. As the weather is threatening, I shall not take baby, and you must have charge of him during my absence. I shall be gone all day unless I find mother much better on my arrival at her house. So you must be a good girl and look well after baby."

Jessie made no reply, for her mother's going from home for the day and leaving baby in her charge spoiled the little girl's plan for the afternoon, for it was Saturday, and Jessie always looked forward to the holiday with so much anticipation. She had promised Marie Parker that she would go with her to call on some young friends, and that she would remain at Marie's for supper. But now her afternoon was spoiled, and all by baby! Jessie stood pouting as her mother gave the last instructions regarding the care of baby, who was a robust chap of two years.

Then Jessie's mother kissed her good-bye and was gone, and baby was asleep in his little bed in his mother's room. Jessie went to see if he needed

anything, and on walking about the room awoke him. He sat up and rubbed his dear bright eyes and smiled at his sister, who was in no humor to return a smile. She kept thinking to herself: "Oh, if it were not for babe I could go to Marie's this afternoon. But now I must stop at home and take care of him. I think it really mean for me to be obliged to look after him."

Baby kept on smiling. Then he began to laugh loudly and to kick up his heels and to crow and make all sorts of antics. He was in the jolliest humor and wanted to romp with his sister. But Jessie would not romp with him. She dragged him rudely from his little bed and carried him down stairs, where she put him on the floor. As he could run about in a most lively way, he was soon in the hall, then in the library, rummaging among papers and magazines on the floor. Jessie paid no attention to him at all, but got a book and began reading. After a while the front doorbell rang and Jessie went to answer it. There stood Marie Parker and Polly Davis. "Oh, Jessie, there's to be a parade on Main street at half-past ten. The Seventh Regiment is to march, and, of course, a band will be in advance playing!" Thus exclaimed Marie, her face aglow with excitement. "We—Polly and I—are going to see the parade and came to ask you to go with us."

Jessie was all eagerness, and said she'd love to go. Then, remembering baby, she frowned and said: "Oh, I can't go, for grandmother is sick and mamma has gone to spend the day with her, leaving me in charge of Babe. I'd love to go—but—"

"Can't the maid keep him?" asked Polly.

"Yes, can't you leave him with her?" added Marie. "Often mamma used to leave me with our cook, and nothing ever happened to me. Please come with us, Jessie."

Jessie thought for a moment. "I wouldn't care to ask the maid to mind Babe," she said, "for she's so busy preparing things for tomorrow. She has her regular baking, you know, and we are to have company for dinner tomorrow, so she has an extra lot of Saturday work to do. But—I wonder why I could not go without saying anything to Nancy? She is so busy in the kitchen that she won't come into the other part of the house before luncheon time, and then I'll be home again. Babe is playing in the library and I'll take some cookies to him, and put toys about him on the floor. He'll entertain himself until I get back. I won't be gone an hour."

"Yes, I think that will be all right," said Polly and Marie. So Jessie ran and got her hat and jacket and went off with her little comrades toward the center of town, where the parade was to take place within a few minutes. And they found a nice place from which to watch the marching soldiers, for they got on a big box that was in front of a grocery store. There they stood for a long time, though it seemed but a few minutes to them.

After the parade was over they went to a confectioner's and got some candy. From there to a toy shop to look at a new game Polly was so enthusiastic about. And before they realized it the noon whistle was blowing.

"Oh, girls, I've got to hurry home," cried Jessie. "I had no idea it had grown so late. Nancy will be setting the table for luncheon, and by half-past twelve papa will be home to lunch. And Babe—I wonder if he's all right." There was some anxiety in Jessie's voice as she spoke of Babe.

She ran home as fast as she could, and entered the big living room. No one was there. She ran to the library, but Babe was nowhere to be seen. Then she ran to the kitchen, but no maid nor baby! The table was not set for luncheon and the house seemed deserted. What had become of Babe? And for the first time in her life Jessie felt a pang—an ache in her heart. She had been ugly toward her dear baby brother that morning. Suppose something terrible had happened to him and Nancy had carried him off to a doctor! Oh, the thought was dreadful and Jessie felt a chill of fear creep over her. Oh, how she wished she had remained with her darling little brother! Just as she was becoming ill from suspense Nancy came in the front door.

She was carrying a bundle in her arms, which proved to be a loaf of bread for luncheon. "Forgot we had no bread for this noon," she said to Jessie. "I had to run to the baker's for some."

"Where's Babe?" cried Jessie. "Didn't you have him with you?"

Then Nancy looked surprised. "No, I haven't seen the child," she declared. "Haven't you been with him upstairs all forenoon? Your mother said she was leaving him in your charge. I haven't thought about him."

For a moment Jessie thought she would faint. Then she gathered her strength. "Say, Nancy, help me to find that precious child. Don't ask me any questions, but get to searching for him. I've been a wicked, bad girl, and went off with Marie and Polly. I should never have left the Babe during mamma's absence. Oh, what shall I do if anything has happened to our darling? I am almost crazy!"

Upstairs and down they searched for Babe; in the back yard, in the stable, about the front lawn, at the neighbors'. But no sign of him could they find. The whole neighborhood was roused, and Jessie was white from fear. If anything had happened to her darling baby brother it would kill her, she knew it would.

"Well, let's go back to the house and wait for your father," said Nancy. "We've looked everywhere that he could possibly be. He couldn't get far, for his legs are too short to run fast."

Jessie obeyed her, for she was now quite ill from anxiety. She was white and trembling. She went into the library and sat down on a chair. She was wondering what she should say to her mother when she returned home. Then she heard a rustle in the corner behind the table. She jumped to her feet and ran to examine the spot. There, to her joy, she found her little brother, waking from a long nap. He had crept in the most secluded spot he could find, and some heavy curtains had quite concealed him. He was smiling—just as he had smiled that morning—and Jessie clasped him to her breast, kissing his pink cheeks frantically. "Oh, you darling Babe!" she cried. "How happy I am to find you. Nothing on earth could ever induce me to leave you again when mamma is away. But there's papa coming in at the gate. We must run and tell him all about how wicked I have been and how I was made to suffer my punishment."—*Washington Star*.

LESSON ELEVEN.

The Heavenly Home.

Aim—To develop thought about a heavenly home.

Result Desired—That the children will think of heaven as a desirable place, where we shall be glad to go some day.

Suggestions:

Review very briefly the story of Adam and Eve, bringing out the thought that they were made unhappy because they were disobedient and that repentance would bring them forgiveness and enable them to be again with their Father in heaven. Let the children tell you about "Jessie's Lesson." Then have a talk about times when father or mother may have gone away and the difference it made in the home. Also the joy in their return.

Then introduce the thought that Jesus left His home in heaven to teach us how to be kind and gentle, to be like Him so that some time we may go and live with Him with our Father in heaven.

If possible have some pictures which illustrate some of the kindness of our Savior. Show them to the children and talk about how we must all try to be like Him.

Jesus came to this earth a little baby and grew to be a man, just like your fathers and all other men have done, and just as the boys in this class will do if they live long enough. Talk with the children about the growth

of Jesus, how His mother would care for Him, His learning to read and understand about all the things that were around Him. When Jesus grew to be a man He was very kind and good, helping people who were sick or sad, and teaching people how to be loving and how to do right. Describe how the people and even little children wanted to be where Jesus was. They loved Him and were happy to be with Him. Jesus does not live on this earth now; His home is in heaven with His Father. Before Jesus went to heaven He said that when He got to His Father's home He would make everything ready there for us, if we wished to live in the same place with Him.

There is a very pretty song which tells about Jesus and His home. Let us sing it.

"I think when I read that sweet story of old."

If the children do not know the song, the teacher may either sing or recite it.

Jesus has told us what we must do now so that some day we may live with Him in a beautiful home in heaven. Recite memory gem.

Memory Gem:

"Love one another."

Story, "He was Willing to Let Her Go:"

The sweet young sister of a little boy was very ill, and it seemed that she was wanted in the heavenly home. The child had a wonderful dream in which he heard that if one could secure but a single leaf from the tree of life that grew in the garden of God every illness could be healed. No one had dared to attempt the quest, however, for the way was very hard and a great angel guarded the gate of the garden against mortals.

The child loved his suffering sister so well that he resolved to find the garden and plead with the angel for the healing leaf. So over rock and moor and hill he went, until in the golden sunset the beautiful gate appeared, and he tearfully made his request to the angelic sentinel. "None can enter this garden," replied the angel, "but those children for whom the King has sent, and He has not called for you." "But one leaf," pleaded the child, "one little leaf to heal my sister. The King will not be angry. He cannot wish that my sister should suffer so and die and leave me all alone. Have pity, great angel, and hear my prayer."

The angel looked down on the little suppliant with deep love and pity, and said: "The King has sent my brother, the angel of death, to bring your sister to Himself. If you are allowed to keep her, will you promise me to see that she shall never again lie tossing on a sick bed in pain?" "How can I?" said the wondering child. "Not even the wisest physicians can keep us from sickness always."

"Then will you promise me that she shall never be unhappy, nor do wrong, nor suffer sorrows, nor be cold or hungry or tired, nor be spoken to or treated harshly?" asked the angel. "Not if I can help it," answered the child, bravely; "but perhaps even I could not always make her happy." "Then," replied the angel, tenderly, "the world where you would keep her must be a sad place. Now I will open the gate just a little, and you may look into the garden for a moment, and then, if you still wish it, I will myself ask the King for a leaf from the tree of life to heal your sister."

And the astonished child looked in where grew the living tree, and where flowed the crystal river, and where stood the bright mansions, and where walked and talked immortal children under a light more beautiful than that of the sun and with friends more loving than those of earth, and where love and blessing reigned forever. He looked until his eyes widened in surprise and glowed with joy, and, turning to the angel, he said, softly:

"I will not ask for the leaf now. There is no place so beautiful as this; there is no friend so kind as the angel of death. I wish he would take me, too."

So the child turned back under the stars that shone like celestial eyes upon him. And as he went a ray of holy light fell upon his path, and wonderful music, such as he never before heard, filled his ears, and he knew that the golden gate had opened to receive his sister. And it was so that when he saw her silent form upon her little bed at home he was comforted.—Selected.

LESSON TWELVE.

Preparation for Heaven.

Aim—To be worthy to live in a heavenly home we must first do our best to make earthly homes happy.

Result Desired—An increased appreciation of home and a desire aroused to be helpful and kind.

Suggestions:

Review the three lessons on heaven, how Adam and Eve came from there, the home in Eden, the separation from the beautiful place because of disobedience, what they must do to be able to return. Then the coming of Jesus who willingly left His home to come and teach us what to do so that we may all live in heaven some day. Some of us have dear ones who have gone there. Tell of the happiness there will be when we are permitted to meet again. Review briefly the story, "He was willing to let her go."

What may we do to make our homes happy? Sometimes we may help to make other people's homes more comfortable. How?

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Memory Gem:

"Find out what God would have you do,
And do that little well;
For what is great and what is small
'Tis only He can tell."

Note.—Introduce the story by explaining that in some places there are people and children who have no homes, and there are good men and women who are willing to work hard to make life happier for those who need such help.

Story, "The Dandelion House:"

There is a large, beautiful house in New York that grew out of a single dandelion plant. Did you ever know that houses grew out of dandelions? This one did, and this is its story:

Some years ago there was a man in New York, a police reporter, a poor man, who lived out in the suburbs in a plain little house. One winter his three little children, one after the other, had scarlet fever. From Christmas to Easter, the house was full of sickness, and when the first patient was getting well, the others were still ill. There was no money to spend for flowers or dainties for them. The police reporter, coming up his garden walk one day, tired and depressed, saw a tiny weed, with sprawling roots, thrown out by the thaw. He felt sorry for the little plant, and thinking of the children, he picked it up, took it in, put it in a pot, and placed it on the window sill of the children's room, to thaw out and live, if it could.

It was a tiny dandelion and it did live. Bravely, at length, it bloomed in the sunshine on the sill, and how the children loved it! They watered it, and tended it, and treated it as royally as if it were a rose. That one flower

was so much to them that when summer came and they were all well again they went out into the fields and plucked all the wild flowers they could find, and asked their father to take them into the city, for the "poor" who didn't have any flowers.

The reporter carried the flowers across the ferry, but he did not get them any farther, for the street children clung to his arms and his coat, begging him for flowers. They knew him, for he had been going to the police courts near by, and the boys and girls had found out that he was kind and friendly. In a few minutes every flower was gone. Next day his children sent more, and they all went before the end of the first block from the ferry was reached. The third day the street children came and waited at the ferry gates in such crowds that a policeman had to keep order. That day the reporter—his name was Jacob Riis—sat down and wrote to the papers, asking each one who came from the suburbs to bring some flowers for the city children; and so began the first Flower Mission.

The story of the flower missions is too long to tell here. They soon established headquarters in Henry Street, and flourished there. Doctors and nurses followed the flowers into the tenements. In the end, all these workers for the poor and the sick bought two houses, tore them down, and built a great Settlement House. There Jacob Riis, now grown a famous lecturer and author, and many other noble workers for the poor, carry on all sorts of helpful work for the children of the tenements, and for their mothers and fathers, too; and Jacob Riis has told this story of the dandelion himself, in the magazines.

Suppose—only suppose—that those three little children had not wanted to pass on their joy to other children. Suppose they never had gathered that first armful of flowers—would there be any big, beautiful Settlement House today? To do the thing we can for others, even if it is just a little thing—isn't that the message of the dandelion, boys and girls?—Helen Ross Laird.

THIRD GRADE.

(Children eight and nine years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Ten Commandments.
Topic for the Month of March—Third Commandment.

Divisions:

1. Profanity.
2. Slang.
3. Conversation.
4. Sincerity.

LESSON NINE.

Profanity.

Aim—To prove that profanity is useless and degrading.

Result Desired—A dislike established in the minds of the children for profane or unnecessary language.

Development of Lesson Nine:

Class recitation of the third commandment. Talk with the class on meaning of doing things in vain. What is meant by saying that "The Lord will not hold him guiltless, etc?"

"There is a right as well as a wrong side to every one of the Ten Commandments. Every "Thou shalt not," implies a "Thou shalt." So in the third commandment, when we are told that God will not hold him guiltless

who takes his name in vain, we recognize that he also is not guiltless who never takes God's name upon his lips at all. What should we think of a boy or girl who had spent the summer at the home of the president of the United States, and who knew him well, and yet never mentioned his name, or said anything about him? An English soldier who was fatally wounded was visited by Queen Victoria as he lay in the military hospital. As the queen passed his cot she stooped down and whispered something to him. "What did she say?" a companion asked him when the queen was gone. "She said, 'God bless you, my friend,'" the wounded man answered. "She called me her friend." From that time till he died the sick soldier talked about the queen to everyone who would listen to him.

A successful drummer for a new kind of chemical fertilizer was asked how he succeeded in getting so many orders. "I talk fertilizer," he said. "If I sit down beside a man in a train, I tell him about it; and if a farmer on the road gives me a lift, I explain it to him; and if he invites me to stop at his house to dinner, I interest his wife and children, and before night I find that I have nailed about everyone I have met for an order." The Prophet Hosea said, "Take with you words" (Hos. 14: 2). But he meant words that are of value, that are helpful to some person or cause, and we need to remember the name of our Father and of His Son, so that we may give praise and thanksgiving in the proper way.

Little children need to hear about God. The sad and sinful need it, too, for God has promised that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow (Phil. 2: 10). The man who takes God's name in vain needs it, for when he hears the divine name uttered by lips that honor and love it he will be ashamed of the profane words which have been upon his tongue."

Relate the following: Shelomith's son blasphemes (Leviticus 24: 10-16). The punishment given to David (II. Samuel 12-14). Joseph Smith rebukes the guards for profanity (Life of Joseph Smith, by Geo. Q. Cannon, chapter 41, page 274).

Memory Gem.

The foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing is a vice so mean and low, that every person of sense and character detests and despises it.—Washington.

Story, "A Study of Badges."

John Davis was visiting his cousin Will and was having the time of his life. John's home was in the country and this visit took him to the city for the first time, so he saw many things that were new to him. On their way home from the Public Library they passed an old man, and Will said to his cousin: "There goes an old soldier."

John looked behind him and said: "He wears no uniform. How did you know he was an old soldier?"

"By the little button he wore. None but old soldiers can wear that kind of a button." In a few minutes they passed another man and Will said: "That man is a Free Mason."

"A Free Mason," said John, "how can you tell a Free Mason when you see him?"

"He wore a gold pin in the form of a compass and square. No one but Free Masons wear that kind of a pin."

In a little while they met a gentleman whom Will greeted with: "Hello. Uncle Sim, how are you? You didn't know John was visiting me did you?"

Uncle Sim was surprised and said: "Well, John, when did you come?"

"I came yesterday and am seeing all sorts of interesting things."

Will took his uncle familiarly by the coat and said: "Say, Uncle Sim, come around and spend the evening, and we will have a game of dominos. John and I can beat you and dad."

"Not tonight, my boy, I have an engagement at the lodge. I'll come to-morrow night."

"O pshaw! The Odd Fellows can get along without you one night. Come on."

"No, I'll be with you tomorrow night."

As the boys walked on John was again puzzled. "Say, Will, how did you know he was an Odd Fellow?"

"Didn't you see that little pin with three links on his vest? Well, that is an Odd Fellow's pin."

That evening, when the two cousins and Will's father and mother were seated around the table playing a game of dominos, John looked up at his uncle and asked if all members of lodges wore pins or buttons. His uncle told him that many wore such emblems in order to reveal their membership.

"Say, John, did you know that everybody wears a badge?"

"No," said John, "I didn't know that. I do not wear any, and I don't see any on you."

"Well, it is so. My grammar taught me that a word was the sign of an idea. It is something more than that; a word is the sign of the character of the speaker. Vulgarity of language is the sign of an impure heart. Slang is the badge of loose thinking and profanity is the symbol of irreverence. A fellow came into my shop this afternoon and I overheard him talking to one of my workmen. He was very much excited and used a lot of profanity. I know from his language that he was a Son of Diabolus. The words he used were the badge."

"Well," said John, "I guess he did not know you were around; if he had, he would not have used profane language."

"No, that is so; he would not have uttered an oath in my presence for he knows that it is not polite to swear in the presence of a gentleman. This young man had forgotten some things that he had learned in his home. I know his father very well, and he taught him that it was impolite and wicked to swear."

Will, looking up into his uncle's face, said: "Why did he use such language, anyway?"

"He was excited, and did not control himself. He wanted to make an impression, and thought an oath would do it; and perhaps he thought it would make his statement stronger if he swore it was so."

"Is that what swearing does?" asked John.

"No, my boy," said his uncle, "it adds nothing to the strength of a man's statement to confirm it with a wicked oath. It is a useless, wicked habit that is very hard to break, and every time a man swears his words show what kind of a man he is, just as surely as the veteran's button and the Mason's pin mark the man who wears them. Let us go on with the game."

When they had finished, the boys had beaten the old folks; but long after they had forgotten the game of dominos they remembered what Will's father had said about the Sons of Diabolus.—W. S. Macintire.

LESSON TEN.

Slang.

Aim—A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. (Proverbs 25: 11.)

Result Desired—A desire aroused to use good language.

Development of Lesson Ten:

Review Lesson Nine. Use the third commandment, emphasizing the thought that things done in vain are useless, that "Wifful waste makes woeful want."

Use the following articles as a basis for a talk with the class:

Story, "Where Slang Comes From:"

"I am sure if our young people, especially the girls, knew the origin of slang, they would be very much ashamed indeed to use it.

Almost every current slang word or phrase originated with the criminal or vulgar, and has a very bad meaning.

When a girl uses one of these expressions before a stranger she subjects herself to the suspicion of knowing the real meaning of the words. Even among her friends, where her innocence is known, the use of slang can but create the impression that she is very careless or a little coarse.

It is not well to use anything which habitually has evil associations. That is one of the strong indictments against cards. A leading authority on criminology says that all criminals play cards. There is scarcely an evil resort of any kind in the country where cards are not played constantly. All gamblers play them, and they are associated with all manner of vice. Hence, practically all churches oppose card-playing. By constant association with evil these games have come to have an evil import.

Just so, should young people of clean lives and fair names avoid the use of slang. Aside from the evil association of the words and expressions, it soils speech, and tends to impoverish your language. Instead of using one's own words to express the nice shades of meaning of your thoughts, one comes to use a slang expression for nearly everything. These expressions are both hackneyed and offensive. People judge each other by their speech. One's thoughts are expressed by words.

Of course, it is possible that a house with a rickety front gate, a littered yard, soiled door, and windows stuffed with old rags, may be clean and neat within. But you never judge it so in passing. In the same way it is possible that one who uses slang freely may be pure-minded, and have clean, orderly thoughts, but the indications point the other way.

Nothing is more delightful than clear, pure English, and nothing so soon wins one distinction as to be master of it in speech and writing.—Selected.

The use of slang is a habit, prevalent and vicious. Imperceptibly the tendency to use it grows upon us, and only by conscious persistent effort can we free ourselves from its use. Slang is heard everywhere—on the street, where people "skidoo," at school, where pupils "flunk," and even in the home, where "kids" play in the parlor. It is used by all classes, by the laborer, by men engaged in the professions, and even by teachers.

And slang is vicious—in its origin, in its use, in its effects. Slang is the coinage of vulgar minds, and not the happy expression or the noble sentiment of big hearts. It arises from the barrenness of little brains, not from the fertile fields or vivid springs of deep feeling. And in its use it brands its slave as mean, barren in thought and emotion, and manacled in expressing even what he may know and feel. "But slang," you say, "is forceful." Sometimes it seems so, but its force is akin to that of profanity—while it expresses something, it expresses nothing. Like the Indian's "Ugh," it may be used on any occasion, but so long as it is used it prevents us from knowing anything or feeling anything more lofty than simply "Ugh." And in this it prevents growth and hampers the development of finer feeling, for richness of thought and depth of emotion have never found fit or lasting expression in slang.

As teachers we have a duty to perform in keeping it from our lives and in helping pupils to avoid its evils. As students we should be conscious that its effects are evil, and that if we are to rise to better thinking and bigger feeling, we must put slang forever from us.—R. L. McG.

Memory Gem:

But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.—Matthew 12: 36.

Story, "The Big Voice of Little Things:"

"Be careful, little girl; 'small things talk loud,' they used to tell me when I was a girl at home," said the aunt of the young lady who was to her even now but a little girl.

"Now, what have I done?" was the smiling question, for the "little girl" did not mind being told of things that she might mend in her ways, when they were told in her aunt's sympathetic way and voice, with the kindly, loving eyes smiling down into her own.

"It was a little slip of the tongue that time—a tiny bit of slang that I do not like to hear on your lips. It is so easy to take up the newest use of some word or phrase, to join in with the majority in airing the latest fashions in slang, and so hard to remember that these smart expressions are not worth learning and using; and that to the cultivated ear they are things that, while small, talk loudly of a lack of breeding and training.

"There are other small things that speak loudly, too, when we come to think about it. The little careless habits of dress or person, the small, slipshod ways that are easy to fall into, and hard to get out of, the slighting way of doing the duties and tasks that come to one; the letting down, even a little bit, of the bars between ourselves and the things and companions that will do us harm rather than good; all these things speak with voices out of all proportion to their apparent size, in the relative importance of things. Perhaps it is a blessing, after all, that it is so. When they shout their warnings to us we can hear and heed better and more quickly than if they whispered."—Young People.

LESSON ELEVEN.**Conversation.**

Aim—For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.—Matthew 12: 37.

Result Desired—That the children will think before they speak of how to speak.

Development of Lesson Eleven:

Review Lesson Ten, emphasizing the thought that useless or extravagant words are harmful to the user and to the hearer.

Speech is golden in its opportunities; it is a pity that a grain of the precious gold should ever be thrown away. Most of us talk too much. Silence is better far than idle, sinful, or foolish speech. Yet there may be idle silence, too; our gift of speech was given to us to be used, but it must be used with wisdom. We should never be content to talk even five minutes with another, without saying at least a word or two that may do good that may start a helpful impulse, or kindle an upward inspiration.

"Yea, find thou always time to say some earnest word
Between the idle talk, lest with thee henceforth,
Night and day, regret shall walk."

We can gather from the Bible many counsels about speech. Jesus spoke of idle words, saying that even for these we must give account. Idle words are those that are empty—empty of love and of good, words of no value. There are many such words spoken. They may appear harmless, and yet they are useless, and uselessness always disappoints the Master. They give no comfort, they put no cheer into any heart, they inspire nothing beautiful in any soul. Too much of the common conversation of the parlor, of the wayside, of the table, is of this vapid and empty order—talk about merest nothings, inane, without thought, without sense, without meaning. How it

must astonish the angels to hear immortal beings use their marvelous gift of speech in such a trivial, idle way!

We have suggestions also in the New Testament as to the kind of speech that is worthy. St. Paul has some very plain words on the subject. Conversation should be "good, to the use of edifying." That is, no word should be spoken which does not help to build up character, and to make those who hear it better, which does not inspire some good thought, some holy feeling, some kindly act, or put some touch of beauty upon the life. A Latter-day Saint's words should also "minister grace unto the hearer." That is, they should impart blessing in some way. We all know persons whose words have this quality. They are not always exhorting, preaching, talking religiously, and yet we never talk with them five minutes without being the better for it. Their simplest words do us good. They give cheer, courage, and hope. There is great power in a word of encouragement when one is carrying a heavy load, or passing through a fierce struggle, or when one is in danger of fainting and giving up. We feel braver and stronger after a little talk with them, even after a moment's greeting on the street.—Selected.

Memory Gem:

To him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God.—Psalms 50: 23.

Tongues.

While listening to the conversation of two ladies one evening I was struck with the fact that the tongue is one of the most wonderful members of the body. That evening it gave me a nervous headache.

Yet I love to hear men and women talk. I can remember more of what I have heard from the tongue than I can of what I have read from the printed page.

The art of talking in an interesting manner is hard to learn, but when once acquired is worth all the time and trouble it has cost.

There are several kinds of tongues:

The Saucy Tongue.—Its possession sometimes makes even the best-looking girl or boy in a town disagreeable. If any of you have such a one, my advice is, guard it well if you want the good opinion of those you associate with.

The Scolding Tongue.—This is an awful thing to have in a household. You can hear it from early morn until late at night, going like a mill-clapper. It appears to be well oiled and in thorough working order. The cat, the dog, and the chickens get the full benefit of it. My stars! how the wounded and suffering can be counted up! It spoils all enjoyment; and there is no peace till its owner is fast asleep.

The Busy-body Tongue.—This one is full of cruelty, and says things that hurt and cut to the core. It has no regard for the feelings, and delights in eliciting the sobs of its victims. It makes no difference how long people have been building up character, or how sensitive they may be about acts they regret more than anybody else; its delight is to tell all its owner knows, and more too, especially of what is discreditable. Such a tongue ought to be tied down tight, and never unloosed until the owner of it is still in death.

The Lying Tongue.—This kind of tongue often hurts the owner more than anyone else. A wilfully-lying tongue is a curse, and if not corrected will ruin soul and body. Nobody can trust its owner even when it does tell the truth. It is so obnoxious that all decent folks despise it. It will tell a lie from habit, even when the truth would answer the purpose better.

The Foolish Tongue.—What a pity that any person should have one of these tongues, it does make one appear so ridiculous to others.

The Sarcastic Tongue.—I want anyone who possesses this sort of a tongue to keep miles away from my home. There is a woman whom I know who has got one, and she is as sour as swill. The children in her neighborhood never go near her; and as for her husband, he leaves the house early in the morning and never gets home until late at night. If her tongue could be converted, she would be one of the nicest women in the city. I have hard work to keep back the tears when I think of how the inmates of that house must suffer. She joined the Church; but the members are sorry enough. She's so nice, but so sarcastic that her absence is better than her presence.

The Loving Tongue.—That's the kind to have. Ever speaking words of kindness and affection. The boys and the girls in the neighborhood like to hear it, for it never speaks ill of, or has a cross word to say to any who half try to do right. To those who err, it speaks in tender tones, and to those who do well, it whispers sweet encouragement. It brings comfort and hope to those who are in trouble, and daily lisps to Heaven a prayer for every righteous cause. Blessed are those who possess it, and happy are they who are trying to cultivate it.

Let us all go into the business of cultivating loving tongues.—George R. Scott.

LESSON TWELVE.

Sincerity.

Aim—Now, therefore, fear the Lord and serve Him in sincerity and in truth.—Joshua 24: 14.

Result Desired—Habits of reverence established for the Lord and His works.

Development of Lesson Twelve:

Use the aims and memory gems given for each of the lessons for this month and use them as a basis for a talk with the children to make clear in their minds the meaning of the third commandment. Be careful to explain both sides, the reward as well as the punishment, the positive as well as the negative.

Memory Gem:

"Do not say one thing and mean another."

The Heart Behind the Words:

What makes the words you and I speak worth anything? What if not the cost?

When Henry Clay said, "I had rather be right than president," the world caught up the words and their echo has been ringing ever since. They will always be the text for exhortations to manly conduct in times of crisis. Why? Because it cost Henry Clay something to speak as he did. He wanted to be president. It had been a lifelong ambition. Steadily he had been working toward the summit of his aspiration. It seemed at one time as if nothing could stand in his way that might not be crowded aside by this man of eloquence. Then all at once came the testing time, "Right or president?"—that was the question with Mr. Clay now. And with those brave words he settled it for himself for all time. He never was president. That was the price he paid. But was it too dear?

The heart behind the word is what counts. It is grand to speak words of power; it is grander to live so that that power shall be the dominant note in one's character. Sometimes, when the sun shines it is easy to stand steadily before the eye of God and man and say beautiful things. It is when the sunshine creeps behind the cloud and the storm is lowering that it costs

to be true. That is the time when we need to look deep into the heart and ask: 'Shall I put my life back of my words?' If we cannot say "Yes" to that, no matter what may be the world's estimate of us, in the sight of God we are only miserable failures.—Selected.

The Real Miss Blank.

Somehow I cannot feel very friendly and cordial toward Miss Blank," said one girl to another. "She does not ring true, although I cannot tell just what the trouble is. Do you ever feel much like that when you talk with her?"

The other girl laughed before she answered: "Yes, I do; and I had often wondered if anyone else felt so. But I think I know what lies at the root of the trouble. She is not the real Miss Blank at all, but only an imitation."

"What do you mean?" was the astonished question, while visions of an imposter masquerading under the name of an absent girl floated through her mind.

Again her friend laughed. "Oh, not that she is not the actual individual, but that she tries to be different from what she really is. Did you ever notice that she laughs affectedly almost exactly like Miss Bee, and tosses her head like Jennie Williams, and says, 'Really, how funny!' just like Sue Brown—and lots of other things like other people? When she first came here she was a quiet, pleasant little person with a cheerful laugh and a rather old-fashioned but attractive way of saying things. I suppose she thought she had better try to be up-to-date—you know she came here from a little country village. But she has spoiled her own individualism and gained nothing by trying to adopt that of others. It does not fit her; and if she could see how much nicer she was when she was the real Miss Blank, and not a patchwork of half a dozen girls, she would surely change back as quickly as ever she could. Don't you think so?—Selected.

FOURTH GRADE.

(Children ten and eleven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Word of Wisdom.

Topic for the Month of March—Drink.

Divisions:

1. Water.
2. Milk.
3. Other Drinks.
4. Glorifying the Body.

LESSON NINE.

Water.

Aim—The value of water.

Result Desired—An appreciation on the children's part strengthened for the goodness of God.

Memory Gem:

My son forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments: For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.—Proverbs 3: 1-2.

Suggestive Talk:

"We could not live without water, it is as necessary as food. The body needs it to keep well and we crave for it even more than we crave for food. Three quarters of the body is water, so we need three times as much water as solid food.

If you suck your cheeks you can soon fill your mouth with fluid. Most of this fluid is water and it is in your mouth all the time. When you cry there is an overflow of water and it runs down your cheeks, then we call it tears. There are little bags near the corner of your eyes which are called tear-ducts and when you feel badly or are hurt you wrinkle up the muscles of your face and that squeezes the little bags so they run over. In the summer time our hands get very moist and we need a handkerchief to keep them dry. It is the water which is under the skin and the warm weather makes it come out on the surface. There is water under the skin all over the body. Most of the body is very moist and some of it is altogether liquid. You have seen blood, it is almost as thin as water, and it needs to be for it carries the food quickly through the body.

Everything we eat contains water, even a dry cracker. Meat is three parts water and potatoes are about the same. But we must drink water and plenty of it. You take a drink of water and it is like giving it to a thirsty plant, it is soon used up by the body. When you need water you feel thirsty. And nothing satisfies thirst like good, pure water.

The water or liquid which you feel in your mouth is a very important liquid because it helps to make the food you eat into the material which makes your body. There is a liquid or juice in the stomach, also, which does its part. When you take food into your mouth and masticate or chew it this liquid comes out of the glands and is mixed with the food as it is moved about in the mouth. If you put water or other liquid in the mouth at the same time you "thin" the juice so it cannot do its work well, so do not put food and liquid in your mouth at the same time. It is better to drink but little when you eat.

We cannot be too careful to have our drinking water pure. Pure water is as important as pure food. People are often made ill by drinking impure water. When a great many people are ill from this cause, we call the illness an "epidemic." Water is important to our health, we should be sure to drink enough of it. A person should drink about two quarts, or eight glasses, daily. In very warm weather, we need even more. The body in a healthy state throws off nearly two quarts every day, through the skin, lungs and kidneys, and we should drink a little more than that to keep up the proper supply of moisture."

Plenty of good water is a great blessing, and the people of the Lord are very grateful for a bountiful supply.

When the Lord desired to punish the Egyptians he made the waters which they used unfit for people to drink. Relate this incident, see Exodus 7:14-21. If desired some of the following may be related to show the great value of good water.

The waters of Marah, Exodus 15:22-25. Smiting the rock, Exodus 17:1-7. Use also the 23rd Psalm and verses 33 to 38 of the 107th Psalm to show that plenty of good water is something for which we should all be grateful.

Questions on the Lesson.

What are two great needs of the body? Food and drink.

How do you know when you need a drink?

How much of the body is water?

What makes the water come out of your eyes when you cry?

What makes your hands moist in warm weather?

What moistens food in your mouth?

Why is it better not to put liquid and solid food in your mouth at the same time?

How much water should we drink in a day?

What happens sometimes when people drink water that is impure?

What would happen to us if the Lord should decide not to send us plenty of water?

How do we get our water supply? Snow and rain. Be sure to make clear how the water is preserved in the mountains by the Lord.

The following beautiful legend may be related.

Story: "The Great Dipper."

There is a beautiful legend told of the Great Dipper which begins in the dear old-fashioned way. "Once upon a time there was a little girl." The little girl lived in a country where there had been no rain for many months. Her mother was ill and almost dying with thirst, so one day the child took a small dipper and went into the woods and prayed that her dipper be filled. Then she fell asleep, and when she awoke the dipper was overflowing with fresh, clear water. Gladly she took it up to run home to her mother, but when she reached her bedside the mother said, "You drink first, for you are more tired and thirsty now than I am," and as the little girl took the dipper she saw, to her wonder, that it had turned to silver in her mother's hand. Just as the little daughter was going to sip a few drops of the precious water the mother's nurse came into the room, and so weary did she look that the child held out the dipper to her, telling her to drink. And as the nurse took the dipper it changed from silver to burnished gold. "We will divide it among us," said the nurse, but as she spoke a tired traveler knocked at the door, and with one accord the mother and the daughter and the nurse said, "Let him drink first." The stranger smiled and took the dipper, and immediately seven gleaming jewels glowed in its bowl and handle, and a great glory shone in the room. The sparkling water overflowed to the ground, and a marvelous fountain sprang up, quickly becoming a beautiful river which wound in and out through the thirsty land, bringing relief and comfort to everyone. "Blessed is he who gives even a cup of cold water in my name," said the stranger, and immediately the seven glowing jewels floated up and up into the skies, where they may be seen on clear nights, ever speaking of love and unselfishness to the little folks who have learned to love this old legend and the seven glowing stars which form the great golden dipper.

LESSON TEN.

Milk.

Aim—For the Lord giveth wisdom; out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.—Proverbs 2:6.

Result Desired—Gratitude for the good things which we enjoy, and for wisdom to choose that which will be for the best good and comfort of the children of the Lord.

Suggestive Talk.

"Next to water, milk is the best drink. It is both drink and food. It satisfies thirst and hunger. It should be the only food for small children and is good for people of any age.

Milk is very useful in connection with other foods and with it we can make many varieties of healthy and delicious foods to eat.

We need great quantities of milk. That means taking care of cows, planting and harvesting many fields of hay, lucern and other things that make good food for animals. Cows are not the only animals whose milk is used for food, goats, sheep and camels have all been trained to give their milk for food for man.

Since milk is so generally used, care should be taken to have it fresh and pure. Those who have lived in the country and have helped to milk

the cows know how it looks. At first it is yellowish white, but after standing awhile the thick yellow cream rises to the top. Unfortunately, city milk sometimes looks bluish white because water has been added to it. We need to use milk when it is fresh, for it soon turns sour. Sour milk may sometimes be used for cooking, but it is not good for drinking.

We wish milk to be not only sweet but pure, that is, milk with nothing either added to it or taken from it.

Sometimes water is added and the milk is made very thin. Sometimes certain substances are added to keep the milk from souring.

We never like to find dirt in the bottom of a glass of milk. This means lack of cleanliness in the care of the milk. The stable should be clean, the cows clean, the attendants clean, and all milking pails and pans clean. In short, cleanliness should be the rule from the milking to the drinking of milk. Care should be taken to keep the cows well, for milk from sick cows is not good to drink."

Questions on the Lesson.

What is the next best drink to water?

What does milk supply to the body?

For whom is milk a good food and drink?

Can milk be used in other ways than as a drink? Let the children go into details as to the uses of milk.

How are cows usually cared for?

What makes good food for a cow in winter? In summer?

How is the food procured for the cow?

In what way does the Lord assist the farmer in raising lucern and hay?

What other animals give milk that is sometimes used for food?

Have any of you ever milked a cow?

Have any of you ever seen a cow milked?

Describe the appearance of good milk.

How can you tell when milk is not clean?

What sometimes happens when milk is used that is not clean and pure?

What do you think of a person who sells milk and keeps his cows in good condition, whose barns, the milkers and all pails, pans, etc. are kept perfectly clean?

What is the health of people who use good plain food?

What does the Lord say will be the reward for those who observe His law about eating and drinking? Read paragraphs 18-21 of the Word of Wisdom.

What is the Golden Rule?

If a person keeps himself in the best condition how is he keeping the Golden Rule?

Review the story of The Golden Dipper.

Story: "Why Falls did not Hurt."

In a recent magazine a writer described his visit to a Long Island estate, where a company of young men were working about the trunks and up in the branches of the trees. They were under the direction of a "tree doctor," who had been engaged to treat the trees for diseases, precisely as a physician treats human patients. "The young fellows were working with augers, saws, rope and tackle, chains, paint pots, hammers, and even curry combs," the visitor wrote.

He was much disturbed when he saw one of the boys hanging by one knee and braced by the other near the top of a high elm. He was chiseling out a hole in a comparatively small branch.

"Don't the boys meet with severe accidents?" he asked the "tree doctor," when he was able to take his eyes away from the climber. The answer is worth remembering.

"No, not often. They occasionally get a tumble on the soft earth, but rarely break any bones. None of these boys, several of whom are graduates from agricultural colleges, uses intoxicants in any form. They live on a simple diet of the most wholesome foods, keep good hours, and have exemplary habits. I select them with close attention to these qualities. Their muscles are tough and elastic, their nerves are strong, and they climb and hang like monkeys."

Surely it is unnecessary to add a single word of comment. The tree doctor preached a sermon not easily forgotten.—Selected.

LESSON ELEVEN.

Other Drinks.

Aim—"To preserve health is a moral and religious duty."

Result Desired—The desire increased to know what is best for the body.

Suggestive Talk.

"The devil never asks anyone to go all the way home with him." This saying we noted long years ago, and many an occurrence has reminded us of it since. It is like a rebus that was given to us to solve when a child: "The beginnings of sin in all cases is too small to excite alarm." This is a truth that boys and girls would do well to remember. While it is true that young people live more in the present than in the future, they should get into the future just as fast as they can. Man has been defined as the forward-looking animal; and this is right, only the average man does not look as far forward as he ought to. Everyone who is wise looks ahead; it is the fool that drives or drifts heedlessly on. Things, as well as children, grow. What looks small today may grow into something large and bad by and by. It is easy for us to begin doing a bad thing if it is small or if we think it small. In reality nothing is small that leads to large results. Of course the devil does not ask us to go all the way home with him; he knows that we would not think of doing it. But if he asks us to go a few steps with him, and if the path looks smooth and flowery, we say, "Well, there can't be any harm in going just that little way." The boy begins with cigarettes and goes on to black pipe, strong enough to sicken a horse. He begins with small beer and goes on to whiskey. He begins with fibs and little "white lies," and goes on to all kinds of big lies and frauds and perjuries. O, yes; it is the first step that need watching; and as to the devil, one single step in his company is too many."

May Sutton Tells American Girls How to be Healthy and Graceful.

San Francisco, Cal.

Don't drink coffee.

Don't drink tea.

Don't exercise too much.

These three don'ts constitute the advice of Miss May Sutton, champion woman tennis player of the world, to girls who would go in seriously and systematically for athletics.

Eat what you want.

Take long walks.

Get all the fresh air you can.

These are the three rules Miss Sutton lays down for girls who desire merely to be strong and healthy.

The little champion recently appeared on courts in San Francisco in a series of exhibition matches. It had been reported that she was not in the best of health, but that she gave no indication of having "gone back," play-

ing her strong game that made her world's champion, with her same old dash and accuracy.

At the close of the series Miss Sutton was asked to tell what system of training she had found most effective and what, in her opinion, is the best form of exercise and diet for the average American girl. In part she said:

"While I advocate hearty eating, I cannot say too much against the use of tea or coffee. They are nerve destroyers and no one can be healthy who persists in their use.

"Too much exercise is as bad as too little. Walking is the best exercise there is. Early each morning, after drinking a glass of hot water, dressed in loose clothing, I walk for nearly an hour.

"Athletics should receive some attention from every girl. If her time precludes the playing of tennis or golf she should take long walks in the open air, both before the morning and evening meal, throwing the head and shoulders back and taking long, deep draughts of that which money cannot buy but is in reach of the poor as well as the rich—pure air.

"Pure air and a moderate amount of exercise I cannot too strongly impress upon girls as being the only secret of health and grace. Medicine for that out-of-sorts feeling may cause girls to imagine they feel all right, but what they really need is more fresh air and not quite so much sitting around the house in tight-fitting clothes as a great many of them do."

Miss Sutton is declared by physicians to be a perfect athlete. Tennis experts declare that every movement is "a picture."—Lexington (Ky.) Leader.

Questions on the Lesson.

There is a still small voice which speaks to us and which may be a great help to us. What do we call this voice?

Do you ever listen to another voice which if obeyed would lead us into trouble. What do we call this voice?

What is the value to us in having a good spirit and an evil spirit trying to direct us in what we do? This is an opportunity where the thought may be developed that strength comes to him who overcomes.

How do habits grow?

How do we overcome a bad habit?

What is coffee and how is it used?

What is tea and how is it used?

What is the value of tea and coffee as a food or drink?

What is your opinion about drink which causes a person to lose control of their senses and very often causes serious disease in body?

Note—If more is needed for this lesson, use some of the material found in the August number of *The Children's Friend* for 1909.

Story: "The Trap."

"Take care!"

But Tom did not take care quickly enough, and he lost the race. It was a bicycle race. Tom felt sure that he would win it. He thought his bicycle was the fastest in town, and he had practiced till he could ride it very well. But, when he was riding to the race, he was thinking so much about the prize, that he forgot to watch where he rode. A bit of broken glass, with sharp, projecting edges, lay in the way. Tom rode straight over it and punctured his tire. There was no time to mend it, and so he lost the race.

Our lesson today bids us take heed. It tells us of something more dangerous to us than broken glass to bicycle tires. Many a man has been prepared to do great things and has spoiled his chance by drunkenness.

You remember the rhyme you learned when you were little children in school, beginning,

"Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese."

You remember the story of the foolish little mouse who hung round the trap, sniffing the cheese with delight and wishing that he had a bite of it.

"There's danger," said an old rat. "Be careful where you go." But the young mouse answered pertly, "Nonsense! I don't think you know."

He did want at least one crumb of that cheese that smelled so good. So he walked up to it. He put his nose inside the trap. He took a little nibble. Then he took a bite.

"Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mousey fast there,
'Cause he didn't think."

Wasn't that a foolish little mouse to go right up to the trap that would catch and kill him, and put his nose in it? But he wasn't one bit more foolish than the boy who begins to take drinks that have alcohol in them.

There are all sorts of traps set to catch boys, and make them like alcohol. Saloon keepers and liquor sellers know that when once the craving is aroused it will grow stronger and stronger till it becomes a burning, torturing desire that never is satisfied. Then, the boys and men who have it will spend money at their shops to gratify it. Of course, they are in the business to make money. Their gains would cease if only those who love liquor drank it, for they would soon die off. So they do everything they can to make the boy want liquor. One saloon keeper put out barrels of cold water for the school children to drink in hot weather, and in each barrel he poured a quantity of liquor to give them a liking for the taste. Another gave the children brandy drops, and candy with liquor in it, to cultivate the taste.—Selected.

LESSON TWELVE.

Glorifying the Body.

Aim—"Glorify God in your body."

Result Desired—An appreciation of the wonders of the human body. A strengthening of the power to resist temptation.

Suggestive Talk.

Give a careful review of the value of drink for the body. Review right and wrong drinks and their effects on the body, help the children to see the value to themselves in understanding what is in the Word of Wisdom. That to know how to take care of the body is of the utmost importance. That we owe gratitude to God for our wonderful bodies and their great possibilities for happiness and pleasure, and also, for the warnings which He sends to help us to choose between right and wrong.

"Glorify God in your body." Latter-day Saints know, of course, that it is their duty and privilege to glorify God in their spiritual life. But they do not as a rule recognize as clearly their obligation to glorify God through their bodies. Indeed at times the ideal has been rather to despise the body, and to think that it was at least as well to have a weakly body and an unlovely face as to have a strong body and a beautiful face; because the body was looked upon as an evil thing to be thwarted in every possible way. But the truth of the matter is that in every part of our being and by means of all the powers and faculties we possess we can and should find opportunity to glorify God.

Now the world is inclined to worship physical strength and prowess, and one way that we can turn its attention Godward is by showing that these things which are good in themselves and only become evil when misused or when taken out of their place and given under honor, are not only suit-

able to a Latter-day Saint, but reach their perfection in the Latter-day Saints. With equal natural advantages the Latter-day Saint should be healthier and stronger and braver and more beautiful in face and figure, than those who are not Latter-day Saints. For God wishes His children to have all good things and to be "altogether lovely."

Of course, spiritual beauty is of far greater importance than that which is merely physical, and it may sometimes be necessary in order to accentuate and foster the spiritual that the physical self should be without comeliness, and even at times without health. Perhaps this was true even of the incarnate Son of God, for Isaiah prophesied concerning Him, saying, "He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him." (Isa. 53:2)

But Jesus seems to have enjoyed good health, and if He had not beauty, at least His personal appearance was attractive to good men. It helped seekers after truth to trust and love Him. We may be quite sure that He was able to glorify God in His body. And from His miracles of healing we learn that health is to be considered the normal and desirable state for all, and that God is anxious to give health to all. The great thing needed in order to regain lost health is a faith in God. He is anxious to give us all good things—that is, all things that are for us. Particular cases need particular treatment. Christ healed the leprous and the blind and restored Paul's sight; but on the other hand Paul's thorn in the flesh was not removed, although he had felt it to be a hindrance to his work.

As to how to keep healthy we in this generation have the Word of Wisdom to help us. Other instructions given us all come under a few general principles. One is that exercise of the body in all its parts is essential to its complete health. The lungs cannot be kept healthy if we never open them up by vigorous exercise and deep breathing; the stomach cannot be kept healthy if given only the easiest things to digest, or if habitually overloaded, or if not given rest between meals.

Be temperate in all things, is another great rule. By taxing your bodily powers up to the point where a healthy relaxation and tiredness supervenes one gains in health. By overdoing, one wastes his vitality and health. Just where the line is to be drawn, each individual must discover for himself. A run that would be good for one would injure the heart or overstrain the lungs of another. A meal that would be none too large for one would cause indigestion in another. If we set our minds to the task we can discover our own limitations and what is temperate living for us.

And let us add, "Be clean" to our list—clean outside and in. This gives three physical rules for health: Exercise, Temperance, and Cleanliness.

But other rules need to be added—such as, *Be happy*. Of course, the spirit must be at ease if the body is to be healthy, and it is not strictly temperate to indulge in grief, or despair, or any unhappiness. God commands us to rejoice always, and both our spiritual health and our physical health are dependent upon obedience to this command. To be able to rejoice always, we must learn to trust God in everything and through everything.—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson.

Select such questions from the lessons for this month as you desire and add others as desired to bring all the points in this month's work together in a definite way.

Story: "The Burning Mine."

I read a most interesting account, the other day, of how a big coal mine, in the Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania, caught fire a few years ago from the falling of some lighted bits of wood down one of the shafts. They set the loose coal at the bottom on fire, and the smoke, and gas prevented the

men from going down to put it out. The flames kept on eating downward and inward into the coal, and the superintendent could do only one thing—flood the mine, which is a heroic remedy, but generally a sure one.

Great pumps were set up by the river, which, fortunately, was near, and the water began pouring by gallons into the mine. Day after day, week after week, even month after month, the pumps worked away. At last, every nook and cranny in the mine, it was computed, must be full of water. Then the pumps stopped, and the water was allowed to stand in the workings for weeks, so as to make it doubly sure that the fire was quenched. One could look down into the shaft at a deep well of black water where the flames had begun. It seemed impossible that a spark could live after such a flood. So the pumps set to work again bravely, this time to pump out the water. It took just five months to do it, so you can guess how much water there was in the mine at the beginning.

But when the water was all out, and the first exploring party of miners went down, what do you suppose they found? Why, in the farther end of the mine the fire was crackling and flaming away as merrily as ever, entirely unquenched. The air and gases generated by the fire had formed a sort of compressed cushion, holding back the water from reaching the burning coal, and though the fire had been a smoldering one, it had held its own against the flood. To work again the men had to go, boring holes to remove the gas when the water was next let in. This took nearly two years; then the pumps began again, the mine was flooded, left standing full of water, pumped out again; and at last, after three years, in all, from the falling of the lighted wood down the shaft, the fire was out, and the mine was safe—though the loss and expense of the whole thing was something tremendous.

Now, of one thing we can be certain—that that mine owner will always take special precautions, after this, to prevent any burning material, no matter how small, from falling into his mine. He knows now, from vivid and costly experience, what mischief a little fire can cause. It would be a good thing, I am sure, if all our boys and girls realized this. too. A boy doesn't always understand that the whispered word, the hour of bad company, the single glass of wine, can drop a flaming brand deep into his heart, which months of effort and years of repentance cannot quench, but which goes on smouldering and destroying. The sin retreats into the deepest part of his soul, but it is there burning, spreading, alive. Nothing but the steadiest, hardest fight can prevent it from utterly devouring the life into which it has found its way. Keeping it out would have been easy; drowning it out is a gigantic task, though it can and must be done before we are safe.—Barbara Griffiths.

FIFTH GRADE.

(Children twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Articles of Faith.
Topic for the Month of March—Obedience.

Divisions:

1. Faith.
2. Repentance.
3. Baptism.
4. The Gift of the Holy Ghost.

Note to teacher: The principles of the gospel will be used as the basis for the lessons this month. The third and fourth of the Articles of Faith will be used together. The main aim of the four lessons is obedience.

The interest in the lessons will be increased by the use of references which may be marked beforehand by the teacher and at the proper time read by a member of the class. It particularly is desirable that the boys and girls become accustomed to referring to the Bible and other Church works. For this purpose references will be given under "Questions on the lesson."

LESSON NINE.

Faith.

Aim—Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him.—Psalms 2: 12.

Development of Lesson Nine:

Lecture four of the Articles of Faith by Talmage and chapters two and three of the Gospel by B. H. Roberts should be carefully read by the teacher and used to explain to the class the meaning of Article Three. To tell simply the story of the Fall and the Atonement of Christ.

The fall was the result of disobedience.

The Atonement was a demonstration of willing and perfect obedience.

The Fall and the Atonement are part of the plan of salvation as both were necessary to teach mankind how to submit and how to overcome. The Creator planned that His children should come to this earth to learn good and evil and by overcoming evil and acquiring good become one with our Savior and fit to dwell with Him in the mansions which He said He would prepare for the faithful.

The members of the class should be helped to see the beauty as well as the value of faith in God and obedience to His laws.

Questions on the Lesson:

Recitation of third Article of Faith.

What do you think is meant by the salvation of all mankind?

Give a definition of salvation? (Have a dictionary ready, marked to answer this question.)

What do mankind need to be delivered from? Read Romans 3: 23.

Can you think of any good that results from committing sin?

Do you think that people do wrong wilfully or because they do not really understand?

If very small children were left without the protection of older people could they take proper care of themselves? Why?

Of what value are parents and teachers in the training of boys and girls?

In the Bible and Book of Mormon are many laws and rules for the guidance and protection of men and women. In our day we have revelations from the Lord to the Church. What good are they? (Refer to Ten Commandments, the Word of Wisdom, etc.)

When you go to school, does the teacher have some plan by which you get knowledge without any effort on your part?

If you are a success in school what must you do?

We come to this earth, very much as we go to school, to learn, to know good from evil, pain and joy, and blessings of health and the suffering of disease. What was the result of the Fall in the garden of Eden? Read Note Six, Lecture three of the Articles of Faith, by Talmage.

Our Heavenly Father had a plan when the earth was made. He sent everyone of us here to learn certain things. What part did our Savior take in the plan of salvation?

Do you think that He was following out His own ideas, or was someone controlling the wonderful events of His life?

What did the Savior say were the greatest commandments? Read Matthew 22: 36-40.

How did the Savior obey the first of these commandments?
 How did He obey the second?
 Were the people of the world very glad to entertain and honor the Savior, was He treated as a great and mighty King?
 How was He born?
 How did He die?
 Did He have faith in His Heavenly Father?
 What did Jesus say as He hung upon the cross which proves that He had faith in God and also was full of love for all mankind? Read Luke 23: 33-34.

LESSON TEN.

Repentance.

Aim—Thus saith the Lord of hosts: Consider your ways. Haggai 1:7

Review of Lesson Nine:

Use such of the questions from the last lesson, or others that will develop the knowledge of the plan of salvation. Emphasize the thought that the Lord has given His children the power to think, to study and understand so that they may choose between the right and wrong.

Development of Lesson Ten:

The teacher should read carefully the lecture on Faith and Repentance in the Articles of Faith by Talmage, also chapters nine to fourteen in the Gospel by Roberts.

From these references a talk should be given which will help the children to see that belief or knowledge must precede intelligent action. That God created this beautiful and wonderful world for a home or school to which He could send His children to pass through many experiences. In this school of life much liberty is granted, the children are not compelled all the time to obey all the rules, nor, for disobedience are they expelled or denied the privileges of the education. But, there are rewards and punishments which come, we do not always know or understand them when they come, but they are inevitable and we must learn the lesson that "As ye sow, that shall ye also reap."

Questions on the Lesson:

What do you think the Lord meant when He said, "Consider your ways."

Does knowledge always keep you safe from harm or danger? Read paragraph 5, from lecture four in the Articles of Faith.

Do we need to have Faith without knowledge? Read on page 529 of the last December number of The Children's Friend the paragraph beginning, "Without faith in men and means,"

Do you believe that some day a flying machine will be invented that will be a safe and rapid means of travel? Why?

If you should take a piece of iron and throw it into a lake or river what would happen to it?

How do we know that iron may be made to float? Some description of large sailing vessels may be given in answering this question.

What are some other wonderful things in use now that our fathers and grandfathers would have had no faith in?

Did the inventors of any of these wonders have faith in the success of their inventions?

How did they prove their faith?

Do you ever read about the experiments which are being made with flying machines?

Have you noticed that recently a number of men have lost their lives in making experimental trips?

If a flying machine should come to your town and you were invited to take a ride, what would you think about it and what would you do?

If everybody was afraid and refused to fly how soon would we have a successful flying machine?

Then what is meant by the saying, "Faith without works is dead."

If we possess faith in God and in His plan for our salvation what must we do about ourselves, our habits, our dealings with one another? Read paragraph seventeen from lecture five of the Articles of Faith.

What does Article four say?

What is the necessity for repentance? Read paragraph twenty-five from lecture five of the Articles of Faith.

How often do we do things that are wrong, perhaps only little thoughtless acts, but how often are they happening?

Who can give us the greatest help in the finding out of bad habits and give us strength to overcome them?

What does the Lord say about those who succeed in overcoming? Read Revelations 21:7.

LESSON ELEVEN.

Baptism.

Aim—If ye love me, keep my commandments.—John 14: 15.

Review of Lesson Ten.

In the review use such questions as will strengthen the thought that all make mistakes, do things which are wrong and which work injury to the doer and to others and that it is only through persistent effort that we can overcome. Make plain the necessity for the struggle, that, "The virtue lies in the struggle, not in the prize."

Development of Lesson Eleven.

The teacher should read carefully the two lectures on baptism in the Articles of Faith, also chapters fifteen to eighteen in the Gospel by Roberts.

A talk should be given to the class which will explain the principle of Baptism. The baptism of Jesus in the river Jordan should be described. Jesus came to the earth in obedience to His Father's command, and though without sin, He obeyed each principle of the gospel. He proved His faith, was baptized, received the gift of the Holy Ghost, then went about teaching the people and, "doing good." As soon as people understood the plan which Jesus taught and were converted they were baptized, received the gift of the Holy Ghost and were expected to go about "doing good."

Explain the necessity for the preaching of the Gospel today. How our fathers and brothers leave home to tell people in other lands the same story of the plan of salvation which Jesus taught. How we can read in the Bible, the Book of Mormon and in the revelations to the Prophet Joseph and know just what Jesus did and what He taught so that the Gospel can be taught just as the Lord commanded it should be done. After people become members of the Church and have children it is right to teach them about the plan of salvation, but it is not necessary to wait until the children are grown up. They can have faith in God and be baptized when they become eight years of age. Then they, too, may go about "doing good."

Questions on the Lesson.

Recite Article Four?

If a person does just as Article four states, to whom is he obedient?

Why do you think it right to be obedient to the commands of the Lord?

Who is benefitted in obeying any commandment of the Lord?

Why should we love the Lord? Read 1 John 4: 19.

What do you think the Lord has done for you? This question may be discussed by all the class. The beauties of nature, the comforts of home, the enjoyments of talents may all be talked about as blessings from the Lord. The main point, however, is to help the children to understand that the creation of the world, the people who live on it and their experiences are all part of the great plan of salvation. The special point in this lesson is to strengthen the thought that through the blessings of the Lord our parents are believers in the Gospel and their children have been privileged to be born members and that having been taught faith and been baptized they have obeyed part of the plan of salvation. Now, to do the rest they must become acquainted with the life of our Savior and by doing the same things that He did, grow to be like Him.

Many of the people who have lived upon this earth, died without knowing anything about the plan of salvation. The Lord has told us that all men will have an opportunity to obey the Gospel plan. How do you think this will be done? Read paragraph twenty-six, Lecture seven, of the Articles of Faith.

Where is the work for the dead performed? Read paragraph thirty-four, thirty-six and thirty-seven, Lecture seven of the Articles of Faith.

Do you know of any persons who have done work in a Temple for the dead?

Can any person go to the Temple? Why?

To be a worker for the dead in the Temple is one of the greatest privileges which a man or woman may enjoy. How may we be worthy when we are grown up to go there?

LESSON TWELVE.

The Gift of the Holy Ghost.

Aim—To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God. Ephesians 3: 19.

Review of Lesson Eleven.

Use questions to emphasize the thought of the loving kindness of our Heavenly Father. Every individual born into the world will be given the opportunity to obey the commandments of God and rejoice and be happy as a result of obedience.

Development of Lesson Twelve.

Read Lecture eight of the Articles of Faith and chapter twenty-one of the Gospel by Roberts.

Suggestions for Talk.

"A crowd was gathered on a side walk of a city street watching a horse that was trying to pull a heavily loaded wagon up the steep grade. He tried hard enough, but everyone there knew that no matter how hard he tried he never could pull that wagon up the hill. Some of the men in the company offered to try to help, and putting their shoulders to the wheels pushed with all their might; and yet the wagon would not move. What was needed? Presently, a man came that way who had an empty wagon drawn by two strong horses, and he quickly saw that he could help. Fastening a rope to the pole of the loaded wagon and to the rear of his own wagon, in less time than it takes to tell it, the three horses had pulled the heavy load to the top of the hill. What did the man with the two horses give to the man with the loaded wagon?

Here is a girl in school. It is after school hours, but still she stays, frowning over a hard problem on the paper before her. She has tried doz-

ens of times to solve it, but the right answer seems to be as far away as ever. The trouble is she does not know the rule by which the work must be done. Presently, the teacher comes and sits down beside her, gives her the knowledge that she needs about the rule, and before very long the problem is solved. What was needed?

Here is a boy who has made up his mind that he is going to be a Latter-day Saint. He is going to understand what the Lord expects him to do. But it is not easy, it is up ørade, and the boy finds that the things he wants to do are some of the things which will prevent him from reaching his ambition. He wants to keep on climbing, even if the grade is steep, but he has not strength enough to go forward or to overcome some things which are constantly pulling him back.

Jesus knew just how hard the journey of this life could be because He walked every step of it, from the manger cradle in Bethlehem through childhood, youth, and manhood, in the village home, in school, in the carpenter shop and as a teacher, and He knew that not even His disciples who had been with Him in such close companionship and listened to His teachings day after day, could have strength to bear and do alone the hard things that would come to them after He was gone, and so He told them of the Comforter."

Questions on the Lesson.

Recite Article Four.

Why did the Lord give us certain things to do that would give us the right to be known as members of His Church?

How do we know that these principles and ordinances were observed by Jesus? (Be sure to add that we have the testimony of the Prophet Joseph Smith as well as the records in the Bible and Book of Mormon.)

Why has it been said that "No man doth safely rule but he that hath learned gladly to obey?"

What is meant by "safely" in this quotation?

What is meant by "learned gladly to obey?"

Why do we say that "Knowledge is power?"

We have tried in our class to get knowledge, knowledge that will help us to be obedient to the commandments of the Lord. But sometimes we are like the girl in school, we have a problem which we would like to solve but cannot do it alone. What do we need?

What are some of our problems in which we need help? Overcoming of bad habits; the resisting of temptation, etc.

When you have been in trouble did you find it helpful to go to the Lord and tell Him about it? Encourage the class to relate instances of answers to prayer.

There are a number of gifts which come to those who obey the principles of the gospel. What are they? Read Mark 16: 17-18.

Can you tell of an instance where you have been guided right or been protected from danger by the promptings of the Spirit of the Lord? Have a number of such instances ready for use if necessary, they can be found in back numbers of the "Friend" and in many of the Faith Promoting Series.

READ TO REMEMBER.

Read to remember. Make a practice of talking over the books you read. If your memory is untrustworthy, get a blank book, and write down an outline of the story and the names of the principal characters. The book which is worth reading is worth remembering, and if one reading is not enough, go through it again and yet again. One good book mastered is worth a score skimmed over.

A LIST OF YOUR YEAR'S READING.

Keep a list of the books you read this year, and make it a list to be proud of. See that every book that is honored by a place there is worth your while. Don't let a single trashy, silly volume creep in. Don't have the list too long. No girl can do justice to a hundred good books in a year. And don't have it all of a kind. See that a little biography, a little history and a little poetry are mixed in with the stories.

GET ACQUAINTED WITH THE AUTHORS.

It is a good thing to know something about the authors of the books you enjoy. Almost always their own experiences creep into their description of other people's lives, and it is a great pleasure to recognize them in their own characters. Then too, you understand which helped to make him what he was. It is not always easy to find out much that is trustworthy about the latest authors, but all good libraries have excellent biographies of the standard writers, and the girl who reads them will find a new charm in their works, no matter how much she has enjoyed them before.

HAVE A DICTIONARY HANDY.

Even well-posted girls are always running across new words in their reading, or meeting with allusions they do not understand. Some girls pass over these things without noticing them. They are in too much of a hurry to know what happens next, to stop for a strange word or a perplexing reference. But another kind of girl goes to the dictionary and looks up the word that is new to her, and keeps the allusion in mind until she has time to find out its significance. This girl is the real reader. She is not content with getting a general idea of what the author is aiming at, but wants to know his full meaning. And the result is that every book she finishes means that there has been something definite added to the sum of her knowledge. Have a dictionary handy when you do your reading. To get the worth of a book, you must know what its words mean.





A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. IX.

MARCH, 1910.

No. 3.

A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

"Play us a tune," cried the children,
"Something merry and sweet,
Like birds that sing in the summer,
Or nodding o'er the wheat,
Dancing across the meadows
While the warm sun burns and glows,
Till we fancy we smell in winter
The breath of the sweet June rose."

"Play us a tune," said the mother,
"Something tender and low,
Like a thought that comes in autumn,
When the leaves are ready to go;
When the fire on the hearth is lighted,
And we know not which is best,
The long, bright evening coming,
Or the long, bright days at rest."

And the dear little artist bending
Over the swaying bow,
Drew tones so merry and gladsome,
And tones so soft and low,
That we scarce could tell, who listened,
Which song had the sweetest words,
The one that sang of the fireside
Or the one that sang of the birds.

—Mary Elizabeth Blake.

AN ELEPHANT'S GRATITUDE.

In "Our Dumb Animals" was found the following story, told by a veterinary surgeon:

"I was a full-fledged M.D. once, and never should have thought of adopting my present profession if it hadn't been for a queer accident when I first hung out my shingle.

"I had a rich neighbor, a man I was bound to propitiate; and the very first call I had, after days of waiting for patients who didn't come, was to his barn to see what was the matter with his sick mare. I cured the mare, and took in my shingle; for from that day to this I've never prescribed for a human being. I had won a reputation as a veterinary surgeon and had to stick to it. But that's neither here nor there. Only if you think animals can't show gratitude and affection, perhaps you'll change your mind.

"When I'd been in business a year or two, I sent for my brother Dick. He was a wonderful chap with all kinds of animals; and I thought perhaps I could work out of my part of it and leave that for him. I never did, for Dick's a cotton broker in New York, now, and I should have to begin all over again to make a first-rate physician. But that's what I meant to be then.

"The very next day after Dick came I got a telegram from P. T. Barnum. I'd been down there once or twice to his own stables, and he had a good deal of faith in me. The dispatch was:

"Hebe has hurt her foot. Come at once!"

"Hebe was a favorite elephant—a splendid creature, and worth a small fortune.

"Well, I confess I hesitated. I distrusted my own ability and dreaded the result. But Dick was determined to go, and go we did. When we got out of the cars, Barnum himself was there with a splendid pair of matched grays. He eyed me dubiously. 'I'd forgotten you were such a little fellow,' he said, in a discouraged tone. 'I'm afraid you can't help her.' His distrust put me on my mettle.

"'Mr. Barnum,' said I, getting into the carriage, 'if it comes to a hand-to-hand fight between Hebe and me, I don't believe an extra foot or two of height would help me any.'

"He laughed outright, and began telling me how the elephant was hurt. She had stepped on a nail or bit of iron, and it had penetrated the tender part of her foot. She was in intense agony and almost wild with the pain.

"Long before we reached the inclosure in which she was, we could hear her piteous trumpeting; and when we entered we found her on three legs, swinging the hurt foot slowly backward and forward, and uttering long cries of anguish. Such dumb misery in her looks—poor thing!

"Even Dick quailed, now. 'You can never get near her,' he whispered. 'She'll kill you, sure.'

"Her keeper divined what he said. 'Don't be afraid, sir,' he called out to me. 'Hebe's got sense.'

"I took my box of instruments from Mr. Barnum.

"'I like your pluck, my boy,' he said, heartily; but I own that I felt rather queer and shaky as I went up to the huge beast.

"The men employed about the show came round us curiously, but

at a respectfully and eminently safe distance, as I bent down to examine the foot.

"While I was doing so, as gently as I could, I felt, to my horror, a slight touch on my hair. It was as light as a woman's; but as I turned and saw the great trunk behind me it had an awful suggestiveness.

"*'She's only curling your hair,'* sang out the keeper. *'Don't mind her.'*

"*'I shall have to cut, and cut deep,'* said I, by way of reply. He said a few words in some lingo which were evidently intended for the elephant's understanding. Then he shouted with the utmost coolness, *'Cut away!'*

"The man's faith inspired me. There he stood, absolutely unprotected, directly in front of the great creature, and quietly jabbered away to her as if this were an everyday occurrence.

"Well, I made one gash with the knife. I felt the grasp on my hair tighten perceptibly, yet not ungently. Cold drops of perspiration stood out all over me.

"*'Shall I cut again?'* I managed to call out.

"*'Cut away!'* came again the encouraging response.

"This stroke did the work. A great mass of fetid matter followed the passage of the knife; the abscess was lanced. We sprayed out the foot, packed it with oakum and bound it up. The relief must have been immediate, for the grasp on my hair relaxed, the elephant drew a long, almost human sigh, and—well, I don't know what happened next, for I fainted dead away. Dick must have finished the business, and picked up me and my tools; I was as limp as a rag.

"It must have been a year and a half after this happened that I was called to western Massachusetts to see some fancy horses. Barnum's circus happened to be there. You may be sure that I called to inquire for my distinguished patient.

"*'Hebe's well and hearty, sir,'* the keeper answered me. *'Come in and see her, she'll be glad to see you.'*

"*'Nonsense!'* said I though I confess I had a keen curiosity to see if she would know me, as I stepped into the tent.

"There she stood, the beauty, as well as ever. For a moment she looked at me indifferently, then steadily and with interest. She next reached out her trunk, and laid it carressingly first on my shoulder and then on my hair—how vividly her touch brought back to my mind the cold shivers I endured at my introduction to her!—and then she slowly lifted up her foot, now whole and healthy, and showed it to me. That's the truth!"—Selected.

TRY, TRY AGAIN."

"Here's a chance to earn some money, Karl."

"Where, father? What is it? I'll do anything."

"Listen! 'A reward of two dollars is offered for the return of a parrot that escaped from its cage this morning at 98 South Broad Street. Didn't I hear you say that somebody saw a parrot about here to-day?'"

"Yes, sir; tell mother I'll be back soon," and Karl went off on a run down the street to Leon's home. "Where was that parrot you saw this morning?" he asked excitedly, when he met Leon.

"Over on Cottage Street right at the corner, in a big apple tree. Some boys were throwing apples at it."

"Pshaw! that was too bad. Do you know that there's a reward of two dollars offered to the fellow who takes it home?"

"Do you mean it, Karl? Come on, that's worth trying for." The boys were soon on the Cottage Street corner, and a little girl was just going in at the gate. "Did you see a parrot up in your tree this morning?" asked Karl.

"Yes, there were some boys teasing it, and mother sent them away."

"Where did it go?"

"Down in the Collins' lot. It spoiled a lot of our seckel pears."

"That's too bad," said Leon, "we will make sure that it doesn't trouble you again." They ran down to the orchard and after a long search the bird was found on a high branch in an apple tree.

"How can we get at it?" asked Leon.

"Have to climb, of course."

"Well, what then?"

"Can't tell till I get there." Karl climbed the tree, talking pleasantly to the bird, "Pretty Polly, nice Polly." There was no response from Polly till he reached out toward her when she said, "Good-by," and swinging down to a lower limb she took a short flight to the nearest tree. This was repeated several times, Leon taking his turn in climbing and succeeding once in reaching Polly who gave him a sharp nip with her beak and flew off with a taunting, "He, he, he!"

It was growing dark. "We must wait till morning," Karl said. "It's too bad."

"We never can catch it; it bites like everything," said Leon.

"I'm not going to give it up, yet."

"All right, let me know when you get it," and the boys went to their homes.

Next morning at six o'clock Karl went to the orchard and soon found Polly who was more socially inclined, croaking an answer to his attempts at conversation.

"How are you, Polly?"

"Pretty well, thank you. Polly's hungry."

Karl had brought crackers and loaf sugar in his pockets; he was able to get near enough to offer a cracker which she took graciously but ate with her sharp eyes on the boy. Then a piece of sugar was held out. This, too, was accepted but dropped, and a hasty flight made. Karl became angry as this was several times repeated.

"I will get you," he exclaimed through his shut teeth, and his preserverance was rewarded, for at last Polly not only took the sugar but began eating it, and Karl threw a bag over the bird and it was captured.

"Murder! Thieves!" Polly screamed, and before he reached the ground she took a piece of flesh out of the boy's hand with her cruel beak.

It was not a long run down Broad Street. Karl rang the bell at 98 and a lady came to the door.

"Good morning," she said, "have you brought my Polly?"

"Hello, mother! Let me out," called the bird in muffled tones. Glad indeed was she to see her truant pet, who emerged with badly ruffled plumage.

Karl would not wait for her to dress his hand though it was bleeding profusely, but ran home with a crisp two dollar bill, Polly screaming, "Come again, ha, ha!"

He stopped a minute at Leon's home. "I wish I hadn't given up so soon," said his comrade.—Mary A. Wood.

SISTER MARY.

"Sister Mary isn't very well," said Marian; "she didn't sleep much last night."

Sister Mary was the rag doll who slept with Marian, ate with her, rode with her, walked with her, did everything that Marian did as nearly as a rag doll could. She was named for Brother Frank's wife, who had made her for Marian, and who was Sister Mary, too.

"If my face were as dirty as Sister Mary's," said mother, "I think I would feel very bad. Let's put her in the wash, and perhaps Aunt Jane can make her well."

Put Sister Mary in the wash! Marian shook her head. "I don't believe she would feel better," she said. But mother insisted, and finally found a doll that had been hers when she was a little girl; so Marian decided to let it take the place of Sister Mary for one day.

"Her name is Mary, too," said mother. "I didn't know when I played with her that I would have a daughter-in-law named Mary and a little girl named Mary, and a little girl's doll named Mary."

The new doll wore a funny, old-fashioned dress, yellow with age; for she had not been played with since mother was a little girl. Marian and mother made her a dress, while Sister Mary tumbled about in the big boiler, and later hung by her toes on the clothesline.

While mother sewed, Marian stuck pins into Mary's sawdust sides. Sister Mary was filled with cotton, and wasn't easy to stick. But Mary's body was weak with old age, and one of the pins made a little torn place. Marian looked frightened, while the sawdust ran out in a tiny stream until Mary's body was very thin. Then Marian felt something hard. She moved it about, and pulled it out. Just then mother looked up.

"Why, my little ring!" she said. "I lost it forty years ago. I remember now pushing it in where Mary's arm was off, and then I suppose I forgot it and mother sewed the arm on; so we never found the ring, though I remember how mother searched for it."

So mother slipped the ring on Marian's finger, and it fitted exactly. because forty years ago mother had been only three years old.—Allie Foster Temple.

LITTLE HOT WATER AND COLD WATER.

Two little boys they are, and they live with their father and mother in a house made of big leaves.

Perhaps you think they are only make-believe boys, because they have such strange names and live in such a strange house. But they are really, truly boys. All the people about them have strange names and live in just such houses as theirs.

These two brothers, have a playhouse, too, which their father made for them. Three or four leaves were enough to make the playhouse, for they were larger leaves than you ever saw. You could not lift one of them, or even drag it along the ground.

These two boys live far off, on a little island not much larger than one farm; and all around that island is water, water, water, as far as they can see.

They never in all their lives saw so many people as you see every time you go down town. They never go riding, except in a little canoe on the water, for there are no horses or carriages or cars or bicycles on that little island.

These small boys, Hot Water and Cold Water, have a stove of their own, just like their mother's, only smaller, to play cook on. But such a stove! They made it themselves. First they dug a hole in the ground, about as large as a wash bowl, then they put stones all over the bottom of the hole. That is their stove.

Do you wonder how they cook on such a stove? They do as they see their mother do, and she would not know how to cook on any other kind of stove, for she never saw any other kind. She builds a fire on the top of the stones, and that makes them very hot; then, when the fire is burned out, she puts food on the hot stones, and covers it with leaves—smaller ones than are used for building the houses—and there

she lets the food stay for about an hour; and then it is as good to eat as if it had been baked in your mother's oven.

These people do not have such things to eat as you do. They never saw a loaf of bread or a potato, or an apple or many other things that you eat. They eat fish and bananas and bread fruit; that is about all. Breadfruit is not at all like bread. It grows on a tree, and is about as large as your head. You would not like it very well. You would tire of bananas, too, after awhile, and wish for a potato.

Hot Water and Cold Water have no dishes to put their food in. Neither has their mother nor have any of the other people on their island; so they put their food on leaves. These people have no tables; they use the ground for tables; they have no chairs, so they sit on the ground; they have no knives, or forks, or spoons; they take their food in their fingers. Sometimes they use clam shells for knives and they drink from cocoanut shells.—Adelaide D. Wellman.

ONE RAINY AFTERNOON.

"O mother, what can we do? Mother, mother, what shall we do next?" It was Floy and little Tad at the foot of the stairs, calling.

Charles stood gloomily looking out the window at the driving rain. He was older and did not want to trouble mother, but he could not wholly conceal his disappointment. It was Sunday afternoon, and he and father had planned such a lovely walk. Every pleasant Sunday afternoon, the father and little son would walk through the beautiful woods that skirted the farm lands, to children's service in the village church. On this particular day there was to have been a special treat. In the first place, the early frosts had tinged the leaves of the woodlands with red and gold, so that it was like a story book to walk the long shadowed path. In the second place, a dark-skinned native missionary was going to talk to the children about the Holy Land, and wear the strange dress of his far-off country.

Charles had been thinking about this for a week. Floy and little Tad had been promised the treat, too. They were to drive with mother in the pony cart down the pleasant country road, meeting father and Charles at the church door. Now they could do nothing because it poured rain, and the home farmhouse stood down the now muddy road a mile and a half from the village.

"Charles!" Mother beckoned mysteriously. The little boy went immediately—as he always did when his mother called—the gentle woman and the dark-eyed, serious boy were great chums. She took Charles by the hand, and they went up into the big attic room where the children always loved to play. It was only on special occasions that that little ones were allowed to go into the attic room, and a half day of play there made them very happy. Mother took Charles to a curtain hung under a sloping window. When she drew this curtain aside, there

on the wall were pictures and pictures and pictures. It must have taken mother a long time to gather and pin up all these pictures. Some were large and some small, some beautifully colored and so clear that one could see great stretches of country, people very curiously dressed and strange-looking animals.

"Now," said mother, "you may call Floy and little Tad. We will make a boat of this bench and we all will go traveling to a far-off country." Charles ran to call Floy and Tad, and when they had snugly seated themselves in their little "boat," and mother had drawn her chair up before the pictures, she began a story. It was a story they all had heard and Charles had read it in his Sunday-school lesson book. But it all seemed new and more interesting now, as mother pointed out the pictures in the long rows. Here was Jerusalem, and here were the strange men and women who look very much as they did when Jesus played, a little boy, in His father's shop. Here was Joppa and there Damascus. There was one picture of a little boy who might have been David. It all seemed so natural and real as mother told these wonderful stories.

Long before the children had thought of being tired it was dark, and mother said, "We must turn our boat homeward now; we have been on a long, long journey and father will soon be home." So they went happily down to tell father of their wonderful experience. They had forgotten all about the rain.—Grace Adele Pierce.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

"Oh, how I wish the cars would go on again." The round-headed little boy, whom the rest of the passengers called Buster Brown, had said this twenty times, at least; but Ruth pressed her small nose against the window glass without a word. She was used to bearing troubles without complaint. The least excitement might make mother worse, and Ruth was very careful of her mother, and did everything a little girl could possibly do to spare her from all annoyance.

Ruth's mother had heart trouble, and Ruth and her father were taking her to California for her health. Ruth felt a real pang at heart as she pressed her nose against the window-pane—as if she were to blame for the engine breaking down in the midst of the journey across Texas.

"Well, at any rate we broke down by a town," she chirped, cheerily to mother, bound to hold up to the invalid the brightest side of the situation.

It was a very tiny town. There was a dépôt, and a store, which was also the post office, and one dwelling house, and that was all.

"What a queer, dark cloud that is on the horizon," said the broken-down schoolmistress from Indiana to a young woman from Massa-

chusetts. "It has been there for the past two hours." But she spoke very softly, and no one paid any attention to her words. Just at that minute the bluff, jolly traveling man from Kansas, who was the life of the car, appeared at the door. Santa Claus himself could not have been more welcome, nor brought news more gladly received.

"Chicken dinner at that house across the way, in three-quarters of an hour. Woman has agreed to fry all her chickens for us at twenty-five cents apiece, if the men will kill and dress them."

Everybody was hungry. The train had been traveling off schedule time before the accident, and they had had their last meal at a little railroad eating house where oranges were fifteen cents apiece, and there were not provisions enough for the crowd of passengers at any price.

Ruth, and her father and mother, went with the rest, glad of any change, but before they reached the little unpainted wooden house, Ruth and father were looking anxiously at mother. She could not eat a mouthful, but sat down on the wooden chair inside the door utterly exhausted. The hour which most of the passengers enjoyed, for the very novelty, was an anxious one indeed to father and Ruth.

And all the while the queer, gray cloud was rising and spreading over the sky. The engineer or trainmen could have told them what was coming, but they were entirely occupied with the broken engine.

"How the dust flies!" exclaimed the young woman from Massachusetts.

"And how the wind blows! I can hardly stand up against it," gasped the broken-down school-teacher.

"We would better stay here a few minutes longer till the wind dies down a little," said father to Ruth.

But the wind did not die down. It increased steadily. The engine, ready at last, was tooting frantically for all aboard. Father put his arms round mother and half led, half carried her back toward the car, while Ruth did her best to support her on the other side. How the stinging grains of sand did hurt! They blotted out the whole landscape. Ruth could not see the cars. She could not see the crowd of passengers before them.

Suddenly a cry went along the line. The sick lady had fainted on her husband's arm. Half a dozen men turned back and helped to carry her to the car. Then it was that Ruth got lost.

She had stepped a little to one side so that they could help mother better. Ruth was used to getting out of the way. She had turned round to keep the stinging sand out of her eyes and stood there quietly, so troubled about mother that she hardly thought of herself. Slowly it came to her that there was no sound but the wind to be heard, nothing to be seen but the whirling, yellow sand.

"All of them have gone on. I must follow them," she said. But she had turned round, and she went the wrong way. Every step took her farther from the party who were already searching for her. What

would have happened if she had kept on is sad to think of. More than one stranger has met death in the blinding sand storm. But Ruth was a wise little maiden who was quite used to taking care of herself.

"I can't tell where I am going, so I'd better stop," she said. "If I should get lost that would worry mother dreadfully. Father will be sure to come back for me as soon as mother is better. I'd better stay right here."

But she couldn't stand up. The wind would have blown her about like a tumbleweed of the western prairies. "I'll sit down," said Ruth. The stinging of the sand was unbearable. Some instinct prompted her to draw her short skirts up over her head to shut it out. It was a blessed instinct, for otherwise she probably would have been smothered. There she sat, a little statue, while the sand drifted about her and over her. In half an hour she was entirely covered up, a little mound of sand in the middle of a whirling sandy desert.

Oh, what trouble there was in that train load of passengers when it was known that the little girl, whose womanly, helpful ways had won all hearts, was lost! By dozens and scores the men tramped over the few rods that lay between the house and the train, back and forth, again and again, in ever-widening range. The engineer whistled continuously. The fireman with smutty face joined with the sleek conductor in the search. Even the sick man from the Pullman coach tottered feebly up and down trying to catch sight of a little figure through the whirling dust clouds.

But they searched an hour before they found her. The jolly traveling man—anything but jolly now—passed within six feet of the little girl three times without being able to see her. But at last a baggage-man stumbled over a heap of sand, and that heap was little Ruth. Covered up entirely with sand, she was quite unhurt in her self-made tent of skirts, and not at all the worse for her adventure.

They picked her up, brushed her off as best they could, and carried her into the train. What a reception the little girl had! Everyone wanted to shake hands with her and tell her how glad they were to see her again.

Ruth did not care for so much attention, as her only thought was for her mother, who was so glad to get Ruth back again that even the trouble and excitement of that dreadful hour did not make her worse. She began to get better from that very day.—Bertha E. Bush.

THE CHERRY PARTY.

By Louise R. Baker.

Every so many things happened to Henry that spring. First of all, his father and mother and eighteen-year-old sister sailed for Europe then his Grandfather Radcliffe called for him, and the little boy said good-by to the housekeeper, Miss Rachel, and the cook, Matilda, and

the housemaid and the butler, and then he and his grandfather were off to the country. He felt very much of a man, did Henry, and he was exceedingly grateful to the doctor for saying, "It will be better to leave the boy at home."

"You've never spent much time in the real country, eh?" questioned the old gentleman, as they rode along in the cars.

"No," said Henry, "not in the real country; just seashores and things like that. I like the real country; there's always something doing there."

"Fond of horseback riding?" asked his grandfather.

"Oh, yes, I like that," said Henry.

"And fishing?"

"Oh, yes, I like fishing," said Henry.

"I'll tell you what you wouldn't like to do," said Grandfather Radcliffe, half laughing; "you wouldn't like to go to a country school."

"Wouldn't I, grandfather!" cried the boy, his blue eyes dancing. "Try me! I've never been anywhere to school in my life but home, to my mother and sister, and nobody but me. They wouldn't teach French, either, in a country school. Grandfather, let me start in to-morrow! Let me go until school closes."

"We'll see what grandmother has to say about the matter," said the old gentleman.

Grandmother Radcliffe was rather pleased. "Where's the harm?" she said. "It will do him good to be with other children."

"Isn't he a dear little fellow," she said to Grandfather Radcliffe that night, speaking of Henry after he had gone to bed; "and not a bit spoiled, either, which is more than I had hoped. I'm glad you thought about the school, and I'm glad he wants to go, and I'm glad it's near. We'd have had a time entertaining him till summer. I'd undertake to entertain any child when the summer comes. But isn't there something very pleasant about an unspoiled little fellow who's used to grown folks? And he gives such dear little giggles!"

"He'll have a month of country schooling," said the old gentleman. "I dare say he'll entertain us considerably. I'm glad the school's near."

So the very next morning Henry Radcliffe started into school at the little red-brick schoolhouse situated in a small woods adjoining his grandfather's farm, old Mr. Radcliffe carrying him up in the buggy, as it was the first day, presenting him to the teacher, and explaining that, of course, under the circumstances, he would expect to pay for the books.

At the half-hour recess Henry told the boys and girls about his father and mother and sister on their way to Europe, and that he was very glad that he'd been sent to his grandfather's, and that his grandfather and grandmother were good enough to let him go to school, all of which, together with Henry's fearless and shining eyes, made him instantly a favorite in the red-brick schoolhouse.

Henry Radcliffe never knew time to fly as fast as it flew at the country school. "Why, May is almost gone," he said to his grandfather one day, "and we've only two more weeks of school."

"Then we'll have horseback riding and going to the store and driving our grandfather and grandmother to church," said Grandfather Radcliffe.

"Oh, there's always something doing in the real country, I know," said Henry; "but I certainly am glad that I've been going to school and I'll be sorry when the school closes. Do you know, grandfather, it's the funniest thing, but I like every girl and boy in that school and everybody likes me."

"Pretty good children, eh?" said Grandfather Radcliffe, suppressing a laugh.

"Yes," said Henry, and gravely nodded.

"The quaintest ways he has," said Grandmother Radcliffe, afterwards, to Grandfather Radcliffe; "and just as serious as a little old farmer talking crops."

"The cherries are getting ripe out by the barn, grandfather," said the little boy one morning.

"Too dangerous a tree for little boys to climb," said Grandmother Radcliffe.

"Nobody must attempt to climb it," said Grandfather Radcliffe. "When the cherries are ripe enough to eat I'll have a ladder put up. It's the old tree's last season, Henry; it has to go to make way for a new addition to the barn, and I guess it's a good thing, for it is a dangerous tree. Nobody ever yet got all the cherries off of it."

When the cherries were ripe, Henry's grandfather saw that the ladder was securely placed, and Henry sprang blithely up. "Plenty of cherries," he called gayly to Sally and Charley Drew, who were running along the road. "Come in and get some. It's early."

"They certainly are splendid cherries," said Sally, between her mouthfuls. "I wonder your grandfather will let you pull the branches."

"It doesn't matter," said Henry; "my grandfather is going to have the tree cut so he can add to the barn."

"O Henry!" cried Sally, "wouldn't it be grand if your grandfather would have the tree cut while the cherries are on it!"

"I'll ask him," said Henry.

Five minutes later the little boy, in a panting condition, caught up to Sally, who was running, lest she be late for school. "Grandfather says 'yes,' and he's going to have it cut the day after school, and I can invite everybody," panted Henry.

"Just to eat?" questioned Sally.

"Just to eat," said Henry, and Sally's little brother skipped for joy.

The news and the invitations were both spread at recess. "I call it my cherry party," said Henry, "and I want you all to come."

Then one voice said, ungraciously, "I won't!" It was Mary Liz

Toomey, who hadn't any manners, certainly. "And Johnny cannot go, neither," she added.

"What's she cross about?" asked Henry, turning round for information.

"I'll find out," said Sally Drew.

She did, and said to Henry that afternoon: "Mary Liz Toomey's cross because there are no cherries on her tree. It's this way: she has a tree in their yard, and every year since she's been coming to school she's been picking the cherries and selling them at the hotel, and that's her money for school dresses. Poor people manage so queerly!"

"But I don't see why she's cross at me for having a cherry tree," said Henry.

Mary Liz heard him as she went by with Johnny, and she turned in the road and stuck out her tongue.

"She's acting as if she was crazy," said Sally. "Jealous, perhaps!"

During those last few days of school Mary Liz Toomey acted as if she were crazy; she made faces at Henry Radcliffe every chance she had and called him "Richy" in a defiant way. She gave Johnny her best slate pencil and her treasured piece of sponge if he'd promise not to want to go to that cherry party.

Henry did not tell his grandparents about the ugly manner in which Mary Liz was acting, but his face grew red when he remembered how he had bragged about everybody in the school liking him and about his liking everybody. "And that is the way I wanted to leave things," he said. He sought Johnny Toomey privately at the side of the school-house and said to him, "I can't help about your sister's cherry tree, but I do want both of you to come to my cherry party."

"She says it isn't fair," mumbled Johnny.

"But it is fair," declared Henry; "it's fair and square.

"Father says it doesn't seem as if it was fair," said Johnny, and darted away.

Then, one day after school, Henry sped past his grandfather's gate and overtook the Toomeys on their way home.

"It's only a day now till the cherry party, Mary Liz," he said, the red color rising in his cheeks and his blue eyes very earnest, "and, truly, I want you and Johnny to come. I'll not enjoy myself a bit if everybody doesn't come."

"Yes, you will enjoy yourself," said Mary Liz, her lip trembling. "You'll every one of you enjoy yourselves; you'll eat enough cherries to make you sick and mess over the others. It wasn't fair that my cherry tree didn't have some."

She left the middle of the road, sat down on the bank, buried her face in her hands and began to cry.

"She won't have any new school dresses," explained Johnny Toomey, surprised and shocked at his sister's grief, "and mother says she's outgrowing the ones she has and father says she can't count on him none; some of his crops have failed, too. She'll have to stay home and

forget all she knows, and I don't want to go to your cherry party!"

Henry was looking at Mary Liz. She was a very little girl, after all, even if she was growing out of her clothes, and it was smart of her to have picked cherries enough to buy her school dresses. He felt very sorry. "I wish I could think of something, Mary Liz," he said.

Let a boy wish, from his heart, that he can think of something and he is going to do it. Early next morning Henry Radcliffe was on the school grounds, eagerly meeting the boys and girls as they entered the yard. He was glad the Toomeys were late, for the excitement he created was to be kept from Mary Liz till afternoon.

Henry headed a band of boys and girls that afternoon in a mad rush at the Toomeys.

"There's lots of cherries on that tree," he began, "ten times more than we can eat. And we've changed about the cherry party. We're going to pick in buckets. I'm going to give you part of the old cherry tree when it's down, the cherries we eat'll be mine, and the cherries we pick in buckets'll be yours."

Mary Liz let go of Johnny's hand. Her mouth fell open.

"Nobody's good as that," she said.

The dear little unspoiled boy did not take this as a personal compliment. "Indeed, there are, lots of people, Mary Liz," he cried. "You and Johnny come tomorrow with your buckets and see!"

"You can get your school dresses then, Mary Liz!" said Johnny.

"Be sure to come, Mary Liz!" cried everybody else.

But Mary Liz and Johnny required another special invitation to the cherry party the next day, when they stood outside the gate near Mr. Radcliffe's barn, holding their buckets, two grateful little mortals, heartily sorry for the faces they had made.

"I couldn't help praising the boy about that cherry business," said Grandfather Radcliffe to Grandmother Radcliffe.

"It didn't hurt him," said grandmother. "He gave his dear little giggle."

ARE YOU A GOOP?

The Goops they wet their fingers
To turn the leaves of books,
And then they turn the corners down;
And think that no one looks.

They leave the marks of dirty hands,
Of lollipops and gum,
On borrowed book and libr'y book,
As often as they come.

—Selected

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

COOKERY CLASS.

Little girls, in aprons white,
Are they not a pretty sight?
Apple pie and onion stew,
That is what they're going to do.
First the stew, and then the pie
Each in turn her hand will try.

Peel and cut and mix and taste,
Never spoil and never waste.
When the smoking stew is done,
Some will have it for their own,
And the rest will gladly buy
Nice hot plates of apple pie.
—Exchange.

OFF THE PEDESTAL.

"I wish one needn't be so disappointed in people," said a young girl. "I had admired Grace so long at a distance, I knew of her sacrifice for that crippled brother, and how talented she was, and I thought of her as far above all ordinary mortals. But, since I am with her every day—oh! well, she is nice and bright and good, but she is very much like others, and she certainly isn't faultless."

"I suppose not," smiled the elder lady. "In our home, when I was a little girl, there was a statuette on a tiny pedestal high out of my reach. It was not very costly, but I thought it the most beautiful thing in the world, and I gazed at it rapturously. One day the pedestal was broken, and the little figure was given to me, and then I saw all at once its blemishes, and carrying it to my play room, I put it out of sight. The next summer a little cousin who was visiting me discovered it, and before I knew had dressed it for a doll, a beautiful baby over which I exclaimed in delight, and which we both enjoyed. It's the same with many of our pedestal treasures, my dear; they cannot always stay on the heights. Give your friend human dress, and love her 'to the level of everyday's most common needs,' and she will be more valuable to you than an impossible goddess."—Selected.

A GOOD OLD RULE.

Back in the days when I was a little girl, I thought when I reached my teens I would be perfectly happy. But when the longed-for time arrived I took, what an old lady in our neighborhood called, "a growing spell," and shot up like a weed. It was impossible to put on long dresses, and equally impossible to fill out the many angles, as I could not grow tall and plump at the same time, so instead of being happy, I was as unhappy as one could imagine.

But when my mother persuaded me to try the good old rule of trying to help some one more timid and bashful than myself, the clouds rolled away in a hurry. It took a long time to convince me that any one could be more awkward or conspicuous than myself, but after a while my eyes were opened, and I occasionally ventured out of my corner to help somebody. It was a long time before I could have long dresses, and before Dame Nature put a little flesh on my thin body; but as soon as I forgot myself and my woes I found life much pleasanter and happier, and I wished that all the boys and girls could know that there need be no "awkward age."

Since then I have tried to persuade many boys and girls of my acquaintance out of corners, and sometimes they will come, but often they won't believe me and so lose all the fun. Somehow, boys have the impression that girls know instinctively how to behave, and that they are always at ease when company comes, or at a party, but I know that isn't true. Girls say and do the wrong things just the same as boys, unless they lose sight of themselves and try to help others. It is hard to tell boys and girls that it is nothing but selfishness that keeps them from helping along with the good times at home, and away from home, but that is just the trouble. If you think only of yourself, aren't you selfish? I used to believe that every person in the room was looking at my long arms, my thin face and my bony hands, but after a while I discovered they were having a good time and were not paying any attention to me—that is, after my selfishness partly disappeared.

There is a boy in our neighborhood with immense feet and hands and a long, thin body who is only a little past thirteen, and he used to go humping along to hide his height until his doctor uncle told him about the boys who smoke and never get tall. Then you should have seen that boy straighten up? While other lads in his school are stunted and stupid from smoking, he is like an arrow and is proud of his height. While many of his mates were rejected in the football test, he went in, to his great delight. And he is trying the old rule for helping others, too. Since he looks the whole world in the face and is not ashamed of being tall, it is surprising how many kind things he finds to do and how happy he is.

So, if you stand before your mirror and are dissatisfied with your own appearance, just apply the old rule and be sure that it will not fail in your case.—H. R.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

THE SURE WAY.

Don't be in a hurry to climb, but try,
With steps that are sure and true,
To follow the path 'neath whatever sky
It proveth the best for you.
Don't be in a hurry to climb, but go
The way little duties shall safely show.

For slowly, but surely, the upward path
Is found by the boy who tries;
And every day's purpose an impulse hath
That helps him at length to rise.
Don't be in a hurry to climb—the way
Will beckon and strengthen you, day by day.
—Frank Walcott Hutt.

FOR THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

JOINING THE RANKS.

If a boy really wants to fight the battle of life and gain the victory, one of the first things to do is to join the company of those who are fighting on the side of right and truth. A few days ago a boy, who had been trying to reform, was brought before the court on a criminal charge.

"How is it that you got into trouble, my lad?" asked the kind-hearted judge.

"To tell the truth, judge," said the boy sadly, "it was that gang that I used to go with. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't shake 'em, and then I got into bad ways again."

It makes more difference about companionship than you are apt to think. The only safe way to "shake the gang" is not to join it at all, but to join the ranks of the earnest and true when you are young. Uncle Sam has his signs out all over the country, "Young Men Wanted" for the army and navy. Our Great Commander has a place for all ages, but he wants his recruits to begin when they are young. That will give you the development and good breeding that can never be wholly gained if you wait till later years. But more than that, it gives the whole-hearted enthusiasm of those who have both their training and their good times together in the ways that make for righteousness.

The bravest soldier is worth a great deal more to the cause he fights for after he has been thoroughly trained than he is without that discipline. He learns how to use both himself and his weapons to better

advantage. So the young soldiers and sailors at West Point and Annapolis are put through the most vigorous courses of physical "setting up" and drill in the manual of arms.

The same thorough training is needed for the battle of life. The young soldier must have a complete moral setting up in truth, honor, and clean living. Some time ago President Roosevelt spoke some strong and helpful words on this theme to an assembly of young men.

"The future welfare of our nation," he said, "depends on the way in which we can combine in our young men decency and strength. A man who is to lead a clean and honorable life must inevitably suffer if his speech is not also clean and honorable. There is a tendency among boys to think that to be wicked is rather smart. I ask you to set an example to that younger brother which will prevent him from getting such a false and mischievous estimate of life as that."

The moral setting up that enables a young man to take the right view in all the decisions of life comes only from constant practice like the physical training. But it is worth all that it costs, and much more. The boy whose moral muscles are sound and strong will not easily be defeated in the stern battle of life.—J. Mervin Hull.

If you have an inclination
To be savage, cross and mean,
Careless in your conversation,
Full of bitterness and spleen,
Put aside this wicked habit;
Charge upon it with a shout,
Seize it—grab it! Stick it—stab it!
Cut it out.

—Four-Track-News.

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

A body to keep clean and healthy, as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love, kindness, charity and business; but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to speak true, kind, brave words.

A pair of ears to hear music of bird, tree and human voice, but not to give heed to what the serpent says or to what dishonors God.—Household.

PARTIES AND GAMES

AN INTERESTING GAME.

With a large crowd and a large room this game can furnish a great amount of pleasure.

Those that wish to play should form in two lines, parallel to each other, but with convenient room between the lines—say a foot or eighteen inches.

Next, two bowls filled with an equal number of cranberries (or beans) should be placed on a small stand. These bowls should be put within arm's reach of the leaders of each line.

At a given signal each leader dives one hand into his bowl, takes a handful of the contents, passes it into his other hand and on to the next person. As soon as the berries have passed through the hands of the first three or four persons the leaders again dive for more berries and pass them on. Of course at the end of the lines there should be two empty bowls on a table, in which to deposit the berries as they come down the lines.

The object in view is to see which line can empty their bowl first.

It is to be remembered that the berries must pass through both hands of each person without scattering the berries or beans on the floor.—Hazel D. Newton.

A MAGAZINE GAME.

The children must be supplied with lists on which are written the questions which are to be answered by the name of a magazine.

A New England maiden—"The Puritan."

The year 1910—"The Century."

A son of Peter—"Peterson's."

The sailors' hoodoo—"The Black Cat."

What may occur to you?"—"A (The) New Idea."

A city in Indiana—"Munsey('s)" (Muncie.)

A summer outing—"Recreation."

A Yankee Arsenal—"The New England Magazine."

What all are striving to attain—"Success."

The head of the household—"The Housewife."

Pertaining to a city—"Cosmopolitan."

The leaf we should study daily—"The Lesson Leaf."

The Banner cry of youth—"Forward!"

An amateur photographer—"Pencil & Brush."

A band of wandering musicians—"Harpers."
 A view into the future—"The Outlook."
 The teacher best liked—"The Western Teacher."
 A Greek place of council—"The Forum."
 What you should be—"A (The) Book Lover."
 What is neither white nor black?"—"The Red Book."
 To what set do you belong?"—"The Smart Set."
 A fruit's son—"Pearsons."
 To whom does the atmosphere belong?"—"Everybody('s)."
 A place of contest—"The Arena."
 In what ship would you sail in search of the "Golden Fleece?"—"The Argosy."

BIBLE PUZZLES.

In a certain refined and religious home, many years ago, the numerous family used to gather before the open fire as the twilight drew on, and one would begin, "I have a character." Instantly young voices would chirp:

"Is it a man or a woman?"

"It is a woman."

"In what age did she live?"

Now, the Bible times were divided for this family into patriarchial, the judges' times, the kings' times, the prophetic and the New Testament times. The answer came, "New Testament."

"Was she a good woman?"

"Yes."

"Did she know Christ?"

"Yes."

"Was she His mother?"

"No."

"His mother's cousin?"

"No."

Five or six other questions—then the crucial one: "Was she numbered with much serving?"

"Yes."

Then a general shout of "Martha," and the one who had guessed rightly gave out a new character.

Now, this was a simple game, though sometimes shrewd old grandfather or keen Aunt Tabitha would select a character which so baffled the group that it would run over from one evening to another, but the historical and biographical knowledge gained by all was really considerable. There was never irreverence, and everyone enjoyed the hour—*Christian Herald*.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

MY STRENGTHENER.

Here in my workshop where I toil
Till head and hands are well-nigh spent,
Out on the road where the dust and soil
Fall thick on garments worn and rent,
Or in the kitchen where I bake
The bread the little children eat,
He comes, His hand of strength I take,
And every lonely task grows sweet.

—The British Weekly.

IRRITABLE CHILDREN.

When we go away from home the number of irritable children we meet is appalling. We go in the trolley cars and this baby is screaming, and we go in the steam cars and another child is kicking and crying, and even when we walk out in the park there also we find the irritable child. Nowhere can we go and be sure to avoid him.

Many men and women, when they meet the irritable child, are not particular how they express their opinions of him. By word and action they show just exactly what they think of him. Now the irritable child may be six or eight months old or six or eight years old, it is just the same to the outsider. It is not just the same for the child. The child of six or eight months of age may feel the subtle influence of the expressed contempt and annoyance and what effect it does have upon him will be only irritating. To the child of six or eight years the effect is very different; the unkind words and actions are like added fuel to the raging conflagration within the child. The persons who are usually sharpest in criticism are generally total strangers and can therefore know nothing whatever of the circumstances that have produced this most undesirable and unfortunate child. But cross, angry words or threats will not restore the lost harmony, whether uttered by parents or strangers.

It is always with a feeling of sadness that we should think of these children. They are not to blame for their environment. They had not the choosing of either their parents or their homes. It may be either of these that has been unfavorable to their best development or it may be neither of them. When the little tiny atom of humanity first appeared in the world, (or it may have been before), at any rate there was a time when this disagreeable child was at a fork in the road of life and his feet turned on the wrong path. Who is to blame? It is certainly not the child's fault. He was as nothing in the hands of the

adults who surrounded him. How could he be to blame if his mother was impatient with his stumbling feet or his father was cross? Perhaps his mother was impatient because she was overworked, but was that his fault? His father may be cross because his business is not prosperous, but can the child be censured for that? Nevertheless these influences are indelibly stamped upon the child. If this condition of affairs continues along the same lines as it has been, the result will be pitiful when adult life has been reached.—Mother's Journal.

DON'TS FOR PARENTS.

Don't worry children.

Don't worry about them. Guardian angels still exist, even in the twentieth century.

Don't lose your temper with children.

Don't give way when you have decided on any plan for them.

Don't leave them too much with servants.

Don't repel their little confidence.

Don't get impatient at the most unanswerable questions.

Don't indulge them foolishly.

Don't forget to encourage them and praise their little efforts to please you.

Don't show favoritism.

Don't disagree about them. The parents should always be in unison in their training.

Don't forget that they are God's children, lent to you for a season.
—Selected.

A PRAYER.

"If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee;
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And in heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my nature's habitude."
—Selected.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

To feel the freshness of the opening year,
The joy of swelling buds and springing grass;
To see the flame-like crocus lift its spear;
To trace God's footsteps shining where they pass;

To know that heaven is never far away,
Nor lose the open vision of the soul;
To walk 'mid common wonders day by day,
And read the cryptic signs on Nature's scroll;

To watch the lyric seasons come and go,
The flickering leaf, the fern's uncurling fronds,
The delicate, star-shaped crystals of the snow,
The crinkling stream, the osier's slender wands;

The yellow bee with pollen-dusted thighs,
The lily with the dewdrop in its breast,
The nascent splendor of the morning skies,
The evening purpling in the solemn west;

Yea, still to find the old world sweet and fair,
To move 'mid ancient evils undefiled
With eye unjaundiced by deceit and care,
Keep me, O Father, as a little child.

James B. Kenyon.

Notice to Secretaries.—The new Minute Books are now ready. There are three kinds, one for three grades which sells for 25 cents, one for five grades which sells for 50 cents. Either of these are good for one year. For those who prefer a stronger book we have prepared one that will do for four years and which is well bound in leather, and costs two dollars and twenty-five cents each.

Officers Paper:

You live today and it may be God's will that you live tomorrow, and it may be His will that you shall live many years. Only with God is this knowledge. It is certain, however, that if you read these words which we are writing, you are living in today; and if you live, you must do some work in the day. Do you recall the story of Jacob and the ladder that he saw in his dream while he was sleeping at Bethel? On each step of this ladder, if you were mounting it, on each step as you went upward, you would be getting nearer to heaven and to God. Now it is just as true that every day's work may be a round on a ladder which reaches unto heaven, like Jacob's ladder, and if this be true, then each day we are stepping upward to another round, and we are getting higher and higher up, nearer and nearer to God, closer and closer to heaven.

A child is forever busy. The natural thing for a child to do is to work.

A child is doing something or it is at work about something all the time. Some say children always believe, and we know that children are all the time learning, something. Knowledge grows every day for a child unto what is more and more. Is there any relation between this busy little child, this work-doing child and its faith, and what it learns? One very wise man says: "Work and you shall believe, do and you shall know." These words he spoke to men and women, to persons who are grown up, and if it is true, perhaps, that he learned it from noticing how busy little children are working all the while, and also how fully they believe in things, and also by noticing that children were always doing something, and doing only that they may learn, that they may get some new knowledge. It is true that without working we will not believe very much, and without doing it is certain that we are not going to know very much.

There is an expression very common which is as follows: "Toiling for earth." It means simply that what men work every day for and for which they are getting wages may be called things of the earth. Yet there is more than earth which we believe in, for we certainly believe in heaven, and we must not think there is no toiling to be done for heaven's sake. The question is simply this: When we are toiling for earth, is there any way at the same time to toil for heaven? It, of course, depends on how we are toiling ing for the earth itself, what is the spirit that we have when we do our work, and this is true for children as well as grown-up people. Certain it is that all should try in this work that we must do while we are on the earth at the same time to unite such a kind, loving spirit in it all that we may be building up character, and character alone is that which is for heaven.

Whatever ills my lot betide,
Call me not wretched, lost, or poor;
Have I a child to seek my side,
And play around my cottage-door!"

They said: "He feeds h'mself on visions," and I denied not: for visions are the creators and feeders of the world—George Eliot.

That the proper bringing up of the child is the very foundation of the commonwealth must be admitted by all who even glance at the problems of the times.—Mrs. Frederick Schoff.

Anything that touches the life of children, that deals with the beginning of life, cannot help being hopeful. It is a joy to do something that shall not only touch the present but shall reach forward to the future.—Phillips Brooks.

"The greatest movement that can be inaugurated these days in the interest of the church of the future, is a movement to save the boys. Boys soon become men. The great majority of the men in our churches were admitted to membership in boyhood or early manhood. Boys appreciate a good man. A genuine man is a manly man. Our first effort should not be to teach the boys theology. That comes later in life. The first great effort with our boys should be to simply teach them to be good, truthful and honest, obedient and respectful to parents. We should teach them the sanctity of the Sabbath; loyalty to their country; and a high sense of honor in all the relations of life. We should teach them the privilege and duty of prayer, and the services of the church should be such as to inspire and attract them. The character of Jesus Christ as the manliest man of all the ages should be set before them as an ideal. With kindly and intelligent effort, the boys can be saved to the church."

RECITATIONS

THE KISS.

Last night I had to go to bed
All by myself, my mother said,
'Cause I'd been naughty all day through,
She wouldn't kiss me good-night too.
I didn't want to let her know
How much I cared 'bout that, and so
I dropped my clothes right on the floor—
A thing I never did before—
And put each stocking in a shoe—
She just hates that—and didn't do
My hair, or wash my face, or brush
My teeth, and left things in a squish
All 'round the room; and then I took
Her picture, and my fairy book
She gave me on my last birthday
In June, and hid 'em both away.

I put my father's picture right
Up in the middle of the light,
To show 'em just the way I feel,
'Cause he said, "Kiss the child, Lucile,
Don't let her go to bed like this
Without your usual good-night kiss."
But she just shook her head and turned
Her back, and then my eyes they burned
Like fire. . . It's been a horrid day . .
And then, of course, I didn't say
My prayers at all, but went to bed
And wished and wished that I was dead

Well, I don't know just how it was,
For I'd been halfway sleeping, 'cause
I was so 'pletely tired out,
When I heard something move about
So quiet, and the next I knew
The door moved back and she came through
And put her arm around me so,
And said, a-whispering very low,
"My poor, dear child," and was so sad,
And kissed me twice. My! I was glad.
—Louise Morgan Sill, in Harper's Magazine.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

LESSON THIRTEEN.

Kindness.

Memory Gem:

"Little gifts are precious
If a loving heart
Help the busy fingers
As they do their part."

Review Lesson Twelve.

Use pictures which illustrate cheerfulness; pictures of children playing, laughing, etc., also some that show trees, flowers, sunshine, etc.

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Development of Lesson Thirteen.

Out on the hills, along the ditches and in the fields dandelions and other wild flowers are growing. Ask the children to tell you about the messengers of spring which they see. Perhaps some of them can tell you about the work that is being done now on the farms.

Talk about gathering wild flowers. Sometimes a few children will go or maybe a large party who will take a nice lunch along and enjoy it up on the hills or in the canyon. Talk about the different kinds and colors of wild flowers, the making into bouquets and the pleasure of bringing them home for those we love.

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Story, "Nancy's Sick Lady:"

Nancy felt so sorry for the beautiful sick lady who lived just across the street. Nancy's mother had told her that the lady was ill because her little girl had died, and that made Nancy more sorry than ever for her. She wished she might do something for her, but she was a shy, little girl, and she thought that she could do nothing for a grown-up woman who could only lie out on the veranda lounge all summer.

One day, however, Nancy went out to the woods to gather wild flowers, and when she returned with her hands full, she noticed, in passing the house, that the sick lady looked sadder than usual. So, forgetting her shyness, she ran up the steps, saying, as she held out her bunch of blossoms, "Wouldn't you like these?" But why, she wondered, should her sick lady cry when she thanked her and gave her a kiss?

Somehow after that Nancy found many occasions to run across with a

flower or some fruit, which she had picked from the garden, and she little knew what good medicine it was she was giving.

But one day Nancy herself did not feel very well, and the next day a big, red card with "Scarlet Fever" printed on it was nailed outside the house; while inside Nancy was too ill to know anything about it.

There were many, many anxious days that followed, but after a long time, when the trees were beginning to shake off their leaves for a winter covering for the earth, Nancy was finally well enough to go out on the veranda to play.

To play? Yes, but there was nothing to play with, for all her toys had to be burned, so that nobody would get the fever from them. Then one morning, while she was dressing, she heard a great noise downstairs.

"O mother," she cried, "do let me see what it is!" So mother kindly hurried with the hair-brushing and the last buttons and they went down together.

"Well, well, what is all this?" mother exclaimed, while Nancy almost fell down the last few steps in her excitement, for there on the porch was a whole lot of toys—a doll's house, two beautiful dolls, a doll's carriage, and several other things.

"Father, you gave them to me, didn't you?" cried Nancy, joyfully, but father was reading a card which was tied to the biggest doll, and this is what he read:

"Dear Nancy: I hope you will accept the playthings of the little girl I once had, and may they make you well and strong again, as your many sweet kindnesses have made me. From your sick lady across the street."—Nan Rolf.

LESSON FOURTEEN.

Obedience.

Memory Gem:

"The Lord hath work for little hands,
For they may do His wise commands;
And He marks out for little feet
A narrow pathway straight and sweet."

Review Lesson Thirteen.

Talk again about all the things that are coming with the spring. Review story of Nancy and the sick lady. Let the children tell you of times when they have been ill and of how parents and others have been kind to them.

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Development of Lesson Fourteen.

Talk about the kinds of food that are good for little children. What kinds do children like best? Do we always want what is best? Explain how fathers and mothers know what is best and why they help us to eat the best kinds of food. Repeat memory gem and talk about how good the Lord is to us all. He teaches us that we must be helpful and kind and that all who share in the good things must be willing to do a part of the work. That if we obey our parents we shall be happier.

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Story, "A Box of Candy:"

When Elsie's father and mother went south for three months, Uncle Clarence came and took her home with him.

Elsie had a happy time with her uncle and aunt, Cousin Louise and Cousin Herman. Louise was only a few years older than she, but Herman was a big, high-school boy. He was very fond of his little cousin, however, and was always bringing home something to please her.

One afternoon when he came in from down town he put a package in her hands before stopping to take off his overcoat.

Her eyes shone as she untied the cord, while Louise came near to see what it was.

"Oh!" she cried, joyfully, as a beautiful little box was disclosed.

"Candy!" exclaimed Louise.

Elsie grew grave and timidly held out the box. "I'm so sorry," she faltered; "but I promised mother I wouldn't eat a bit of candy while she was away."

"Nonsense!" laughed Cousin Herman. "This won't hurt you! It isn't just plain candy. It is fruit and nuts and chocolate and all sorts of other good things. See!" and he took off the cover. "That doesn't look as if it would hurt anybody; does it?"

"It is lovely," answered Elsie; "but I told mother I wouldn't, and I can't."

"But, really, dear, this cannot possibly harm you. Aunt Grace didn't want you to eat anything to make you sick; that's all. Of course, I wouldn't urge you to disobey in what was important; but these will be good for you. There isn't much sugar to them—truly. Just taste and see!" He held out the box temptingly.

Elsie shook her head. "It is candy; isn't it?"

Herman laughed. "Oh, you little stickler for truth!" he cried. "Yes, it is called candy, but there are nuts and fruit in it. Well, Louise and I will eat it," and he put a piece in his mouth. Then he handed the box to his sister, and went to hang up his overcoat.

Elsie's eyes overflowed, and she went sadly over to the window. She was afraid Cousin Herman wouldn't love her any more.

The next minute heavy feet sounded behind her, and she was lifted to her cousin's knee.

"What! Crying?" he exclaimed. "Do you want some of that candy, after all?"

"N-n-o!" she sobbed.

"What then?"

Cuddled in his arms, she finally told him.

"Wouldn't love my dutiful little cousin? Well, I guess!" and he gave her a squeeze and a kiss that banished her fears and made her smile again. "If there's anybody that I'm going to dislike," he said, "it's a fellow named Herman Crine, who has just been mean enough to try to make his little cousin break her promise to her mother."—Carolyne Wheaton.

LESSON FIFTEEN.

The Springtime.

Memory Gem:

"All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all."

Review of Lesson Fourteen.

Talk about the kindness of fathers and mothers, the many things they do for us. The providing of clothes and food, etc. What children may do in

return for the kindness of parents. Emphasize the value of obedience. Let the children tell about Elsie and the box of candy.

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Development of Lesson Fifteen.

Talk about the springtime. If possible have pictures of flowers which represent this season of the year. Also, pictures of young calves, lambs, chickens, etc. Show to the children and let them tell you the story they see in the picture.

Review the memory gem, explaining that all the beautiful flowers and trees, all the baby calves, lambs, chickens, etc., were made by the Lord.

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Story, "An Easter Surprise:"

Francis and her mother had been away on a visit, and that is why she did not know more about the queer, large box down in the cellar that her father called an incubator.

"Fuzzy," she said to her black-and-white cat, as they sat together on the steps, "tomorrow will be Easter, and I think my father has made a mistake about something. He said that by Easter time we'd have a whole lot of little chickens, and that they'd be in that big box down cellar. I went down to see if they had come, but I didn't touch anything, because he said I mustn't. I peeped in at the little window in the front of the box, and what do you think? It's just full of eggs, not chickens, at all!"

When father came home at supper time Frances met him at the gate. "Father," she cried, "the farmer man that was going to bring you the little chickens has brought you eggs instead, and you'll have to send them right back!"

"I'm afraid we cannot send them back tonight, little girl," he said, "so we'll have to keep them until Monday." The beautiful lily that he had brought for mother's Easter gift helped Frances to forget about the eggs until she was tucked up snug and warm in her white bed, and then she was too sleepy to care about eggs, flowers, or anything else.

Early the next morning father peeped in to see if she were awake, and as soon as her eyes opened he called, "You'd better come and see what has happened to the eggs."

With him to button the buttons, it did not take her long to dress, and soon they were hurrying downstairs together.

"Peep! peep! peep!" she heard when father opened the box, and "Oh, oh! oh!" she cried, for such a wonderful sight as she saw! Nothing was left of the eggs but dozens and dozens of empty shells, and instead there were dozens of dear, downy little chickens with beady black eyes and yellow feet.

"O you darlings, you darlings!" she whispered, lovingly cuddling against her cheek the two which father had put into her hands. "Now, Fuzzy," she said, gravely to the cat that had pattered down cellar after them, "it would be dreadful for you ever to hurt a little chicken, but it would be a great deal worse to hurt an Easter chicken, so you must be very careful."

Fuzzy purred loudly in reply, and whether she understood her little mistress or not, she was careful never to harm one of the baby chicks. A few days later, when they were brought out to the sunny steps to have their pictures taken, she was just taking her morning nap and did not offer to get up, so father gently set several of the chickens on her back. She was very much surprised, but the chicks seemed to think that she was some nice new kind of hen, and they snuggled down happily into her soft, warm fur and kept as still as could be while the picture was being taken.—L. P. McArroy.

LESSON SIXTEEN.

Helpfulness.

Memory Gem:

"Give us hearts to love thee truly,
And to love each other, too;
Make us gentle, kind, obedient,
In all things we say or do."

Review Lesson Fifteen.

Let the children help you to tell the story of the baby chickens and if any of the children live where there are chickens, let them tell about them. Repeat the last memory gem and let the children name all they can of the things which the Lord creates.

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Development of Lesson Sixteen.

Talk about the games which your children play, outdoors as well as in the house. What do they like to play in cold weather, when the snow is on the ground, on sunshiny days, when it rains, etc.

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Story, "Housekeeping:"

It was raining, and mother had one of her bad headaches, so the children could not go out to play, and must keep very quiet in the house. One thing or the other would have been bad enough, but when both came at the same time it made a very dismal afternoon, indeed.

Brother worked awhile on the boat he was making, but when he had it all ready for the sails, he could go no further, as only mother could make those.

Sister began a new dress for her doll, but finally had to lay it aside until mother could help her fit it.

"Oh, dear," sighed brother, with his nose against the window-pane, "I wish there was something to do!"

"So do I," echoed Sister. "Let us go down to the kitchen and ask Hilda if she knows of anything."

Hilda suggested one thing after another, but nothing seemed to be the right thing until she said, "Why, now you might play house-keeping. You have your new stove, and you can make some cocoa, and I will see what I can spare you for a tea party."

"That will be all right," declared Brother. "And I will put on my overalls, and play I am a carpenter; then when I come at noon for my dinner you must have it all ready for me."

Sister had been given the dearest new cook stove for her birthday, a few weeks before, and she was only too glad of the chance to use it. It was the kind that would truly cook, for there was a place for alcohol, which, when lighted, would make the little teakettle bubble just like Hilda's did.

While Sister made the cocoa and set the table, Brother started off to work with a saw in one hand and his luncheon box in the other. But, strange to say, the luncheon box was empty when he started out, and quite full when he came back, a little later. For, you see, his work was in the kitchen, and wasn't much more than to watch Hilda put up a luncheon for them.

"Hello! Is dinner ready?" cried Brother, gaily, on his return from work.

"Almost," sweetly answered Sister. "Are you very tired, dear?" she questioned, in a wifely tone. "And did you remember the things I wanted from market?" she asked in the same breath.

"I certainly did! And just see what I brought home!" replied Brother, as he unpacked the luncheon box. Four tiny jelly sandwiches, two bunches of grapes, and two dear little chocolate cakes were being arranged on the table when Sister suddenly exclaimed:

"My, oh, my! I smell the cocoa burning!"

And so it was; but they drank it all the same, for, as Brother said, "it wouldn't do for breakfast, but anything is all right for a tea party."

"Well, well!" exclaimed a dear, familiar voice at the door. "Is this what you have been doing all the afternoon?"

"O mother dear," cried both children, jumping up from their places, "is your head better, now?"

"Yes, indeed, much better; you were such quiet little mice that mother was able to have a nice sleep. And now, how would you like to take a little walk with mother? You see it has quite cleared off."

"Why, so it has," said Brother. "I was having such a good time I never noticed."

"Neither did I!" cried Sister, as she ran for her hat. "But a walk with mother is lots more fun than housekeeping, isn't it, Brother?"

"It certainly it," replied Brother.

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Lord's Prayer.

Topic for the Month of April—Reverence.

Divisions:

1. The Lord's Name.
2. The Lord's House.
3. Reverence for God's Care.
4. Love for God's House.

LESSON THIRTEEN.

The Lord's Name.

Aim—To develop reverence for the name of the Lord.

Result Desired—That the children will remember to speak with reverence the name of the Lord.

Suggestions:

In the lessons for this month it is hoped that the children will have the feeling of reverence established in their minds for all sacred things. Much depends on the attitude of the teacher, for reverence is a feeling that may be taught more successfully by example than by precept.

The Lord's prayer should be repeated by a member or by the class in concert at every lesson, and time should be taken occasionally to review the meaning of the prayer as has been given in previous lessons during the year. The thought in the lessons for this month is based on "Hallowed be thy name," and it is hoped that the children will feel the reverence which is so much desired as the result of these lessons.

For lesson thirteen use a picture of the Baby Jesus with the following talk:

"Who can tell me this Baby's name? Who can tell me what Joseph and Mary did for the Baby Jesus when He was forty days old? Yes, they took Him to church, and thanked God for Him, and promised to take care

of Him and to teach Him. Then they took Him to their own home, and took care of Him, and taught Him, just as all fathers and mothers take care of their little children and teach them.

How do you suppose Joseph took care of Jesus? Joseph was a carpenter, and I think he worked and earned money that Jesus might have a home and clothes to wear and food to eat. How do you suppose Mary took care of Him? (Let the children tell what they think Mary did for Him when He was a little child and when He grew older.) What do you think Joseph and Mary did for Jesus, besides working for him and taking care of Him? Yes: they taught Him.

I know that Jesus obeyed His parents, because it tells us so right here in our Bible. I know, too, that because Jesus tried to do just as His parents told Him to do and tried to learn all the lessons they taught Him, He grew strong in body and wise in mind, and pleased His parents, and pleased God His Father in heaven. There is a little verse in the Bible that tells us Jesus did these things.

You cannot remember these big words, but when you go home and look at your picture you can remember that Jesus Christ, who was God's Son, was once a little child like you, that his father and mother took care of Him and taught Him just as your parents take care of you and teach you, and that Jesus obeyed His parents just as you need to obey yours.

Let us ask our Father in heaven to help each one of us grow strong in body and wise in mind, and to be quick to obey our parents."

Memory Gem:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Story, "Hallowed Be Thy Name:"

On the twenty-second of February Frank and Ellen were standing at the window watching their father raise the flag, while they each waved their little flags, calling "Hurrah for Washington!" Hearing shouting and calling, they ran out on the porch just in time to see two cars pass, crowded with children, all waving flags and shouting "Three cheers for Washington!" Asking their father where these children were going, he said, "To Independence Hall to a celebration in honor of Washington's birthday. If you want to go I will take you."

They were delighted to go, and while they could not understand some of the speeches, they enjoyed singing "My country, 'tis of thee," and clapped their hands with the others when a picture of Washington on his big white horse was hung over the platform.

Frank and Ellen had never seen George Washington, nor indeed, had their father or grandfather, and yet they all loved his name because Washington, many years ago, did so much for our country. The people called him the "father of his country." He has been dead more than one hundred years, yet today all people love his memory and are glad when his birthday comes to talk over the wonderful things he did for our nation.

If we should try we could not in a whole day tell all that our heavenly Father has done for us. When we stop to think that this beautiful world, our kind parents, our loving friends and all that we have to enjoy has come from Him, we know that we ought always to honor, to make holy, His name, and on every day to praise and to thank Him for His goodness to us.

There are many ways in which we can "hallow," that is, make holy, God's name. With our hearts we may love Him and with our lips we may pray to Him every day, and if we truly hallow His name we will be like Him in our lives.

Two little boys, whose father and mother had died, were sent by kind friends from New York to California to live with their grand parents. When they started on the journey every one at the depot and on the train watched the boys, because on each of their coats was a little card asking those traveling with them to be kind to them for they were alone. Soon all the people on the train were their friends, for the boys were so good and behaved so well that people said, "We know those children have had good parents. We can tell it by the way they act."

We can show our love for our Heavenly Father's name and make those around us feel that He is a good Father if, when we pray, "Hallowed be Thy name," we also try to live the kind of a loving and helpful good life that Jesus, His dear Son, lived when He was here. The Bible tells us that Jesus as a boy not only grew stronger and wiser every day He lived but that "He grew in favor with God and man."

LESSON FOURTEEN.

The Lord's House.

Aim—"Reverence my house, saith the Lord God."

Result Desired—That the children when entering and remaining in the Church will remember to keep quiet and be very orderly.

Suggestions:

"What do you do, Arthur, when you meet a lady you know on the street? What do you do with your hat when you go into a house? Why do you do this? Yes, to be polite, to honor the friend you meet, to honor the home you enter.

Do you know how the Japanese honor their homes? There was a missionary in far-away Japan. One day he took his little boy with him to call at some Japanese homes. The little boy was surprised to see a row of shoes outside the door. He did not know why they were there, but his father explained. "You think it is polite, my boy, to take off your cap when you go into the house. It is polite for the Japanese to take off their shoes when they go into the house. This is what they do to honor the house they enter."

In the land where Jesus lived they used to do something like this. They would leave their shoes at the church door to show that they honored the house of the Lord.

Once a man was on a journey. When night came, there was no home for him to go into, so he lay on the ground. While he slept he dreamed that he saw many angels coming down from heaven. He heard God speaking to him, and promising to help him. When he awoke he said, "Surely God is in this place, and I knew it not;" and though it was just outdoors in the open field, he called the place the House of God, and he put up a little monument, so he should always remember and honor the place where God spoke to him.

There was another man to whom Jesus spoke one Sunday when he was walking outdoors, and showed a vision in the sky of a beautiful city, with walls and gates of beautiful light of every color.

How beautiful the sky is sometimes at sunset, with piles of bright clouds in the west, looking like castles and walls. What makes the beautiful colors and light on the clouds? But could you see the sun when it was making the sky and clouds so beautiful? No; then we can only see the light it sends up into the sky. Do you like to watch a sunset? Did you ever leave your play and run to the window to watch the rose and gold colors light up the clouds? Do you know any one else who likes to see it too? Any one else? I think almost every one loves to look at the beautiful sunset.

Memory Gem:

"O, dear and holy place
Where God, the Lord, is found;
His words are kind and full of grace,
Bright glory shines around."

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Story, "Moses and the Burning Bush:"

Moses was a shepherd. When his two little boys were growing up he had to leave them at home with their mother, and go out every morning to take care of the sheep. Sometimes he must stay away many days, for he had to go a long way to find good pastures. One time, when Moses had been a shepherd a great many years, he led the flock away from home, on and on, from one green pasture to another, till he found some nice fields on the side of a high mountain. Moses was there looking all around to see if they had enough to eat, and whether they were safe. As he watched, he saw a bright light shining around a bush there on the mountain-side. It looked as though the bush were burning. Did you ever see a bit of wood burn? And then there is only a pile of ashes left. Well, I suppose Moses expected to see the bush burned up, but when he looked again it was not burned up at all. He watched a long while and still the light was like fire in the bush, but the bush did not burn. He wondered more and more what it could be, and why the bush was not burned. He said: "I will turn aside now, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt."

As he walked toward the bush he heard a voice saying, "Moses, Moses." Then Moses knew it was God speaking to him, and though he could not see the Lord, he knew that the bright light was the shining of his glory. So he stood very still and answered, "Here am I."

And the voice of God, speaking from the bush, said: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Moses knew this was a command to honor the place where God had showed himself, so he obeyed at once, and stood still to listen to what God had said to him, hiding his face in his long cloak, for he felt he was standing very near the great God who had made the earth and the sky and the sun, and who was so good and kind and holy; and Moses felt he was not good enough to gaze at the bright glory of the good God.

As Moses stood there before the burning bush, God spoke to him again. He told him many wonderful things, and sent him to help his friends who were in trouble, promising to help him and bless the work he did. Moses listened to all the Lord said and did what he bade.

God was near Moses when he did not expect to hear his voice, but Moses was ready to listen and obey and worship as soon as he knew it was God who had spoken to him from the bush.—Selected.

LESSON FIFTEEN.**Reverence for God's Care.**

Aim—O fear the Lord, ye His saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.—Psalms 34:9.

Result Desired—An increased appreciation for the Lord's care manifested in reverence on the part of the children.

Suggestions:

Review the last lesson by letting the children tell the stories of the Japanese and their shoes, The man who slept on the ground, The vision of the beautiful city. Describe the colors in a sunset and let the children relate the story of Moses and the burning bush.

Story:

"Kate and Annie had been at Dora's house all the afternoon playing. When it was growing dark they put on their things and started home. It was a country road, and the houses were not very near together. The little girls walked on rather quietly, for they would have been glad to be safe at home. It was darker than they expected, but at last there was the clump of pine trees, and then the house, and "Oh, there's mamma!" cried Kate. "Why, where?" asked little Annie. "I don't see mamma anywhere." "But don't you see that light in her room? There it goes by the window." "Yes, but I don't see mamma." "Yes, but she's there. She is carrying the light everywhere she goes. Now, I don't feel afraid any more, do you, Annie? For I can see mamma is right there." And little Annie smiled and agreed it was all right, now they could see mamma's light.

How much that light said to Katie and Annie! Do you know any one to whom a bright light said something very wonderful? Where was that light? Did Moses understand at first what it was telling? When he found the light was showing him that God was there, what did he do?"

Memory Gem:

"O, holy, happy place,
Where people worship God;
They may not see His loving face,
But they can hear His Word."
Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Story, "The Pillar of Fire:"

After a long while Moses was there on the mountain again. He was not alone this time. All the fields were full of tents, with men and women and children living in them—the Israelites, his friends, to whom God had sent him, to lead them away out of their troubles and bring them to that place, the mountain where he had seen God's glory.

Moses' two sons were with him also. They had stayed with their mother in the home while Moses was far away helping his friends, but now they all came to the mountain to meet him.

Very wonderful it must have seemed to see so many tents, thousands and thousands of them, there at the foot of the great mountain.

There was one tent different from all the rest. It stood in the middle and all the other tents stood around it. This tent had beautiful curtains, blue and purple and scarlet and white, hanging on boards all covered with shining gold. But there was something more wonderful about that tent than all these rich and beautiful things, for every night when the people looked from their tent doors toward that beautiful Tabernacle, they saw a pillar of bright, shining light resting on it. All night long it stood there, glowing like fire. And so it was every night. All the days it stayed there, looking like a bright, shining cloud.

What was it? What made the bright light over that tent? Moses' sons must have wondered what it could be when they first saw it. Would you like to know the wonderful thing he had to tell them when they asked? He said something like this:

"That pillar of fire and cloud is the shining glory of the great God who spoke to me in the bush. Whenever you see it, it tells you that the Lord is there. That beautiful Tabernacle is God's tent. All the people love it, because they see there the glory of the good God who brought them all safely away from their troubles."

In the tent there was a room with walls and ceiling made of the most beautiful curtains, for in the room stood the ark, and upon it the mercy-seat.

It was to this tent the Israelites went to pray, though the people never

went into that room where the bright glory of the Lord was shining. Only the high priest might go in there, the good minister who taught the people about the Lord, and showed them how to worship and obey Him. The people might not go in to see the bright glory, even the high priest went in only once every year, but they felt as if the mercy-seat was God's throne, and He had promised to meet them in His house, so the people loved to go to His house to pray and to hear God's word.

Many times when Moses went to the Tabernacle to pray, to talk to God, "the Lord came down in a pillar of cloud and stood at the door of the tent," and spoke to Moses there.

It was this bright shining cloud that told the people when to move on to another place. When the shining cloud moved from the Tabernacle the people knew God was telling them in that way to move on. So they would take down their tents, roll them up, pack up all their things and start, following whichever way the bright cloud led. When the shining cloud stopped the people stopped, and put up their tents in that place to wait till the cloud would lead them on again.—Selected.

LESSON SIXTEEN.

Love for God's House.

Aim—I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.—Psalms 122: 1.

Result Desired—A desire aroused to go to Church and when there to remember that it is God's house.

Suggestions:

"Did you ever sleep away from home? A little girls' friend invited her to come and spend the afternoon and stay all night. Such a pleasant time they had, playing together. But after supper, when the lamps were lighted and it was almost bedtime, the little visitor began to wish for her own home. She could think just how the family chairs would be drawn around the center table. She could almost see her father as he sat reading, and her dear mother's face bending over the sewing. Home was only next door, but how homesick the little girl felt; how she longed to be there, and when she thought of the good-night kiss a great ache came into her heart, for she loved her father's house so much she could not stay with her little friend even for that one night, but went back to her own dear home.

Memory Gem:

"Little hearts, O Lord, may love Thee,
Little minds may learn Thy ways,
Little hands and feet may serve Thee,
Little voices sing Thy praise."

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Story. "David and Nehemiah:"

One time, when David was a soldier, he had to go far away from his own home and from God's house. He was in danger from his enemies, and for a long while he had to wander around with other soldiers in the woods and hide in caves from his enemies. How homesick he was for God's house! He could pray to God anywhere, yet he longed to go to God's house again and pray and worship there; to see the Lord's house; to hear about his heavenly Father's glory and goodness: for he loved to be there. It seemed as if he could not bear it, he wanted to go so much.

At last a time came when David could go home. What do you suppose he thought about when he was on the way? Where do you think he went

as soon as he could? Do you think he went often to God's house? Yes, for he loved to go.

When David had been to the wars he often had gold and silver and other rich treasures. What would he do with it? Keep all himself? No; he brought a great deal of it to God's house.

One day David was very happy. God had sent a messenger to tell David about the blessings he had planned to give David and his children if they kept on loving and obeying Him. He went right to God's house to tell his heavenly Father how glad he was, to praise Him and worship. He took his gladness there, for he felt such love for God's house.

One day David was very sad. His little child had died. Where could he find comfort? Ah, yes! He went to God's house and told all his trouble to God and prayed and worshiped. He took his sorrow to God's house and was comforted. I think his love for God's house grew stronger each time he went there and heard from the Bible the words of God's loving messages.

One day David was discouraged. He was unhappy. He did not know what to do. He felt it was no use to try to be good. His heart was full of pain. What could he do? He went to God's house and listened to the Bible and the singing, and the pain all went out of his heart. He felt God would help him and take care of him. How glad he was that he had God's house to go to!

His friends sometimes came and said, "Let us go into the house of the Lord." That always made David glad. It was so pleasant to go there and have his friends go too.

I know about another man who would not go into God's house when he was asked to go. When I have told it you shall say whether he loved it or not. Nehemiah was working hard to help his friends make the city where they lived strong and safe. Some men who did not live in that city did not like Nehemiah and wanted to do him harm, and did not wish his city to be built strong again. Nehemiah was in danger all the time, lest these people should kill him. It was then that Shemaiah said to him: "Come and let us go into the church and hide there all night. No one will find you there." But Nehemiah said: "No, the church is God's house. It is a place to pray and sing, to meet the Lord God and hear His word. I ought not to use it to hide in. I will not go in." Did he do right? Did he love God's house? Yes; he loved it so much that he would not go into it to do any anything that it was not fitting to do in God's house.

Show or draw a picture of a church; if possible, the one where the children now are. What is this? Have you watched the people going to church Sunday mornings? How many there are who go in these doors! How pleasant their faces look! How quietly they go in and find their places! Who can tell me what they do in the church? Free conversation about the church service, leading the children to recognize and tell that the book which is read in church is God's book; that the singing is of hymns which speaks to the heavenly Father or about Him; that in the prayers one is talking to God. Whose house is the church? Yes, God, our heavenly Father, is always near. He can always hear wherever we speak to him, but the church is His special house, and He says, "There will I meet with thee."

Now talk to the children about their church-going, not telling them they ought to go and how, but attracting them to it. Speak of the church as a place to which God loves to have us come; a place where He teaches us what to do; where we can take our gladness, our troubles, etc.; where we love to go most of all because God has promised to meet us there. Call out the children's spontaneous expression of desire to go, and their sense of the conduct becoming God's house.—Selected.

THIRD GRADE.

(Children eight and nine years of age.)

**Subject for the Year—The Ten Commandments.
Topic for the Month of April—Prayer.**

Divisions:

1. What Prayer is.
2. Why we Pray.
3. How to Pray.
4. Answers to Prayer.

Note to Teachers.

The third commandment is a warning that the name of the Lord cannot be used in vain. That punishment will follow the breaking of this law. In prayer it is necessary to use the name of the Deity and it is considered wise to follow the lessons on the third commandment with some on prayer.

LESSON THIRTEEN.

What Prayer is.

Aim—The end of all learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love and imitate Him.—Milton.

Result Desired—A desire aroused to understand the duties of a member of the Church.

Development of Lesson Thirteen.

Class recitation of the third commandment. Review the four lessons on this commandment.

Use the following article as a talk with the class:

Talking with God.

Praying is simply talking with God; and is a sort of wireless telegraph system for conversational purposes between men, women and children on earth and their Father in Heaven. It is floating desires to be forgiven, earnest petitions for those in distress and words of praise to the giver of every good and perfect gift. Though unseen, the air is full of them; and most of them reach the ear of God and are attended to. What makes them a success is the faith behind them.

How glad we all should be that wireless telegraphic communications to heaven can be indulged in both night and day, and that there is never a time when the heavenly wireless system is out of order. It is, in fact, the Ever Ready Line to the Better Land. And what is of much importance to poor people, is that there are no charges for using it—being free for all.

That was a sensible request His disciples made: "Lord, teach us how to pray?" And it is evident that the Lord thought so when He said: "After this manner therefore pray ye." The model prayer that came from the lips of Christ can never be surpassed by the wisest and best of men. It is so plain and simple that even very young people can use it understandingly.

How to pray is very important to know. No person should pray without first thinking over what he or she most needs, and people should use good judgment in making requests. In coming into the presence of Deity be not like the horses that rush into battle without thought; but begin to pray in the spirit of humility, fully realizing what you are and the grandeur of the being you are talking to. Prayer should always be the earnest desire

of the soul, and while in prayer the mind should not be permitted to wander upon other matters.

While engaged in praying to God do not neglect to ask for what you think you need, and also call to your aid the assistance of the Holy Spirit. To make prayers successful requires the active participation of the supplicant, and of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Have a frank talk with your heavenly Father, tell Him all, and be sure to end your prayers with thanks for all His past mercies and for those blessings that He may bestow upon you in the future.

Never be backward in calling upon God, for His ear is not deaf that He cannot hear, nor is His heart lacking in sympathy with those who yearn to be beloved by Him.

What children want they ask their parents for, and their prayers are generally granted if they are proper ones. You are God's children, and your prayers to Him will be treated in the same manner.

The only difference between God and parents is that while parents often make mistakes in granting the petitions of their children, God never makes mistakes. He is the best judge of what is good for you. Many persons have more cause for thankfulness for prayers not answered than they dream of.

I have a little friend that it delights me to give to, and the reason is that she is so particular to thank me for what I do for her. It has often occurred to me that it must please God to answer the prayers of those of His children who never omit to say "Thank you, Lord," whenever they receive a blessing from Him. And many of us should be kept busy giving thanks to our Father for His continual showers of blessings.

Our talks with God should be frequent. There is an account of a woman, in the New Testament, who obtained what she wanted by her much asking. She was one of those who would not be refused. While asking much of God be always willing to do much for Him. Be ever ready to remember that to whom much is given much is required.

How kind it was on the part of our Savior to teach us how to pray; and it will prove to be wisdom on your part, as well as on mine, to often ponder over the Lord's Prayer, drink in its spirit, and profit by its unique beauty and its adaptation to the wants of the human family. If the Lord did not want you to pray He never would have made the attempt to teach you how to do it.

Prayer should mean much to troubled humanity; for it is heart-ease to those who by its means can shift their burdens upon the great Burden-Bearer of our race. Prayer means the meeting together of the sinner and his Savior; and it also means forgiveness to many weak Christians who have stumbled by the wayside.

There has been much discussion about the best methods of praying to God; but I leave that question to be settled by each of you, only remarking that it is my opinion that the more natural we can be in our method of coming before God in prayer the better. If God was a stranger to us we might attempt to deceive Him; but His eye can look us through, and He knows all about us before we come to Him with our manifold requests.

One of the most quickly answered prayers that I ever heard of was the prayer of the thief on the cross. There was no time to spare. The dying thief said: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." What a brief and important request. And the Savior made a quick and brief answer: "Today shalt thou be with Me in paradise." Just the prayer suited for the serious occasion, and just the answer suited for the dying thief—an emergency prayer and an emergency answer.

Some of the greatest men this world has ever produced have been proud of testifying to the power of prayer, and seem never to be backward in praising its saving and consoling properties.

There should be no doubts concerning the benefit of prayer, for it is only by prayer that the soul of the sinner finds rest and peace.

When Jesus was in agony He went to God in prayer, and what He did surely we ought to do.

When dark clouds hover over us and there appears to be no help near at hand, it is prayer that scatters the darkness and lets in the light.

Yes, a talk with God concerning ourselves and others is a privilege that we ought to enjoy and take advantage of. It is a great condescension on God's part to take notice of us. But He loves us so that He always keeps His ears open to our pleadings. For one thing we should always be thankful, and that is, His giving does not impoverish Him. His store-houses are filled with blessings to hand down to those who love and obey Him. "Ask and ye shall receive" are written over the doors of God's granary.

Don't starve for the want of spiritual food; for there is enough of it for each, enough for all, and enough for evermore.—George R. Scott.

Memory Gem:

"Begin the day with God,
Kneel down to Him in prayer,
Lift up thy heart to His abode,
And pay thy worship there."

For supplementary story use one of the incidents found in The Faith Promoting Series.

LESSON FOURTEEN.

Why We Pray.

Aim—Prayer is a virtue that prevaieth against all temptations.—Bernard.

Result Desired—That the children will feel that the best help will come from communication with the Lord.

Development of Lesson Fourteen.

Use the Lord's Prayer. Relate how the disciples asked for a lesson on prayer and discuss the prayer in its divisions. (Luke 11: 1-4.

Memory Gem:

"I pray for but one kind of riches,
And all things else will be mine,
Just riches in thought, word and action,
Just to live the life divine."

Story, "A Lesson on Forgiveness:"

Once in the olden time, and in a far-off country, there lived a saintly man who, because of his constant charities and his kindness to all who were in any kind of need, was called John the Almsgiver. He was bishop of Alexandria, and was continually sought after for his wise counsel and his sympathy.

On one occasion, a certain nobleman desired to speak with him, and when admitted into his presence poured out an angry tale of one who had grievously offended him. "That man," he cried passionately, "has so deeply injured me that I can never forgive him, no, never!"

The bishop heard him in silence, and after a pause said it was his hour of prayer. Would he go with him into the chapel? The nobleman complied, and, following him, they knelt down together. Then the bishop began to repeat aloud the Lord's prayer, his companion saying it after him.

When he got to the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses as we also for-

give those who trespass against us," he paused, and the nobleman, not heeding, went on with the words alone, he, too, stopped, and there was a solemn silence.

Then the message sent by God flashed like lightning through his mind. He was calm; his anger was gone; and, rising from his knees, he hurried to the man who had offended him, and there, on the spot, forgave him freely.

Yet another lesson of forgiveness has come down to us from the same saintly man. He had remonstrated with the governor of Alexandria for some oppression of the poor, and the governor, resenting his interference, had dismissed him with anger and bitter words. John was deeply pained, and all day long grieved over the hasty temper of one whom he believed to be a Christian.

The evening hour came on; then he took a strip of parchment and sent it to the governor, after writing on it the simple words "The sun is setting," leaving them to carry their own suggestion with them.

Again God sent the message home—we feel sure that prayer had winged it—and the governor, rushing to his friend with open arms did not "let the sun go down upon his wrath."

Perhaps some of us may need the lesson, too. If we have ever cherished unkind thoughts toward somebody who has not treated us well, if a word from a neighbor has rankled in our mind and roused resentment, if we have ever said that unmeaning speech, "Well, I'll forgive, but I can't forget," let us remember John of Alexandria, and the way he brought home to others the need of a forgiving spirit.

Better still, let us recall the words of Jesus, who, in answer to Peter's question, "How long shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him?" replied, "I say not unto thee, until seven times; but, until seventy times seven."—The Banner.

LESSON FIFTEEN.

How to Pray.

Aim—Whatsoever we beg of God, let us also work for it.—Jeremy Taylor.

Result Desired—The knowledge impressed upon the children that when a blessing is asked for, every personal effort should be made to bring the blessing.

Development of Lesson Fifteen.

It is easy to pray for things, but hard to wait for them; and we often rush to the conclusion that because prayers are not answered in a moment they are not answered at all. A little thought would end this kind of skepticism and give us patience to wait on the Lord without repining or sinking of heart.

Great blessings sometimes come suddenly, but none before they have been prepared for by some kind of spiritual training; great orators sometimes suddenly come to light in apparently commonplace careers, but not unless there have been rich possibilities hidden beneath the routine of daily work. No man, in any great crisis, shows a gift for speech or action or heroism unless the germs of those things were already in him. Great moments do not put great qualities into the souls of men; they simply reveal what is already there.

The fruits of character cannot be realized until the seeds of nobility have had time to grow; and education of some kind must precede all forms of sustained strength. Weak men have often, by prayer, been made strong in critical moments, but they acquire the habit of strength only by exercise. The weak arm does not become muscular by taking thought, but by taking

exercise; the irritable temper is not made sweet by a sudden act of will, but by patient repression of an unhappy tendency; the man of unclean mind is not cleansed because he resolves to become white, but because he forms the habit of purity.

We are continually asking God to give us the fruits of character without the discipline of training, not realizing that we are asking Him to do for us the work that alone would strengthen our muscles and give us the power we crave. We ask to be fed by a miracle instead of tilling the ground, sowing the seed, and reaping the harvest with our own hands, and so getting strength from the soil. He is ready to help us in any time of need, but moral help must be secured by moral exertion; we must not ask God to pauperize us.

Men ought to pray every day for sweetness of temper, since the lack of it blights homes and neutralizes many noble qualities; but they ought to remember that sweetness is born out of the subjection of strength, the mastery of temper, the control of the tones of voice, and that to gain the blessed gift one must wait on the Lord, and let education give prayer its ultimate effectiveness.—The Outlook.

Memory Gem:

"Lord, teach me how to pray."

Read to the class the hymn found in the L. D. S. Hymnal beginning, "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire."

Story, "This Boy Became a Great Man:"

"As far back as I can remember," said a wise and good man, "I had the habit of thanking God for everything I received, and of asking Him for everything I wanted."

"If I lost a book, or any of my playthings, I prayed that I might find the lost article.

"I prayed walking along the streets, in school or out of school, whether playing or studying.

"I did this because it seemed natural to do so.

"I thought of God as everywhere present, full of kindness and love, who would not be offended if children talked to Him."

This man was Dr. Charles Hodge, the distinguished scholar and preacher. How happy all children would be if they were to talk with God, as to their mother, which he did as a child; and he had also the habit of thanking God!

Too often when our prayers are answered we forget to give God thanks.

The child who talks with God will not be likely to use bad words at any time. His speech and his heart will be sanctified by communing with One who is perfectly pure and loving, so that only words which are good and pleasant will flow from his lips.

LESSON SIXTEEN.

Answers to Prayer.

Aim—"I have lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered.—Jean Ingelow.

Result Desired—A deepened faith in God and His wisdom.

Development of Lesson Sixteen.

Review the divisions on prayer—what prayer is and why and how to pray. Have a short testimony meeting in which the children may tell of answers to prayer. The teacher may tell the following in her own words:

Pray from God's Side of the Fence.

On a certain occasion Bishop Hamline visited the home of a gentleman in which there was a half-grown boy, whom he took aside, and said to him: "When you are in trouble, my boy, kneel down and ask God's help; but never climb over the fence into the devil's ground, and then kneel down and ask for help. Pray from God's side of the fence."

The boy, when an old man, said he never forgot the lesson then taught him, and that his life had been largely molded by it.

Prayer is one of our greatest privileges and blessings, but to realize that, it must be offered on the right side of the fence. A merchant who gets into business embarrassments will not find much help or blessings in prayer if there is a thirty-five-inch yardstick or a fifteen-ounce-pound weight between him and God. Prayers are pretty badly hindered when a deliberate and premeditated sin looms up before the mind. Before the appeal for aid must come the act of repentance and the plea for forgiveness, which may also require restitution to make the repentance real.

When a man deals unjustly, he is on the wrong side of the fence, and God will not listen to prayers from that side. To ask God to prosper him would be like asking Him to indorse his wrongdoing. But when a man does right, deals honestly, and seeks to carry the principles of religion into daily life, and into all his business affairs, he has "committed his ways" unto God, and he has just as much right to ask God to open the way for him out of embarrassment and failure as he has to ask Him for continued grace to be holy. Whatsoever ye shall "ask in faith, nothing wavering," ye shall receive. "The promise is to you and to your children," and even "to them that are afar off." Do not be afraid to pray, but be sure that you are on the right side of the fence.

Memory Gem:

Use parts of "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire."

For supplementary story give selection from The Faith Promoting Series.

FOURTH GRADE.

(Children ten and eleven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Word of Wisdom.

Topic for the Month of April—Value of Air.

Divisions:

1. Breathing.
2. Pure Air.
3. Sunshine.
4. Ventilation.

Note. As breathing is one of the most important functions of the body it is suggested that the teachers of this grade read up on the subject or talk with someone capable and willing to impart information that will be helpful and instructive.

LESSON THIRTEEN.

Breathing.

Aim—God made the human body, and it is the most exquisite and wonderful organization which has come to us from the divine hand. It is a study for one's whole life.

Result Desired—An increased desire to understand the needs of the body.

Memory Gem:

"The first wealth is health."—Emerson.

Suggestive Talk:

In giving the Word of Wisdom to the Church the Lord sent a warning. This warning is to help us to understand our physical bodies; to know what is best to eat and drink. It is the duty of every person living on the earth to make and keep their bodies in the best possible condition. It is only by so doing that we can make the best use of our lives. Many men and women who were feeble in body have become not only useful but great, but it was because they overcame the weakness of the body by the strength of their will. The desire to be helpful conquered the sufferings of the body.

The Word of Wisdom will be of great assistance to us if we are willing to abide by its instructions. We should, however, accept the warning it offers, not only for food and drink, but to use wisdom in our clothing, in sensible homes, cleanliness and all that contributes towards a healthy, happy condition of the body.

We have studied a little about food and drink. The body needs food and drink; it also needs clothing and bathing; but none of these wants is so pressing as that of air. The other demands may be met by occasional supplies, but air must be furnished every moment, or we die. We should all know enough about the air and its value to our bodies to be able to use it in a way that will be of most benefit to us.

"We use air to enable us to breathe. The perfection of the organs of the body which are used in breathing are very wonderful. So delicate are they that the least pressure would cause exquisite pain, yet tons of air surge to and fro through their intricate passages and reach their innermost parts. We perform every year at least seven million acts of breathing, inhaling one hundred thousand cubic feet of air, and purifying over three thousand five hundred tons of blood. This gigantic process goes on constantly, never wearies or worries us, and we wonder at it only when science reveals to us its magnitude. In addition, by a wise economy, the process of breathing is made to serve a second use, no less important, and the air we exhale, or breathe out, passing through the organs of voice, is transformed into speech, prayers of faith, songs of hope, and words of social cheer. The air which is inhaled or breathed in passes through the lungs and other organs of the body and cleanses and purifies and passes out again, carrying with it the waste matter or impurities it has picked up in its circulation, or passage, through the body. It is very important that pure air be taken into the body. The evil effects of re-breathing the air cannot be estimated. The foul air which passes off from the lungs and through the pores of the skin does not fall to the floor, but diffuses itself through the surrounding atmosphere. A single breath will, to a trifling but certain extent, taint the air of a whole room."

"If you were asked, 'Oh what use is your nose?' would you say, 'I can smell with it?' Do you remember, when you had a 'cold in your head,' and your nose was 'stopped up,' how difficult it was to breathe and how uncomfortable you felt? Did you realize then how important your nose is to breathe through?

It is much better to breathe through the nose than through the mouth. In the first place, if you breathe through your mouth, you take a great deal of air down into your lungs at once, and in cold weather this chills your throat and lungs. If you breathe through your nose, you take in less air at a time, and it is warmed a little before it reaches your throat. In the second place, the air that reaches your lungs by way of your nose is cleaner than

the air that passes in through your mouth. Have you noticed the little hairs inside each nostril? These catch the dust in the air, if you breathe through your nose, so that the dust does not enter your throat and lungs.

Always breathe in through the nose, not through the mouth. When you are standing, stand erect; and when you are sitting, sit erect, so that your chest may be as broad, and deep as possible and you can take deep, full breaths. Take breathing exercises in the fresh air every day. Stand up straight with your hips back, and your chest swelled out, and your chin held up. Raise your arms stiffly from your sides until they point straight out to right and left from your shoulders; and as you do this draw in a deep, full breath through your nose. Then let your hands down slowly, and at the same time let the air out slowly through your mouth. Sometimes let the air out quickly, and at the same time drop your arms suddenly. These are good exercises to strengthen your lungs and enlarge your chest. Taking deep, full breaths helps much to keep you healthy, bright, and happy."

Questions on the Lesson:

Recite and state why you believe the statement given as a memory gem.

How would you consider the Word of Wisdom to be a warning?

What things are there other than food and drink that help us to be well and strong?

What is the most pressing of all our wants, and which we cannot do without even for a few moments?

How many acts of breathing do we perform during a year?

What is the best way to breathe?

What happens to your breathing if you have a cold?

What is the use of the little hairs inside your nose?

Note. If possible have some good breathing exercises. If the teacher does not understand how to give these exercises a doctor or school teacher will be able to give some assistance.

LESSON FOURTEEN.

Pure Air.

Aim—Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation upon thy body, thy clothes, and thy habitation.

Result Desired—That out of knowledge will come better conditions of health.

Memory Gem:

The value of knowledge is, having it, to apply it.—Confucius.

Suggestive Talk:

"When we breathe, we do not simply draw in the air and send it back again. We breathe out some things which were not in the air when we took it in. One of these is water.

On a cold, frosty morning, you know we see the clouds of vapor, or very fine drops of water, coming from our mouths. In hot weather or in a warm room we do not see this vapor, but it is there all the same. If we breathe on a looking-glass, it becomes dim and damp with the water of our breath. There is, of course, a little watery vapor in the air, but hardly any compared to what there is in the breath.

We also breathe out a small amount of animal matter—little bits of our own bodies, just ready to decay. This gives the air of an ill-ventilated or over-crowded room the close, disagreeable odor we all know so well. Pure air has no smell.

Again, we send out with every breath a kind of gas called carbonic-acid gas, which we can no more see than we can the air itself.

Let me tell you of a simple experiment. Pour some clear lime-water into a goblet. Take a straw, or a sheet of stiff paper rolled into a tube, and blow through it into the lime-water. The carbonic-acid gas of our breath will rapidly make the clear liquid quite milky.

Carbonic-acid gas in its pure state acts as a deadly poison. If there is too much of it in the air we breathe, it poisons us. We soon breathe hard, get pale, faint, and dizzy, and after a time would die.

Every one has read the story of the "Black Hole of Calcutta." In the year 1755, a cruel tyrant in India, having captured a hundred and forty-six Englishmen, crowded them, one hot night into a room where two little windows did not admit enough air for the poor prisoners to breathe. They struggled and fought for the air, and in the morning only twenty-three were alive. After one of apoleon's great battles, three hundred prisoners were crowded into a cave for safe keeping, where in a few hours over two hundred died from the foul air.

In the mines this gas becomes the dreaded "choke-damp." Persons bent on suicide sometimes inhale the carbonic-acid gas from a little charcoal burning in a closed room. This same deadly gas sometimes flows naturally from the earth. Some of us have heard of the "Valley of Poison" in the island of Java. The gas is very abundant in this valley, and, from its weight, sinks to the ground, where may be seen, it is said, the skeletons of birds and animals which have been suffocated in their attempt to cross this death-trap.

One would think that we should soon use up all the pure air, and make it all bad. If we think for a moment what a great number of people there are in the world—how many there are in great cities like New York and Philadelphia—breathing out the carbonic-acid gas from their lungs, it seems strange there is any air left fit for us to breathe; for it is not only men, women, and children who must have oxygen to support their lives, but also every other animal.

The little worms that live in their holes under ground want the oxygen of the air just as much as the cows and the sheep. Even fishes could not live if the water did not contain air enough for them to breathe.

Why does not the supply of oxygen ever fall short? What becomes of the carbonic-acid gas? First, let me tell you what it is made of: Two very good things—oxygen and carbon.

A great deal of our flesh and blood is made of these two things; but when they are united, and make this gas, they are of no use to us. We might go to the store and buy salt and sugar; but, if they got mixed together as we brought them home, we could not use either, unless some good fairy could pick them apart for us.

Now, can anybody pick apart the carbon and oxygen in the carbonic acid gas, and make them fit for us to use again? Yes, indeed. We have millions of workmen about us that are busily doing this very thing all the time.

Every plant, every green leaf, every blade of grass, does this for us. When the sun shines on them, they pick the carbon out, and send back the oxygen for us to breathe. They keep the carbon, and make that fit for us, and other animals to eat. Is not this a wonderful arrangement?

How does all the bad air get out of the towns and cities, where men live, and get to the forests and plains? The wind carries it. Air is constantly moving about, rising up, falling down, sweeping this way or that way, and roving from place to place. In brief, as the Bible tells us, "the wind bloweth where it listeth" (pleases).

Let us now see some other ways in which air may be spoiled, besides by breathing it. Not only the little particles out of our breath, but many other things make it unwholesome. Even pleasant odors, like roses or lilies, are unwholesome if shut up in a room.

Dirty walls, ceilings, and floors give the air a musty, close smell; so do

dirty clothes, filthy sinks, and the contents of slop-pails. Some of these ought not to be in the house at all; others remind us to open our windows wide, and let in pure air.

While all we have told you about pure air applies to persons in health, it applies still more to sick people. First, because sick people need every possible chance to help them to get well. They need good air just as much as they need good food. Second, because every thing that comes from a sick person's body is more unwholesome than that from a healthy person, and may be a downright poison.

Many learned men now believe that numerous diseases are really sown in our bodies by a kind of very small seeds, or "germs," much as plants are sown in the ground. For instance, scarlet fever, it is claimed has its own seeds, or germs, which are shed in countless numbers from the body of a person who is suffering from it. Some of these float in the air; and, if we breathe them in, they are quite likely to give us the fever. The same may be true of measles, small-pox, whooping cough, and other diseases.

Many other things make the air unwholesome. The foul air from chemical works, bone and soap factories, and many other manufacturing places, is more or less hurtful to health. Certain trades shorten life by the exposure of the worker to air loaded with impurities.

Thus there is the "miners' consumption," due to the dust breathed into the lungs. Those who work on steel, emery, pottery, etc., also breathe in the irritating dust floating in the air. Other impurities are highly injurious to the lungs, as the dust in match-factories, white-lead works, copper and brass foundries, and arsenic in wall-papers."

Questions on the Lesson:

Review Lesson Thirteen.

Repeat and discuss the memory gem.

What is the value of breathing fresh air?

What is the result of breathing impure air?

How can you tell that we breathe out water?

What does the air gather from the body which is expelled as we breathe out?

What way can we tell when air is impure?

Tell some of the conditions that make and keep the air unfit for the body?

What is air made of?

How is air purified?

What are some of the things which make the air unwholesome?

What should we remember about sick people?

What conditions in and around a home would be liable to make impure air and cause disease and perhaps death as a result?

What are some of the illnesses to which we are liable by breathing air that may have germs of diseases in it?

Why do we have health officers and quarantine rules?

What is the Golden Rule?

How could we use this rule about helping to keep the air, our homes, clothes, etc., pure and clean?

LESSON FIFTEEN.

Sunshine.

Aim—The greatest results in life are usually attained by simple means and the exercise of ordinary qualities—Feltham.

Result Desired—A knowledge established of the value of pure air and sunshine.

Memory Gem:

"The more you practice what you know, the more shall you know what to practice."

Suggestive Talk:

Why is it that we like the sunshine? Why is it that, after days of cloudy skies, the flowers brighten up with the first sunshine, and the cows and horses in the pasture eat more and frisk about as if they felt better in the sunny weather?

Rain is good for the earth; plants could not grow and streams would soon dry up without it. But too much moisture in the earth or the air is not healthful. Disease germs grow quickly where there is continued dampness. Darkness is restful for a little while; but only some insects and the little disease germs thrive in long-continued darkness. Sunshine comes to clear the air and dry up unhealthful dampness, and give warmth and color to all living things.

Have you ever noticed a potato that had sprouted in a covered barrel, or a dark cellar? Were the young stem and leaves growing out of the potato green or white? Probably they were white, or a very pale green, for the plant had been starving for light. It is light that keeps plants healthy. Without light, plants could not make food for us. Then, we, too, should starve if there were not sunshine for the plants.

The leaves of plants are breathing all the time. In the sunshine they are breathing out oxygen, the gas that our blood needs so much, and that the plant does not need. But it is only in the light that the plant gives out oxygen. That is one reason why the air is so good to breathe on sunny days.

If there were no sunlight, so that plants did not grow, could you find enough to eat? Could you have milk? or eggs? or meat? If there were no plants, could you have a fire or clothes?

It is necessary, not only for our sight, but for our general health, that we should have well lighted rooms. Sometimes housekeepers close up their parlors and keep the curtains down, so that no sunlight will get in to fade the carpet and the furniture. When the door is opened, the air smells close and damp. The windows must be thrown open so that fresh air and sunlight may enter, before the room is fit to live in.

All the dark corners and closets in a house, from attic to cellar, should be kept very clean indeed; for in these places the sun can not help us to drive away the insects and disease germs that grow quickly in the dark.

"Light is an essential element in producing the grand phenomena of life, though its action is ill understood. Where there is light there is life, and any deprivation of this principle is rapidly followed by disease of the animal frame, and the destruction of the mental faculties. We have proof of this in the squalor of those whose necessities compel them to labor in places to which the blessings of sunshine never penetrate, as in our coal mines, where men having everything necessary for health, except light, exhibit a singularly unhealthy appearance. The state of fatuity and wretchedness to which those individuals have been reduced, who have been subjected for years to incarceration in dark dungeons, may be referred to the same deprivation."

"You cannot imagine, Mr. Kennan," said a condemned revolutionist to me in Siberia, "the misery of prolonged confinement in a casement of the fortress under what are known as dungeon conditions. My casement was sometimes cold, generally damp, and always gloomy. Day after day, week after week, month after month, I lay there in solitude, hearing no sound save that of the high-pitched, melancholy bells of the fortress cathedral, which slowly chimed the quarter hours, and which always seemed to say: 'Here thou liest—lie here still.' I had absolutely nothing to do except to pace my cell from corner to corner, and think. For a long time I used

to talk to myself in a whisper; to repeat softly everything in the shape of literature that I could remember, and to compose speeches which, under certain imagined conditions, I would deliver; but I finally ceased to have energy enough to do even this, and used to sit for hours in a sort of stupor, in which, so far as I can now remember, I was not conscious of thinking at all. Before the end of the first year, I grew so weak, mentally and physically, that I began to forget words. I knew what ideas I desired to express, but some of the words that I needed had gone from me, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could recover them. It seemed sometimes as if my own language were a strange one to me, or one which, from long disuse, I had forgotten. I greatly feared insanity, and my apprehension was increased by the fact that two or three of my comrades in cells on the same corridor were either insane or subject to hallucinations; and I was often roused at night and thrown into a violent chill of nervous excitement by their hysterical weeping, their cries to the guard to come and take away somebody, or something which they imagined they saw, or their groans and entreaties when, in cases of violent delirium, they were strapped to their beds by the gendarmes."—George Kennan, in *Russian State Prisoners*, The Century, March, 1888.

Questions on the Lesson:

- Review Lesson Fourteen.
- Recite and discuss the memory gem.
- Describe a sunrise which you have seen.
- Describe a sunset which you have seen.
- Why do you like the sunshine?
- What effect does a bright sunny day in spring have upon you?
- Why do we all enjoy the springtime so?
- What is the value of the dark time or night?
- Why is winter sometimes called the night time of the earth?
- Why is summer sometimes called the day time of the earth?
- Who remembers the story of "The Sleeping Beauty?"
- Who can tell us the main points of the story?
- This story grew out of the old idea or myth of the day time, and the night time of the earth. What do you think the prince represented?
- What effect does the darkness have upon plants?
- What happens to potatoes that are left too long in a dark cellar?
- What effect will darkness have upon the sight?
- Who has the better health and strength, the person whose work keeps him indoors or the one who labors in the air and sunshine?
- Who was the strongest man?
- (The meaning of the name Samson is "sunlike.")
- The teacher may relate the commands given to the mother of Samson about what she should eat and drink.)
- Compare the force of the elements wind, rain, and sunshine.
- Why is the wind sometimes called Mother Nature's broom?
- The story of the Sun and the Wind may be related at this point.
- How does the sun help to purify the air?
- Why is sunshine necessary to good health?
- What are some of the results of inward sunshine?

LESSON SIXTEEN.

Ventilation.

Aim—To preserve health is a moral and religious duty, for health is the basis of all social virtues.—Johnson.

Result Desired—Gratitude for healthy bodies and knowledge enough to take good care of them.

Memory Gem:

I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright;
Not years but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

—Phoebe Cary.

Air is a mixture of two gases,—oxygen and nitrogen,—in the proportion of one part of the former to four of the latter. Oxygen is the active gas, the feeding and warming gas, the life-giving principle of nature. It has been well named “the great supporter of animal life.” Nitrogen is mixed with it, lest the oxygen should be too strong for us, and burn us away too fast. In short, nature dilutes the oxygen of the air for us with nitrogen.

If we examine the air just as it enters the lungs, and again after it has passed through them, we shall find that, while the bulk is almost exactly the same, the quality has been changed. It has left behind about one-twentieth of its oxygen, and taken in exchange for it nearly the same quantity of carbonic acid. About twenty cubic inches of air pass in and out of the lungs with every breath, and about three hundred cubic feet every twenty-four hours; amounting to the contents of sixty barrels.

Let us try to understand how this interchange takes place between the air and the blood in the lungs.

Experiments carried on outside of the body prove that gases can pass through delicate membranes. If a bladder is filled with oxygen, and then hung up in a bottle filled with carbonic acid, the two gases will mix with each other. The oxygen will pass out through the walls of the bladder, and the carbonic acid will pass in. This is in accordance with a well-known law of physical science.

This is practically what happens in our lungs every moment of our lives. The blood and the air are separated only by the thin and delicate walls of the air-cells, and by the walls of the capillary blood-vessels of the lungs. The matters contained in the blood pass outwards into the lung, whilst the matter contained in the lung pass inwards to the blood. This last mentioned act constitutes the essential feature in the function of respiration. The blood, thus renewed, travels to the left side of the heart, is pumped out through the aorta, and distributed to every tissue of the body.

We may, in brief, look upon the lungs as a kind of market-place or exchange, where two merchants—the blood and the air—meet to exchange their wares. Indeed, it is a very busy market-place.

This, then, is the whole story, shortly told, of our constant need of air. The tissues of the body, of whatever kind, everywhere over the body, breathe blood, making pure arterial blood venous and impure, in every part of our bodies, except in the lungs, where the blood itself breathes air, and changes from impure and venous to pure and arterial.

The air, as it leaves the lungs, is saturated with watery vapor. This is seen when we breathe on the bright steel blade of a pocket-knife, a mirror, or any cold, polished surface. As we all know, the surface becomes covered with a thin film, or minute drops of water. In cold weather this moisture becomes visible with each expiration.

Air as it leaves the lungs is much hotter than the surrounding air. For this reason, on a cold day we blow our fingers to warm them. The air breathed out of the lungs also contains a small amount of decaying animal matter. Every one knows the unpleasant odor of the air in rooms in which many persons have been closely shut up.

Carbonic acid, in its pure state, acts as a deadly poison. An excess of it in the air produces poisonous effects. The air we breathe out con-

tains four parts in a hundred of this gas. Increase this to ten parts, and it will prove a deadly poison to warm-blooded animals. In smaller quantities this gas produces labored breathing, dizziness, headache, and a general stagnation of the bodily life.

In mines this gas becomes a dreaded "chokedamp." It is dangerous oftentimes to cross over a vat in which beer is actively fermenting; for the air over the vat, loaded with carbonic acid, is utterly unfit to breathe.

In the open air we rarely suffer any ill effects from carbonic acid, for the simple reason that nature is always mingling the gas with the oxygen by means of the winds and the rains. A fresh supply of pure, life-giving air is thus furnished in the greatest abundance.

Like a prudent manager, nature utilizes the carbonic acid as the life-food of the vegetable creation. The trees, the plants, and the grasses make, as it were, oxygen out of the carbonic acid; while we make carbonic acid out of the oxygen taken into the lungs.

While carbonic acid and the waste animal matter given off with it from the lungs, are the most common impurities, there are many other things which make the air unwholesome. The poisoned air due to cess-pools, drains, and sewers, is often a frequent source of disease.

Sewer-gas is a fruitful source of certain diseases, as typhoid fever and diphtheria. The foul air from chemical works, bone and soap factories, and many other manufacturing places, is more or less hurtful to health. Even the dust in our rooms may carry, it is thought, the germs of disease.

Certain occupations may shorten life by exposure to air loaded with impurities. Thus, there is the "miner's consumption," or "black lung," due to the dust breathed into the lungs, acting like so many little splinters in the delicate air-cells. Those who work on steel, emery, pottery, etc., also suffer from the irritating dust floating in the air. Other impurities are highly injurious to the lungs, as the dust in match factories, white-lead works, copper and brass foundries, and arsenic in wall-papers.

Unwholesome as the air may be in the workrooms of many trades, the real danger, after all, and that which should be of more importance to the public generally, arises from the slow and unsuspected effects of breathing air which has already been breathed. The peril is in our own living-rooms, our bed-rooms, our school-rooms, halls, vestries, theatres, and churches.

The best way to rid the air of its impurities is by some suitable system of ventilation. To ventilate a place is to cause pure air to flow through it. In other words, it is some practical plan to keep the air pure and wholesome. Do our best, and we cannot keep the air of any habited room as pure as the atmosphere outside.

The object aimed at in ventilation, is to give an out-let to impure air, and an inlet to that which is pure, fresh, and moist. Remember that it is not at all necessary that air should be cold to be pure. The required amount of fresh air should be moved evenly through the room or building with a gentle current, and without a draught.

An open fireplace is a healthful, safe, but not economical means by which to heat and ventilate a room. Stoves in a room soon dry the air, unless fresh quantities from outside are constantly supplied. When rooms are warmed by heated air from furnaces, the warm air should enter through registers in or near the floor, on one side of the room; and impure air should escape through outlets in or near the ceiling, on the other side.

Children should be trained from infancy to sleep with the windows partly open for the greater part of the year. Adult people in vigorous health should gradually learn to do the same. Even in the coldest weather, some simple apparatus to let in fresh air is as good as any. Raise the window a few inches, and put in a piece of board under the lower sash. Pure air will enter where the two sashes overlap.

A common window-screen, cut to the proper size, and covered with

flannel instead of wire, will let in plenty of air without draught, and is suitable for cold weather. Again, fit an elbow of common stove-pipe into a board of the right size, and put it under the raised sash, with a damper to regulate the current of air. These and other contrivances are easy to make, and cost but little. They answer the purpose even better than those that are more costly and complicated.

Special pains must be taken to ventilate schoolrooms. Pupils are sure to be listless, uneasy, dull, and sleepy when the air is not wholesome. Children may be comfortable in a well-aired room, but it is very easy to let the temperature run up before it is noticed. Whatever the apparatus for ventilation may be, the doors and windows should be opened before and after each session and at recess.

The air of the room should be changed as often as once every hour. The pupils meanwhile should engage in active gymnastic exercises to prevent taking cold. When this is done in cold weather, the heat should be turned on so as to warm the cold air coming in as quickly as possible.

Weakly children, those liable to croup, those easy to catch cold and other ailments, must be carefully looked after. Never allow draughts of cold air to fall directly on the heads of children. Guard the air of the schoolroom from the foul air arising from closets, out-buildings, sinks, cesspools, and all other possible sources of ill-health.

Questions on the Lesson:

- Review on Lesson Fifteen.
- Recite and discuss the memory gem.
- What gases are found in the air?
- What does oxygen do for the body?
- How does the air change in passing through the body?
- How many barrels of air passes through the body in twenty-four hours?
- Why are the lungs like a market-place?
- If we breathe in oxygen, what kind of gas do we breathe out?
- How do plants breathe and use these gases?
- Name some occupations that are liable to shorten life because of unhealthy air??
- Why is re-breathing air so very dangerous?
- Name some of the places where we are apt to be compelled to re-breathe air?
- What are some good plans for ventilation?
- What are some of the sensations which are felt in a poorly ventilated room? (Burning cheeks, headaches, dizziness, sleepiness, etc.)
- What should be done to be sure of plenty of good fresh air in sleeping rooms?

FIFTH GRADE.

(Children twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Articles of Faith.
Topic for the Month of April—Preaching the Gospel.

Divisions:

1. Authority to Preach the Gospel.
2. Preparation for Preaching the Gospel.
3. Missionaries.
4. The Missionary Spirit.

LESSON THIRTEEN.

Authority to Preach the Gospel.

Aim—"No man taketh this honor to himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.—Heb. 5: 4.

Development of Lesson Thirteen.

Read Lecture ten of The Articles of Faith by Talmage, and use from it such parts as will be interesting and instructive to the class. Paragraphs eighteen to twenty, and note two, will be most suitable for this lesson. Chapter twenty-two of The Gospel by Roberts should also be studied.

Note. Be sure to have ready for reading such books as are necessary.

Questions on the Lesson.

Recitation of Article Five.

What commission did the Lord give to Noah? Genesis 6: 12-21.

How did Noah obey the commands of the Lord? Genesis 7: 5-16.

What did the Lord ask Abram to do? Genesis 12: 1-2.

What great work did the Lord give to Moses? This should be answered from memory by one or more of the class.

Relate the call which came to Samuel? I Sam. 3: 4-14.

How did the Lord call the apostles when He was upon the earth? The Articles of Faith, Lecture ten, paragraph five.

What happened to Miriam the sister of Moses when she claimed the right to find fault with her brother? The Articles of Faith, Lecture ten, paragraph 11.

Have members of the class read or relate the incidents of Uzza, Saul, Uzzah, and the seven sons of Sceva as found in paragraphs twelve, to fifteen of Lecture ten of the Articles of Faith.

What is the incident of Simon the sorcerer? Acts 8: 18-24.

What was the manner in which Aaron was called? Exodus 4: 9-16.

How was Joseph Smith the Prophet called to preach the Gospel? Relate from memory or read paragraph 18, Lecture ten in Talmage's Articles of Faith.

How has the authority been given since the days of Joseph Smith? Read paragraph 20. Lecture ten in The Articles of Faith.

Do you know of anyone that has been called to go on a mission to preach the Gospel?

How were they called?

How and by whom are the missionaries set apart for missions?

LESSON FOURTEEN.

Preparation for Preaching the Gospel.

Aim—"God gives men wisdom as he gives them gold; his treasure house is not the mint, but the mine."

Development of Lesson Fourteen.

Read chapter 21 of The Gospel by Roberts; use such parts as will help in giving the class the thought that it is necessary to labor to acquire experience and knowledge.

Relate the story of how Joseph Smith prepared himself for his first vision. His study of the Bible, prayerful attitude, faith, etc. Read chapters 31 and 37 of the Life of Joseph Smith by Geo. Q. Cannon, and relate to the class the efforts made by the Prophet to gain knowledge.

Read from the life of Wilford Woodruff by M. F. Cowley the following and use in your talk to the class. Page 24 Lessons in reading and in-

terest in the Bible; page 147, illustrating his care in recording events; page 364 showing his interest in education and science; and page 455 his marvelous industry.

Tell what you can of the youth of the Savior and the probable manner of His education and preparation for the preaching of the Gospel.

Personal experiences of how missionaries have and are being prepared may be added to strengthen the aim of knowledge.

On page 452, the December number of Vol. 2 of *The Children's Friend* will be found a brief sketch of the life of President Jos. F. Smith, in which is told the difficulties under which he obtained part of his education.

Questions on the Lesson.

Review Lesson Thirteen.

Recitation of Article Five.

Recite the aim of the lesson and discuss its meaning.

If a man should come to the principal of a school and ask for a boy or a girl to take a good position, how would the principal make the selection?

Why are examinations necessary for promotions or positions?

What must precede or come before an examination?

Why is life sometimes called a school?

Of what value is experience?

Tell of some experience in your life that did you good?

Tell of some great men who became great because of the experiences they were compelled to pass through? Joseph being sold, in prison, etc. Moses, the forty years of exile before he was prepared to be the leader of his people. Washington, Lincoln, etc.

To all these men came splendid opportunities. How were they prepared to accept them?

When they were young they could not have had any idea of what life was going to be to them. Suppose such an opportunity should come to a member of this class, how may we be ready for it?

What Person of all the people who have ever lived has had the greatest influence over all the people who have lived in the hundreds of years since His death?

What was His special mission?

What was the special mission given to Joseph Smith?

How many of this class may be called to go upon missions, boys and girls?

Is it worth while to be ready?

What is your opinion of men like Wilford Woodruff, Joseph Smith, etc.

LESSON FIFTEEN.

Missions.

Aim—Ye shall go forth in the power of my Spirit, preaching my gospel, two by two, in my name, lifting up your voices as with the voice of a trumpet, declaring my word like unto angels of God. Doc. and Cov. Sec. 42.

Development of Lesson Fifteen.

Review of Lesson Fourteen.

Recitation of Article Five.

Read and discuss the aim of this lesson.

For preparation the teacher should read Section 42 of the Doctrine and Covenants and the letter found on page 226 of the Gospel by Roberts and give a short talk on the spirit and labors of missionaries.

Relate the story "A Lonesome Christmas," and if there be any time left, have testimonies of the experiences of missionaries and the blessings of the Lord. The members may be encouraged to tell of their hopes and ambitions which they desire the Lord to bless.

Story, "A Lonesome Christmas."

"You are not going to work today, are you?" asked the Something.

"Why not?" asked the Elder in reply.

"Isn't today Christmas? People celebrate on this day."

"And what do you mean by celebrating?"

"Well, not to work—to do something different. People stay home and eat big dinners—and—"

"But I'm not at home, neither can I go there; I can't eat a big dinner because I haven't any to eat; I am a missionary, and my business is to preach the gospel Sunday or Monday, holiday or common day—what else can I do, anyway?"

He brushed his hand over his eyes, and swallowed the lump in his throat. He kept on packing his grip with books and tracts, then he put on his hat, buttoned his coat, and started out.

"Now, you stay behind," he said to the Something that had been holding converse with him, tempting him to remain inactive on that day because it was Christmas.

The Elder was alone, his companion not having yet arrived. He was also lonesome. The reason for this was perhaps that, besides being alone, he was a young man—not much more than a boy—and had been in the missionary field a few months only—again, it was Christmas day.

The day was not very cold; the sky was clear; the sun shone warm. The road was firmly beaten, making the walking good. When the Elder left the last house of the town where he had stopped for the night, there stretched before him an unbroken road to the top of a hill in the distance. Not a house was in sight in that direction.

As he trudged on, the Elder did not check his tears. He had a good cry, then he wiped his eyes, and laughed at himself.

"Mother's boy is away from home," he said, not to the Something, however—that had remained behind as bidden. "But I must move—do something, even if today were twenty Christmases piled into one." He remembered the advice which had been given him before leaving home: "Work, Work, WORK! will cure the worst case of loneliness and homesickness." He had tried this before with satisfactory results; here was the supreme test.

The top of the hill was reached. On it was a house with barns, which reminded him of his early home before they had moved to the city. Even the arrangement of the yard and stables was just like those he had known—but he mustn't think of that. He hurried by.

He would drill on some scriptural passages: "Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God. Except a man be born—" he repeated, prompting himself, now and then by glancing at his book.

At the first house which he reached he tried hard to sell a Book of Mormon. They treated him so coldly he had to swallow the lump in his throat again. At the second house, a troupe of children stared strangely at him. They were too poor to buy books, but they were grateful for some tracts. The third house, a poor tumbled-down affair, was guarded by a vicious dog, whose teeth the Elder narrowly escaped. At the next stop he had a splendid gospel conversation, and by that time the lonesomeness was going—the rule was working beautifully.

Midday, came but the Elder got no dinner. He saw and heard and smelled much preparation to eat good things, but he was given no op-

portunity to gratify the other two senses. However, he walked on, singing and repeating scripture; he was fighting a gallant fight.

Towards the middle of the afternoon the Elder arrived at a large white house, set well back from the road with lawns and shrubbery in front—the home of a wealthy man. Everything was quiet around the place.

"The gospel is for the rich as well as the poor," said the Elder. "The rich in purse are sometimes poor in soul—I shall go in."

He knocked on the door. "Come in, come in," some one shouted from within. The Elder entered through a large hall into a room where an elderly man was sitting by a blazing fire in a grate.

"Well?" inquired the man, as he looked up.

"A merry Christmas to you," replied the Elder.

"Yes; all right?"

"I am an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—commonly known as Mormons."

The man stopped smoking and looked intently at his young visitor.

"You are?—well—I'll be—but sit down."

The Elder placed his hat on a chair and his umbrella and grip on the floor.

"An' so you are a Mormon?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' what are you doing out here? Why aren't you home eating turkey and mince pie—don't you know it's Christmas?"

"Yes; I know; but I'm on a mission preaching the gospel."

"An' you think I need preaching to so bad that you have come all the way from Utah, and missed your Christmas dinner besides, to preach to me!"

"Yes, sir," replied the Elder with a boldness that surprised himself, "that's just it."

"Well—but take off your coat and sit up to the fire—throw it across a chair. I'm alone today—the servants are all off celebrating—and I'm alone."

"And lonesome," added the Elder.

"Yes; you hit it right, I am."

"So am I—or at least, was earlier in the day. Now I am only hungry."

"Had no dinner yet?"

"None today."

"An' today Christmas! Can you help yourself? My leg's bad—getting old. There's plenty in the pantry."

"Thank you—but there's no hurry. Let me get warm first."

Though the Elder was not so cold as he was hungry, he had to have time to adjust himself to this unusual and unexpected hospitality. He drew his chair closer to the cheerful fire. On the table by which the old man was sitting were a bottle, pipes, tobacco, books, and newspapers.

"If you are a Mormon, I know you neither smoke nor drink, so I shall not invite you to do either. I expect some of the servants home shortly, and then we shall have something to eat."

"Thank you. You seem to know something about the 'Mormons.'"

"I do. I am a Grand Army man, and I was in Salt Lake City last summer at the encampment there. Went there with strange ideas, but was never treated so well in my life. I shall never forget it. I heard a lot about Mormonism, too."

"You did? Well, that's interesting."

"Yes,—I'll tell about it. You know there was a lot of us old soldiers out there, and the hotels couldn't take care of us all. I was given lodgings with a Mormon family, and they treated me as if I had been one of their nearest and dearest of kin come to visit them. An' do you know, when I was ready to leave, they wouldn't take a cent. No; they said if I would have a kindly remembrance of the Mormon people, and take in and feed any

Mormon Elder that might come to my door, they would be amply repaid—That's what they said—an' I'll remember it—was, in fact, just thinking about it when you knocked."

"Yes; I was thinking of that sweet faced Mormon woman and her children—five of them, I think. I do believe if I'd stayed a little longer the younger children would have climbed on my knee and called me granddad—I do believe they would. The man talked Mormonism to me, and it sounded mighty good—I've been wanting to hear some more ever since."

"What part of the city were you in?"

Oh, I couldn't tell you. I couldn't get on to your street numbering; but—here I've the name of the lady in my note book."

The old man took from his pocket a small book from which he read, Mrs. Mary Jane Allenson, No. 722 East—"

"That's my mother!" fairly shouted the Elder.

Both men arose to their feet.

"No," said the old man.

"Yes, that's my mother."

The old soldier limped over to the Elder, placed his hands caressingly on his shoulders, and looked at him steadily.

"Yes; I can see it in your face. Well, I'll be—My boy, a thousand times welcome to my home and what I have—but now, sit right down here and tell me all about it."—N. A., The Liahona.

LESSON SIXTEEN.

The Missionary Spirit.

Aim—For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.—Matt. 10: 20.

Development of Lesson Sixteen.

Review of Lesson Fifteen.

Recitation of Article Five.

For preparation the teacher should read the following and give a talk on the main points.

The fisherman uses many arts and much special knowledge of the habits of fish. His calling is for that reason especially typical of the manner in which unwilling or indifferent men must be caught for Christ. He who would serve Christ by winning souls must work like a fisherman. There are nets to be let down to catch thousands, and there is angling gear to use for individuals. And some persons can fish best in one way, and some in another way.

There are all kinds of fishers of men for commercial purposes. There are agents for insurance companies, and for all sorts of commodities. These have to understand the mental attitude of the men with whom they deal if they are to be successful. Just so should the fisher of men for Christ study His business, and learn how to meet the difficulties in the way of catching men by learning to adapt his method to individual cases. To make a "dead set" at some is to make them oppositions. To "beat about the bush" with others will lead them to despise you as Christ's representative. Some may be taken by a frequent pressing home of big truths. Others will yield to argument, and explanation, while yet others need to be led by their imagination. But the great majority must be won by an appeal of some sort to their hearts. There are all sorts of "queer fish" in the sea of souls and there are appropriate baits and nets for each kind.

The miracle of the great draft of fishes was, no doubt, worked partly to show that in our fishing for men we must be under the guidance of Him who knows the hearts of men. He can teach us where and when to "let down the nets."

This fishing business, is not one that we may or may not undertake as we choose. It is a service that is demanded of us, just as it was a service that was demanded of Christ by God. And as Christ obeyed His Father in all the methods He employed to win men to life, so also we must obey. We are called to be on the watch for opportunities to lead others into the light which has been shown to us. It is a sacred duty. And it may become a more fascinating occupation than any other, because it is more worth while than any other, and will give employment to and so strengthen all our powers.—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson:

What is the duty of a missionary?

If a man is appointed to be the engineer of a train what does he need to know about an engine?

What depends on the engineer's knowledge and ability?

Why is a missionary a more important individual than the engineer of a train?

Then if a person undertakes the salvation of human souls, what knowledge must he possess?

Where will a missionary find the necessary information that will give him a knowledge of the Gospel of Christ?

What is necessary besides a knowledge of the Gospel?

In preaching the Gospel how will the following habits assist a missionary to be successful:

Courtesy and kindness?

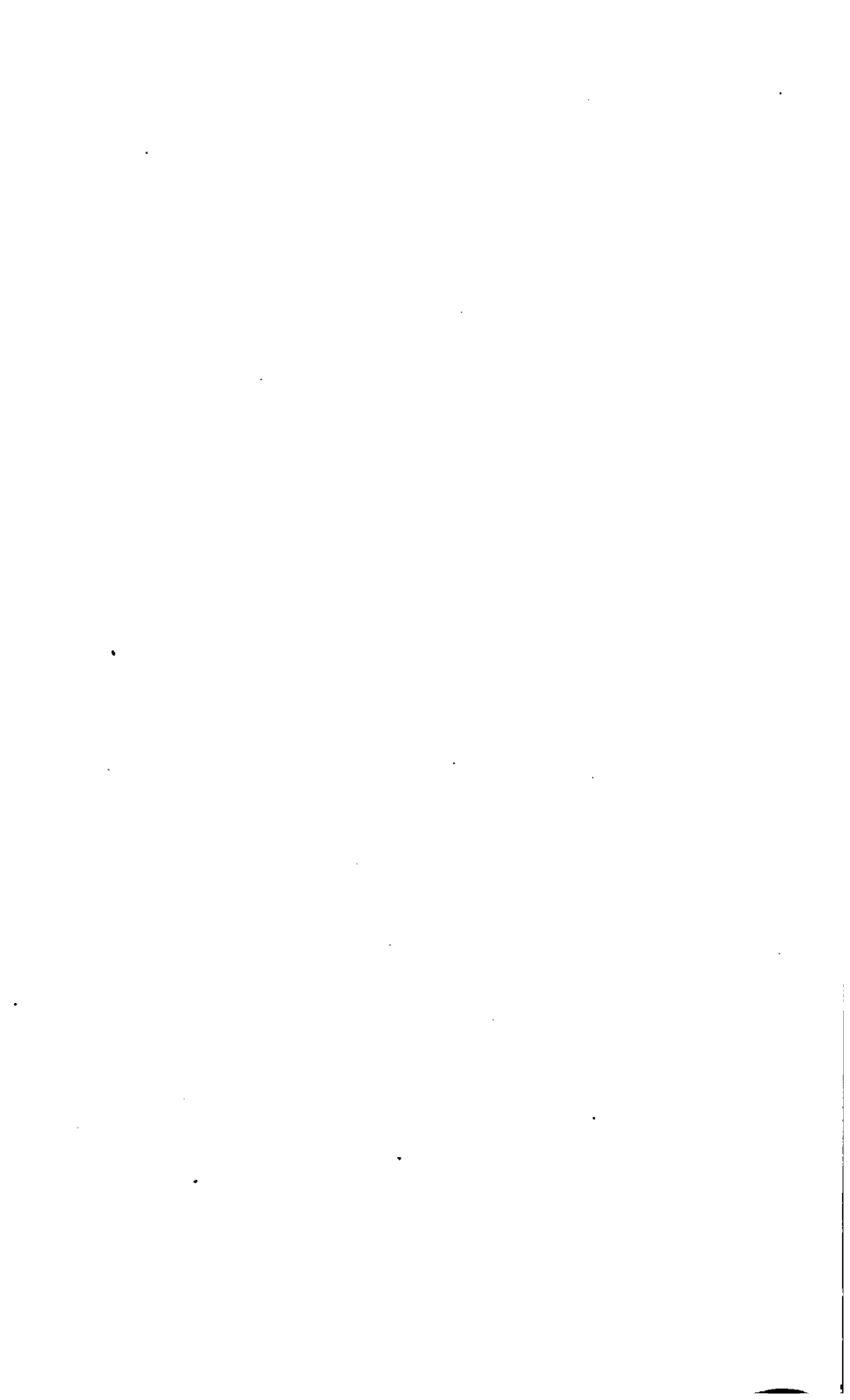
Being honest?

Being clean in body and clothing?

Being an observer of the Word of Wisdom?"

Always depending on the Spirit of the Lord for guidance?

Being humble? etc.





THE NEW DOG.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. IX.

APRIL, 1910.

No. 4.

THE NEW DOG.

Mrs. Leonard Judd never had been willing to have a dog on the place. So when her husband received a letter from his brother in the country, asking permission to send his dog Carlo to their home, for a few weeks—until he was ready to move to his new Colorado ranch—Mr. Judd wondered what his wife would say.

"Let him come, mother, please!" coaxed Harold. "It will be fun, having a dog to play with."

"But they're so much trouble," argued Mrs. Judd, dusting the polished top of the sitting room table with a corner of her apron.

"Yet it's only for a little time," interposed her husband. "I hardly could refuse Brother John so trifling a request."

"That's true, replied Mrs. Judd. "But dogs are such a nuisance!"

"Then we"—

"Yes; we'll take him for a little while," interrupted Mrs. Judd, smiling at Harold's eagerness. "But if any thing should happen that your uncle doesn't send for his dog, we're not to keep him!"

"Oh, he'll come for him," declared Harold. "But," in a voice spoken so his mother couldn't hear, "I—I wish he wouldn't. I—I like a dog more than 'most anything!"

In a few days Carlo arrived by express, and a beautiful full-blooded shepherd he was.

"My! isn't he handsome!" exclaimed Harold in delight, as soon as the newcomer was taken out of the crate. "He's a—beauty! I wish he were ours, our very own, to keep!"

"You'd soon get tired of him," replied the boy's mother. "They're a great care."

"But they're useful, sometimes," persisted Harold. "And, perhaps, this one will be, before Uncle John takes him away! If he is, may I have one for my own?"

"Yes; if Carlo is of any real use while he's visiting us, you may," yielded Mrs. Judd. "I guess I'm safe enough in promising."

Little did Mrs. Judd dream how soon it would be, before a new Carlo, named for Uncle John's dog, would be installed as a member of the household.

For a number of days Mr. Judd had been planning to have a small

opening in the stable underpinning filled up. On Saturday afternoon—it was a warm day—the mason came to do the work. And with him he brought the necessary bricks and mortar. As he began to work—he had laid the first brick—Carlo hurried to the spot, and lay down directly before the opening in the wall.

"You must get away from here, old fellow," said Mr. Wheeler, trying to coax the dog away. "I've got to close up this place now."

But Carlo wouldn't move.

"Come," and the man tried to pull the dog away by the collar.

Yet, try as he might, the dog wouldn't stir.

"What do you want!" exclaimed Mr. Wheeler, perplexed. "Something must be in there," he said, laying down the stick. "Is there, sir?"

Carlo wagged his tail.

Just then Harold came round the corner.

"Come here a minute," called Mr. Wheeler.

"What's up?" asked Harold.

"Can you squeeze through this hole?"

"I—I guess so—why?"

"That's what I want to find out," replied Mr. Wheeler. "Something must be in here that your dog knows about, and doesn't want walled up!"

Harold slowly crawled through the hole under the stable.

"Well, I should say there is something in here," he called, after a minute. "It's Baby Rachel. She's come in here and gone to sleep!"

Just then Harold heard his mother calling for the baby.

"She's here," said Mr. Wheeler as Mrs. Judd appeared.

"Where?"

"Under the stable! And we wouldn't have known it, if it hadn't been for the dog!"

Mrs. Judd stooped and gave Carlo a big hug before going back to the house.

"I—I said they were of use," cried Harold.

The next day his mother herself went with Harold to select a dog. The kennels were not far from where they lived.

"I'd like a little one," decided Harold; "one I can train."

The owner conducted Mrs. Judd and Harold to where there were nine drinking out of one dish.

"My! aren't they dear!" exclaimed the delighted boy. "May I take my choice?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Judd. "But they never can quite be equal to Carlo! If it hadn't been for him, what would have become of Rachel!" —Selected.

POLLY'S BLACK FRIDAY.

If it had begun earlier, perhaps it would not have been so black, or if it had begun on the right side of Polly's bed, or if Polly had begun it singing at the top of her voice in the usual way. If any or all of these things had happened, perhaps it would have been a white Friday.

The day before had ended a little black, because there had been no bedtime. Of course. Polly had gone to bed, but to Polly a bedtime meant a long cuddle in mother's lap, and a story. These she never missed unless something very important prevented. Polly did not call little Cousin Cornwallis very important. He was so little, and freckly and—and oh, homely!

"I wish he hadn't come a-visiting," Polly thought ungraciously; "I never go unless somebody invites me. Of course, if he were a girl cousin"—

But little Cousin Cornwallis was a boy cousin.

"I can't come up tonight, dear," mother had said smilingly the night before Polly's black Friday; "little Cousin Cornwallis needs me, to tell him a story this time. You're not homesick, and all alone in a strange land."

"I'm the nearest relation to you," Polly had returned stiffly, "and I'm not so homely and freck"—

"Mary." Mother did not say anything but that, but mother's "Marys" meant a great many things. Polly's cheeks grew red, and she tramped away miserably to bed, ashamed to ask for a good-night kiss. It was not a bedtime at all that night, just a plain, unhappy going to bed.

Black Friday morning Polly was late to breakfast. She had had a great temptation not to go down at all, but to hurry away to school by the back way—Nora would have given her a sandwich in the kitchen. Then she need not have heard mother say: "Aren't you going to invite little Cousin Cornwallis to go to school with you today, Polly? He will enjoy the music, and the pieces."

Polly didn't—oh, she didn't want to invite him! It was Last Day at school, and everybody dressed up and spoke pieces, or played duets on the piano, or sang solos. Polly was to sing a solo. She had put on her next-to-very-best dress, and her gold chain. How would little Cousin Cornwallis' shabby trousers look beside gold chains and next-to-best dresses?

Polly was ashamed of little Cornwallis. That his father was dead, and his mother in a hospital, did not touch Polly's heart at all on this black Friday morning. She did not yield to the temptation to run away from him, but she went scowling down to breakfast wishing he was some other person's cousin instead of hers.

"You're going to invite little Cousin Cornwallis to go with you this morning, aren't you, Polly?" Of course mother said it! "He will enjoy the pieces and songs."

So there was nothing else to do but to invite him, and Polly went away to school with the lean little hand tucked into her hand. Little Cousin Cornwallis had tucked it there confidently. He was not nearly so tall as Polly, and took short, babyish steps that made Polly cross. Everything made Polly cross today; that is the way on black days.

"I like songs," ventured the little fellow after an uneasy silence; "I like to sing them when I'm at home, but I guess it kind of takes your voice away to be a long way off. I guess I couldn't sing a song now."

"Nobody wants you to!" snapped Polly, and then, a little ashamed, she hurriedly changed the conversation. But little Cousin Cornwallis persisted gently. "Oh, I didn't know," he said. "At my school they always invite visitors to—to perform, too, if they are willing."

"Well, they won't invite you to perform," laughed Polly; "you needn't worry any. You'll not have to take any part in the exercises to-day!"

But Polly did not know. She could not look ahead and see the part little Cousin Cornwallis was to perform.

It was a real bedtime this night, in spite of its being the night of black Friday; for a very subdued little Polly begged to sit up till mother had been up to bed with little Cousin Cornwallis.

"There's something I want to tell you, mother," she said. "Mayn't I wait, just tonight? And if—if you think I'm worthy of being cuddled, may I tell the story this once?" And mother agreed willingly.

"Now then," she smiled when a little figure in a long white night-gown had snuggled into her arms, "begin, Polly—I'm ready. Does it begin, 'Once on a time,' as stories often do?"

"No," Polly said, "it begins, 'Once on a black Friday.' To-day is black Friday because somebody has been cross, and that somebody is me. I began cross, and middled cross, but I haven't ended cross. I've ended ashamed of myself." There was a short silence, then: "There's a hero to this story, mother. You never could guess him because heroes don't usually have freckles and patches. Still, you can try to guess"—

"Little Cousin Cornwallis," said mother softly.

"Yes; how did you guess? Well, now I'll tell the story. You know I was dreadfully ashamed to take him to school looking so"—

"I was ashamed to have you, Polly. You looked very cross and unpleasant."

"Oh!" breathed the little story-teller, for Polly had not meant it that way. Mothers are queer persons!

"But of course I had to, so I did. I guess I was real mean to him. I'm afraid I was, mother. I put him in my seat, and didn't introduce him to anybody, or ask him to play at recess. And"—Polly's red little

face hid in mother's dress,—“I told him not to tell a living soul that he was my blood relation. I didn't want anybody to know it.”

The pause this time was so long that mother asked, “Is the story ended, Polly?”

“Oh, no, I haven't begun it! Well, while we were speaking our pieces, you know, all at once little Cousin Cornwallis got right up and walked down to Miss Pemberton's desk, and then walked back again. The scholars giggled, and I was so mortified! It was right in the middle of a piece. But Miss Pemberton didn't look a bit cross only sort of worried. Pretty soon she got up and put up her hand to stop Janie Mills from speaking any more, and she said she guessed we'd all been good enough to be let out early, right that minute. Only we must walk out nicely, like ladies and gentlemen. Then she sat down and played the dismiss march on the piano, and we marched out. Trueie Vose whispered that she smelled smoke, but we s'posed she imagined it. Mother, that schoolhouse was on fire! That was what little Cousin Cornwallis told Miss Pemberton, quietly like that, instead of shouting ‘Fire!’ and scaring everybody. Miss Pemberton said the stairs were so narrow it would have been dreadful if we had panicked. Maybe, some of us would have been killed! She said little Cousin Cornwallis had maybe saved our lives. Oh, I was proud of him then, mother! But I didn't say he was my cousin, because I didn't think I deserved to, after being so mean. I didn't deserve to be proud.

“They put the fire out, but they had hard work to do it. That's the end of the story.”

Mother rocked on without saying anything for a little. Then she said a queer thing.

“Black or white, little girl? Choose.”

Understanding came quickly to Polly. “White!” she flashed, “I choose white, for days!” She snuggled her head deeper under the soft cheek. “Tomorrow is going to be white Saturday, mother!” she murmured.—Selected.

HAROLD MASON'S CURE.

It was what an old resident called “one of spring's laxy days. The snow was rapidly disappearing, leaving a checkerboard effect upon the hillsides—irregular patches of white and brown, neither the one or the other predominating. The gutters were “running” with rushing miniature rivers, while the roads were nearly impassable.

Harold Mason was coming home from the post office when, in jumping across a deep puddle near his father's yard, he accidentally dropped the little bundle of papers he was carrying under his arm, into the mud and water.

“I'm glad my invitations didn't get wet,” he thought, to himself, picking up the papers and shaking off the water. “I never got a real

"grown-up" one before. I'm glad I have a new suit so I can go—I got it just in the nick of time!"

"Any letters, dear?" inquired Mrs. Mason, as Harold entered the house and turned to close the door.

"No, mother." Then quickly: "I've got an invitation to Emory Stephenson's party; I guess you wouldn't call that a letter. See?" And Harold handed Mrs. Mason the small, dainty missive.

"It's very kind of them to think of you, dear," remarked Mrs. Mason, slowly reading the tastefully engraved invitation—for the Stephensons did nothing by halves. "You'll get a chance to see their beautiful home; also to become acquainted with Emory's older brother. He's just back from Europe I hear, and he's a splendid young fellow to meet. I regard such an acquaintance as that of great value to a twelve-year-old boy. I wonder if your Cousin Holman is going?"

"I don't know; but I rather think not. I saw him down the street and he didn't say anything about it; but then he doesn't know Emory very well."

When Harold went out of the room a few minutes later he left his hat on the table, and his gloves, one on the radiator by the window and the other where he had carelessly thrown it down on the sofa.

"I wish Harold would learn to put his things away where they belong," and Mrs. Mason picked up his hat and carried it with his gloves into the hall. "I'm afraid he will never learn that there's a place for everything; at least he doesn't seem to realize it now."

Harold Mason had one habit that caused his family a good deal of annoyance; Uncle Freeman called it his "non-returnable" habit. Whenever he read a book he never returned it to the bookcase, it was so with everything—things were always left where he happened to be using them.

"You make us all a great deal of trouble, Harold," his mother had again and again chided him. "We often want something when we are in a hurry, but it isn't where it's usually kept, and so we're compelled to lose valuable time in hunting for it, when with only a little exertion on your part, in returning a thing to its place, we would be saved all such extra trouble."

"He'll never get over it—failing to return things where they belong until he is taught a lesson, a lesson that directly results from his own careless habits," prophesied his grandmother, sagely. "Now, mark my word and see."

"I think perhaps you're right, mother," agreed the younger Mrs. Mason. "And to my mind the sooner he receives his lesson the better—better for him and for all concerned."

Harold had never anticipated any social pleasure with such eagerness, as he did the Stephenson party. The entire week before it was to occur, all he talked about was his going and the fun he'd have while there.

"I think he even dreams about next Thursday's party," laughed

his mother, one noon after Harold had left the dinner table. "I only hope the anticipation won't dull the event itself. 'Twould be a pity if it did."

On Tuesday, Harold very carefully laid out on the bureau in his room the shirt, cuffs, collar, and tie he was to wear. Uncle Freeman had given him a new pair of patent leather shoes for the occasion in return for Harold's doing some copying for him.

"I wish you'd write the figures in red ink," directed his uncle, Wednesday morning, before going to his office.

Early in the evening Harold set about his task, and hunt high and low, he couldn't find any red ink.

"I have some red aniline dye—a whole bottle of it—and it will do exactly as well," declared Harold's grandmother, coming to his aid. "It's even better than ink—'twill keep its color longer. You may have it, and welcome—but be sure to return it to my room after you get through with it."

"Sure I will, grandmother; and I'll be only too glad to. I shouldn't want to wear Uncle Freeman's gift to the party tomorrow evening and know all the time that I hadn't done what he wanted me to in return for them—they're dandy shoes!"

It was late when Harold got through with his copying, and he was tired and sleepy.

"I'll just put the dye in the closet, on the medicine shelf tonight," he decided. "It's so late I'll return it to grandmother tomorrow. I won't bother her now; she may be in bed."

Before going to his room Harold gathered up his uncle's papers, laid them in a drawer in the bookcase where they'd be safe, and then put the bottle of dye in the little closet in the dining room.

In the night, long before morning, Harold awoke with severe neuralgic pains in his face. He endured it patiently for a while, but on its seeming to grow worse, he decide to get some liniment and rub his face in it. He got up in the dark and hurried down the stairs.

"I don't need a light," he thought, in his haste to get relief from the pain. "I know where the bottle is—I could put my hands on it without any eyes!"

Opening the closet door, Harold reached up for the bottle and quickly rubbed some of the contents over the whole of the left side of his face. After giving it a number of applications he returned the bottle to the shelf and groped his way in the dark back to his room.

"I believe it feels better—a little," and he tumbled hurriedly into bed. But the pain was not relieved, and twice again in the night Harold went down stairs to bathe his aching face.

In the morning it was much better, and he almost forgot the sleepless night and his painful experience in the pleasurable anticipation of the coming party.

"Just think, it's *today!*" he exclaimed aloud, jumping with a bound

to the floor. "I'll have just the swellest kind of a time! 'Tisn't often a fellow gets a chance to go to a party like that!"

While hurriedly dressing, he happened to glance into the mirror over the bureau.

"*Good-ness sakes!* What—what ails me!" and Harold stood horrified before the looking-glass. The left side of his face was a bright red—redder than anything, it seemed, that he had ever before seen. "What—what is the matter? Mother!" he called, in deep distress, rushing to the door of his room. "Do come here—*quick!*"

"It—it isn't a disease," concluded Mrs. Mason, after a hurried examination of Harold's face. "It looks as though you had bathed it in something—it looks like dye to me. Where have you been to—"

"Nowhere," interrupted Harold, slowly, "only down—". He leaned back against the foot of the bed. "I had neuralgia in my face last night, and I got up and put on some—some—liniment; I did that three times."

"Did you return my dye after you had used it in your copying?" inquired Harold's grandmother, who had come from her room to see what was the trouble.

"No; I put it in the closet—I was so tired!"

"I—I see; you've bathed your face in aniline dye," explained Mrs. Mason. "Didn't you have a light?"

"No—o;" and Harold rubbed his face dolefully. "Do you suppose it will prevent my going to—". He hurried again to the mirror. "*Will*—it come off!"

"I'm afraid not—not enough of it so you will feel like going to the party tonight. It will disappear after awhile—but it will take time," and Mrs. Mason again made a close inspection of her son's face.

"Then I'll have to give it up—and I'd planned on—on it more'n—". Harold could hardly keep back the lump that was fast gathering in his throat.

Try as hard as he might, no amount of rubbing would take off the bright red dye—it had been too thoroughly applied the night before.

"I guess, mother," said Harold late in the evening when the two were alone in the sitting room, "when I use a thing again it will be returned to its place after I'm through with it. 'Twas a wretched medicine—that horrid red dye—but I know it's made *one* cure all right."—Selected.

THE MAN WITH THE FRESH FLOWER.

Winiski's round face was wreathed in smiles. He had received a license to sell buttermilk in the streets of the Little Father's city of Moscow. Winiski's last hopeck had been expended in purchasing his little stock in trade—a large, clean, white apron, which was tied tightly about his waist, and a wooden tub painted yellow, from which swung a glass cup suspended by a chain. The boy would have liked to have two aprons, so that when one was soiled he could use the other. But, alas, he had no money to buy another, so he must retire from the street while his sister scrubbed it. His clean, white apron was his badge of trade.

Winiski collected his buttermilk every other day out in the country districts. In winter he sped down the broad, frozen river on his snow-shoes, stopping at all the farmhouses to collect the liquid, balancing his great tub carelessly as it grew fuller, and then speeding back to the city, ready to give a glass of milk to each of the thirsty passers-by.

It was in the summer of '73 that he became discouraged. It was a hot season but no one seemed to want buttermilk, and the boy could not see why. But one day, a pompous military man, with a flower in his buttonhole, came along and stopped. "What luck, my boy? None today?" he inquired.

"No," and Winiski's visored cap was pulled far over his sad little face.

The next day the pompous man strutted down the street, twirling his long mustache, and wearing a fresh flower in his buttonhole. It was the very same hour as the day before. "What luck, my boy?" Winiski could hardly keep back the tears, but he was a brave boy and replied, softly, "None, sir."

"I tell you what you do. How much have you there?"

"Many a gallon, sir; ten rubles' worth, sir."

"Here," and the gentleman handed him the exact sum. "Take your fresh buttermilk and go to the Wetterstrasse; there you will find many beggars gathered for their daily meal of mush. Give to them a refreshing draught, and be here at the same spot day after tomorrow with a fresh lot of buttermilk."

Winiski rushed off, pleased to do the bidding of his kind friend, and how the faces of the tired beggars lighted up at the unexpected gift of the boy.

"But it is not my gift," when, for the third time, the boy brought the full yellow tub to the street of the beggars.

"Whose is it then?" they asked in chorus.

"A man who wore a military coat, and always a fresh flower in his buttonhole, and—"

A shout arose. "Why, that's the Little Father himself—the great Czar!" they cried, and the buttermilk boy blinked with astonishment and pride.—Selected.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

TEACHING SCHOOL.

"I don't like doing housework,"
Said little Millie Brown;
"I don't like washing dishes.
Or sweeping cobwebs down.
I do not like the ironing,
Or making bread and pie;
I hate to do the scrubbing,
And sewing makes me sigh.

"But there's one thing I do like
In weather hot or cool—
From morning until evening
I just love teaching school.
So, early every morning,
I take my little broom,
And teach him how to hurry
And sweep the sitting-room.

"And then I teach the duster
The furniture to clean,
Till everything is shining
That room's four walls between,
Each day I teach the dish-cloth
To wash the cups and spoons,
And all the time we study
We sing the gayest tunes.

"I teach my little flatiron
To gallop here and there,
And leave the clothes behind him
All shining smooth and fair.
I teach my little mopstick
To scrub the kitchen floor.
He says his lesson better
Each day than e'er before.

"I teach my little needle
The hem to stitch and run;
And, oh, he smiles so proudly
When well the lesson's done!
At night, when school is over,
And lessons all are said,
I teach my feet to carry
The teacher off to bed."

—Selected.

WHAT ONE GIRL BEGAN.

Not many years ago, there lived in one of our large cities a little girl who was just about as clever and as patient as most other little girls—no more, no less. Like the average little girl, she was not of any particular importance to anybody, but her family, and herself. But she had a warm little heart, and used it when an opportunity came her way. She noticed that a poor family on a neighboring street had a half-clad baby, and she determined, all by herself, to do something for the child. She saved her pennies, and studied the question of material, cut and price, working out her plans little by little, till she had bought and made a complete outfit of twenty-two article, even providing soap and towels. Then she took it round on Christmas Day, and presented it. The mother's gratitude was great, and the little worker was so delighted with her success, and had found the work so pleasant in the doing, that she tried to interest some of her playmates in helping to clothe another baby. They decided to form a society, "like grown-up people," and call it the Christ-Child Society; and so its loving, quiet mission began.

That little society has grown until it helped twelve hundred children last year. It has branches now in two other large cities where its members have moved, carrying their helpful work with them. It not only takes thought for little babies, but for children who need country vacations, or libraries, or instruction in sewing, basket-making, and so on. At Christmas, each member undertakes to brighten the day for at least one poor child. The child, if old enough, is requested to write a letter, asking for the gift most desired by its little heart. 'One tiny homeless waif wrote:

"Dear Christ-Child: Please send me a doll. I never had one in my life. I have no address; I lives around. But send to the lady, and I will get it."

One thousand such letters were sent and bountifully answered last Christmas.

The little girl who began the society is now a woman. She is still its president. It is a great happiness, every year, for her to see its work widening and deepening. She has chosen for its motto, "To work is to pray." To her will always be given the credit of having established a beautiful and noble charity. But it began just in a little girl's life, and in a little girl's way. The secret of beginning where you are was the secret of her success.

There are ever so many girls who read this who want to be able, and do large things for the world. They dream of what they will do, some day, when the opportunity comes in all its glory. But the trouble with these dream-castles is that they stay in the air, because no good, solid foundation is being built, every day, for them to float down and settle upon. There is nothing surer than the attraction of air castle

and earth foundation, when once the stones are laid. It is as certain as the attraction of gravitation. Every great life that has realized its castles in the air has realized them by this simple and sensible method.

But the stones of a foundation are not particularly glorious-looking. They must be laid down, one by one, in the clay of everyday life. They don't look like part of the castle that is coming. In reality, they are its most essential part. Twenty-two little articles, sewed and shaped clumsily enough by untried childish fingers—these did not look like foundations of a big society. Yet everyone of them was a beginning of beautiful usefulness and of deserved honor.

I suspect, however, that the little girl, as she sewed away, was not thinking of herself at all, but of the little destitute baby who needed the things so badly. That is the foundation of foundations, after all—not to think about one's self. An air castle that is built only for the girl herself, never, never can come true. The way to do noble things for others, and for God, is to keep thinking about others, and about God; and so to work, will truly be to pray, and life will be built up fair, and true and glorious, under the abiding light of heaven.—Selected.

The girl who is not gentle lacks a crowning charm.—Selected.

“One of the most beautiful traits in the life of a girl is simplicity.”

To be happy men and women, we must learn, as boys and girls, to find our interests and our work in life largely outside of ourselves. Selfishness poisons the springs of happiness.—Exchange.

“Do you like to do that kind of work, over and over, day after day?” some one asked a humble worker.

“I have learned to like to do what I have to do, what I ought to do,” said the worker, smilingly.

If duties come to us, that ought to be done, even though they are not of our own choosing, let us catch the spirit of the humble worker and undertake the task with a smiling face.”

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

WHEN TED'S AWAY.

When Teddy has gone for a visit
Such a change as comes over the house!
There's not, from one day to another,
Enough racket to startle a mouse.
The cook is no longer molested,
The puppies are never at strife,
Grandpa's mid-day nap is unbroken,
And the cat has some peace of her life.

There is no one to ask endless questions,
And no one to race through the hall,
There is never a whoop or a whistle,
And never a door banged at all;
No coaxing to "tell us a story,"
And never a lesson to say—
Oh, the house is delightfully quiet
And peaceful when Ted is away!

But when there is no boyish laughter
To make even burdens seem light,
And no little tired lad to cuddle
On a motherly shoulder at night;
And no one to whisper at bedtime,
With a shy, tight hug and a kiss,
That in all the wide world he is certain
There isn't a mother like his.

There is no one to run on an errand,
And no one with "secrets" to tell,
There is no one to find grandpa's glasses,
And hunt for his slippers as well;
And somehow or other we're feeling
That an hour seems as long as a day—
Oh, the house is so dreadfully quiet
And lonesome when Ted is away.—Selected.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

No boy can afford to neglect his work, and with a boy, work, as a rule means study. I am no advocate of senseless and excessive cramming in studies, but a boy should work, and very hard. At his lessons, in the first place, for the sake of what he will learn, and in the next place, for the sake of the effect upon his own character of settling down to learn. Shiftlessness, slackness, indifference to studying, are almost certain to mean inability to get on in other walks of life. Of course as a

boy grows older, it is a good thing if he can shape his study in the direction toward which he has a natural bent; but whether he can do this or not he must put his whole heart into it. I do not believe in mischief-making in school hours, or in any kind of animal spirits that makes poor scholars; and believe that those boys who take part in rough, hard play out of school will not find any need for horse play in school. While they study, they should study just as hard as they play foot-ball in a match game. It is wise to obey the homely old adage: "Work while you work; and play while you play."

There is no need to be a prig. There is no need for a boy to preach about his own good conduct and virtue. If he does he will make himself offensive and ridiculous.

But there is urgent need that he should practice decency; that he should be clean and straight, honest and truthful, gentle and tender, as well as brave. If he can once get to a proper understanding of things, he will have a far more hearty contempt for a boy who has begun a course of feeble dissipation or is untruthful or mean or dishonest, or cruel, than this boy and his fellows can possibly in return feel for him.

The boy can become a good man by being a good boy—not a goody-goody boy but just a plain, good boy. I do not mean that he must love only negative virtues. I mean he must love the positive virtues also. "Good" in the largest sense should include whatever is fine, straightforward, clean, brave, and manly. The best boys I know—are good at their studies or their business, fearless, stalwart, hated and feared by all that is wicked and depraved, incapable of being aught but tender to the weak and helpless. A healthy-minded boy should feel a hearty contempt for the coward, and even a more hearty indignation for the boy who bullies girls or small boys or tortures animals.

In short, in life as in a foot-ball game the principle to follow is:

Hit the line hard; don't foul and strike, but hit the line hard.—
Theodore Roosevelt.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

Never you mind the crowd, lad,
Or fancy your life won't tell;
For work is work for a' that
To him that doeth it well.
Fancy the world a hill, lad;
Look where the millions stop;
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad;
There's always room at the top.

—The Day Star

PARTIES AND GAMES

"FLIP, FLAP, FLUMMERY."

"Flip, flap, flummery," a new game, is so simple that any one can play it without "previous experience," although it is guaranteed to keep the brightest wits in the company constantly on the "qui vive." In this game flip is the figure 5, flap a cipher, flummery the figure 2, syllabub is the figure 7, squash the figure 9. The flip-flappers from a circle with their chairs, and beginning at No. 1, name the numbers from one to five hundred. Each person in turn names a number. Wherever a combination occurs containing flip, flap, flummery, etc., the number is not mentioned, its name being substituted. Thus the number fifteen is omitted, and flip substituted; the number twelve is omitted, and flummery takes its place. If two or more occur in one combination of figures the names are combined. Thus the number 209 is flummery, flap, squash. Each player has five points to keep or lose. Each time he gives a number which contains a flip-flap instead of giving its name he loses a point. The rule of succession renders the game doubly exciting. According to this regulation, if any one fails to give a flip-flap number correctly the person next to him resumes the counting and corrects the mistake. This renders it difficult for any player to calculate just what combination is likely to fall to one's share.

THE GOOD LITTLE MAN.

One says, "I sell you the house of my good little man." The next, "I sell you the door of the house of my good little man." The next, "I sell you the lock of the door, etc.," and so on at pleasure.

These games may be adapted to memory and drill work in school to advantage. For example, The Good Little Man may be transformed into something like this: "I will sell you wool when you come to the city of Boston." "I will sell you shoes and hides and leather and wool when you come to the city of Boston." "I will sell you cloth and boots and shoes and hides and leather and wool when you come to the city of Boston." And this may be continued with the addition of Jewelry, clocks, cutlery, etc., until it is time for some one to say, "And that is the most that I will sell you when you come to the city of Boston."

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

THE HOUSEHOLD FAIRY.

Have you heard of the household fairy sweet,
Who keeps the home so bright and neat?
Who enters the rooms of boys and girls,
And finds lost marbles or smooths out curls?
Who mends the rent in a girlie's frock,—
Or darns the hole in a Tomboy's sock?
If you don't believe it is true, I say
You may search and find her this very day,
In your home.

You must not look for a maiden fair,
With starry eyes and golden hair;
The hair may be threaded with silver-gray
But one glance of her eyes drives care away.
And the touch of her hand is so soft and light
When it smooths out a place for your head at night.
My household fairy you cannot miss,—
It's "Mother."

—Alice B. Huling.

NEGLECT.

Simply go on as you have begun—simply "neglect the great salvation"—and you will make your everlasting ruin sure.

Many faithless, foolish parents have stood by the grave of a child which they dug with their own hands. How? Did they administer slow poison, or strike an assassin-knife through the young heart? No; but they killed their child just as surely, by simple neglect of the first laws of health.

Many a father, too, has wrung his hands in agony before the prison-cell which held a ruined son, or over a letter which told him of a son's disgrace, and on those very hands rested the guilt of that boy's ruin. Why? Had they led that boy into Sabbath-breaking, or theft, or profligacy? No; but they had left the youth alone, and left him to rush into them unrestrained. Neglect was the boy's ruin. There is no need that the man in a skiff and Niagara's rapids should row toward the cataract; resting on his oars is quite enough to send him over the awful verge.—Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

THE HABIT OF THREATENING CHILDREN.

The habit of threatening is a bad element in the training of children; unless threats are meant, the mother has nothing to gain in

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

using them, and she loses much of the respect of her child. In a remarkably short time he learns that the mother's threats are mere words, that they mean nothing; so he continues to do exactly as he pleases in spite of them, while the mother sighs and wonders why her child is so disobedient.

I heard recently of a mother who told her little girl to change her shoes before going to drive. The child fretted and whined, and while she did not positively refuse, neither did she make any effort toward obeying the mother's request. After ten or fifteen minutes of unpleasant skirmishing between mother and child came the threat, "Very well, then; you shall not go to drive with me unless your shoes are changed."

At this the little girl made a sudden run for the hall, then slowly edging her way sidewise down the stairs, kept calling back, "I'm going to get the carriage, I'm going to get the carriage." She kept this up until she reached the door, then darted out and did get into the carriage. The mother meanwhile was helplessly exclaiming: "What is there to be done with such a disobedient child? I know I ought to bring her right back and insist upon her minding me, and really she should have a good spanking; but if I attempt to bring her back she will scream and kick, so I suppose I must give in rather than have a scene."

When the mother went out, this prematurely wise little girl greeted her with the sweetest smile and these words: "You did not mean a word of what you said, did you, mother? I knew it." And with a knowing twinkle in her eye she added, "If you really want me to, I'll change my shoes next time." The mother, who but a moment ago was distressed and mortified at the disobedience of her little girl, now laughed and thought her remarkably clever, and so she was.

All the greater is the pity that a child naturally so bright and really lovable should not have her rare talents, developed by judicious management.—Marianna Wheeler, in *Harper's Bazaar*.

People should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures by furnishing them the means of innocent ones. In every community there must be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy as well as labor, and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature.—Channing.

"In your efforts to win the boys and girls have you ever put personal solicitude to the fullest test? It succeeds often where all glittering inducements fail."

BOOK DEPARTMENT

The Articles of Faith.

The teachers in the Fifth Grade are constantly using Dr. Talmage's Articles of Faith. The Deseret Sunday School Union has issued a Pocket Edition, bound in leather, on good paper with clear readable type. Price \$1.00. We take pleasure in recommending its use to Primary Officers.

EVERY DAY LIVING BY ANNIE PAYSON CALL.

The General Board have read and discussed this book with pleasure and profit. It is recommended as a basis for study in all officers meetings and to every mother, and teacher, in the Church. It is full of lessons which teach hope and give inspiration to a better life. It may be ordered at this office. Price \$1.25 net. Postage extra.

LITERARY VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

Where will you find such poetry? Milton said: "There are no songs like the songs of Zion."

Or such oratory? Daniel Webster said: "If there is aught of eloquence in me, it is because I learned the Scriptures at my mother's knee."

Or such logic? Lord Bacon said: "There is no philosophy like that of the Scriptures."

Or unity and completeness of beauty and power? Froude said: "The Bible is in and of itself a liberal education."

Or what book or books can compare with it? Sir Walter Scott said: "Bring me the book." "What book?" "There is but one book, the Bible."—*A Quiver of Arrows.*

CHILDREN'S READING.

There is no task of the teacher that can surpass in importance this work of forming right tastes of reading among children. It makes not so much difference what children learn as what they love. What they learn they will forget; what they love they will keep. If children do not learn to use and appreciate good books at school, they will hardly ever learn, and their education will not amount to much. The school has to do with child and youth, but the library has to do with the child, the

the youth and the man until the end of his life. A good book is a blessing, but an evil one a curse.—*D. B. Johnson.*

KEEP YOUR BOOKS CLEAN.

Many of the prettiest of the books you own are bound in white or something about as delicate, and after a little handling they look soiled and shabby. It is not necessary to leave them in this condition, however. New bread is excellent for cleaning soiled covers. Use it as you would an eraser, taking a fresh piece as soon as that which you are using becomes dingy. The erasers such as crayon artists use will remove the finger prints from the pages without defacing the paper.—Selected.

LIFTING MAGNETS.

One of the most fascinating achievements of modern science is the feat of lifting by magnets. Enormous weights are lifted by the drawing power of some monster magnet. This fact in the physical world has its parallel in the realm of the spiritual. There are other magnets—powerful ones. A very potent influence is that of books. Girls who read Louisa Alcott's wholesome, homely, merry, and sensible stories are almost sure themselves to grow home-loving, merry, and sensible. To be careless of one's reading is unconsciously to trifle with great forces of good or evil. For there are magnets of evil as well as good—magnets that do not lift, but drag forever and irresistibly downward. Look out that your ideals are such as to aid you to mount upward. They will surely be a motive power, upward or downward, according to their nature, and you cannot escape their influence. The thing that you can do, and that you are to blame for not doing, is choosing your own ideals.—Selected.

A bad book is as dangerous to the soul as a dose of poison to the body. The skull and crossbones ought to be on its cover, for it often, alas, brings ruin and death with it into many young lives.—Selected.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

WOULD WE?

If we had seen Christ with the lame, the halt, the blind, the poor who cry,
If we had known Him as He came in touch with sin and leprosy,
Would we who care what people say,
Have walked with Him a little way?
Would you or I?

If He had bidden us to come, the night before He was to die,
To supper in that upper room that overlooked Gethsemane,
Would we who live by park or fen
Have supped with common fishermen?
Would you or I?

If we had been among the throng that saw the lowly Savior die,
If we had heard the cruel song, the heartless jest, the mockery,
Would we who now His triumph sing
Have hailed Him then as Lord and King?
Would you or I?

We love the Easter anthems sweet, our prayers ascend to God on high;
We cast our treasures at His feet, and sing with joy His victory;
But when as man He lived with men
Would we have seen His glory then?
Would you or I?

—Selected.

April Conference.

A meeting for Primary officers, Stake and Local, will be held during the Annual Conference of the Church in Salt Lake City, Utah. The time and place will be announced later in *The Deseret News*.

Special Invitation to Primary Officers.

The General Board of the Primary Associations extend a cordial invitation to all interested in the Primary work to come and visit with them in their new home in the Bishop's Building. Here will be found all the supplies that are necessary for the successful conduct of Primary work. A good collection of books for the use and benefit of the officers. Books for entertainments, such as, drills, cantatas, operettas, recitations, songs, tableaux, etc. Officers will be welcome to come and inspect the supplies and make their own selections. Members of the General Board will be in attendance to give any advice or counsel which may be needed. *Come and see us.*

Teaching Reverence and Respect.

The majority of the children of today are somewhat lacking in reverence and respect for sacred people and places, and for those whose position or age would naturally call for respectful consideration from others. The Primary Associations long ago decided that every effort should be

made to combat this condition and to inspire in the children admiration and respect for worthy actions, noble lives, proper authority, old age, etc.

The children can be helped through rightly directed reading and good lessons, but the best results in teaching proper respect will be obtained by example; it is much more effective than precept and though excellent lessons may be presented one disrespectful action on the part of the teacher may undo and forever ruin the results labored for in teaching this important lesson.

Every meeting with the children, either in the Association or out of it is an opportunity for the teacher to give to her children lessons that will be of the greatest assistance in establishing the right way of thinking as well as doing towards those to whom we owe respect and reverence.

The teacher, must herself feel that which she desires to teach. Be reverential in manner and action when teaching about sacred persons and places; the bowed head and lowered voice, expresses much that may not be heard in words. The teacher who whispers in a meeting or in any way shows that she has no interest or respect for the occasion, cannot expect to have much influence with her children in the Primary Association.

Visitors to our meetings give an excellent opportunity for the teachers to show how to be respectful and courteous to strangers and friends. The children should be required to place chairs, take care of wraps or in any other possible way be polite and attentive.

Another very fine opportunity is given at the Annual Conference of the Primary Association. This is the children's meeting, and in the preparation for it, time should be taken to discuss with the children as to the very nicest way we can show appreciation to our parents and friends, and especially the visitors for coming to see what the children can do. A place must be set apart with special chairs, which may be borrowed for the occasion, for the Bishop and his counselors; then perhaps some of the Stake Authorities will honor us with their presence; maybe the Stake President of the Primary Associations or some members of her Board will come others whom we will be delighted to see. These good people come to see and hear the children, and while it is not wisdom to have preaching at these meetings the Local President or one of her assistants should announce the names of distinguished visitors and extend words of welcome and appreciation for their presence. They must always be given seats of honor, and be where the children will see them and can feel the influence of their presence.

We urge upon all Local workers in the Primary Associations to be especially careful in this respect and to never allow any golden chance to teach reverence and respect to pass them by. The Priesthood, persons holding positions of trust and those who are old, should always be treated with the most extreme courtesy and receive all possible honor from Primary officers and children.

"Eternity and God are not mere words, but present realities. God is; eternity surrounds us. Now is the present tense of eternity. We can only find God in our hourly work, in our daily living, if we are to find Him truly."

"The work which we count so hard to do
He makes it easy, for He works too;
The days that are long to live are His,
A bit of His bright eternities,
And close to our need His helping is."

—Selected.

RECITATIONS

A FLOWER LADY.

My dress is made of satin;
I come when skies are blue;
And in the sunny meadows,
I wait and watch for you.

I know you love me dearly,
For when you take me up,
I hear your voice exclaiming,
"Why, here's a buttercup!"

—Helen M. Richardson.

THE HUNGRY CHICKENS.

There was an old hen in a coop,
Whose chicks made a beautiful group;
But they ate all day long,
Which was certainly wrong,
And caused their poor mother to droop.

She foraged for crumbs at the door,
She scratched them up worms by the score;
She fed them all day,
In her motherly way,
And still they were crying for more.

Then Tommy declared: "It's a shame!
Those chickens are surely to blame.
But I'll throw corn and wheat,
Every bit they can eat;
For to fill them quite full is my aim."

Now Tommy throws grain from the door,
And the hen scratches worms by the score;
The chicks eat all day,
And I'm sorry to say
That still they are asking for more!

—Hannah G. Fernald.

A WISE LITTLE BEE.

Once a little brown bee was invited to tea
By a little proud lily he knew,
So he hastened away that very same day
To partake of her fresh honey dew.

Now this little brown bee so delighted was he,
That he really forgot to go home,

And lingered and sipped till the yellow sun dipped
Far down, and the twilight had come.

Oh! this poor little bee, how embarrassed was he!
For his hostess then went straight to sleep
Her green shutters closed tight, all safe for the night,
With little bee fast in their keep.

Since then, little bee, when he goes out to tea,
To save his feelings a shock
By failing to know when home he should go,
Just carries a red "four o'clock."

—Selected.

FREDDY'S PROFESSION.

When I'm a man; I'd like to be
Something big and great;
An admiral who lives at sea,
Or governor of my State.

I'd like to be an engineer,
Who runs the State express;
I'd like to be a brigadier,
And eat my meals at mess.

I'd like to keep a candy store,
Or write a book or two—
About the countries I'd explore
From here to Timbuctoo.

And then, I think, it would be fine
If I could—by and by—
Be a captain on a baseball nine,
A Sampson or a Schley.

So now I think I ought to grow
The quickest way I can:
For what I'd really like, you know,
Is first to be a man.

But when I ask my Uncle James
What he would most enjoy,
He laughs at me, and then exclaims:
"I'd like to be a boy."

—St. Nicholas.

THE PEBBLES' LESSON.

How smooth the sea-beach pebbles are!
But, do you know,
The ocean worked a hundred years
To make them so?

And once I saw a little girl
Sit down and cry
Because she could not cure a fault
With one small "try"!—Selected.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

LESSON SEVENTEEN.

Love.

Memory Gem:

"God sends His love to us,
To make our goodness grow,
Let us be sweet like flowers,
That in the garden blow."

Review Lesson Sixteen.

Recite the memory gem from the last lesson and let the children tell you how we may be gentle, kind and obedient. Bring in the little home duties in your talk, emphasizing the part that little children may take in making home a happy place in which to live.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Seventeen:

Talk about the various kinds of wild flowers which are blooming now. Flowers that bloom in the house. Flowers that grow in our gardens. The colors and odors may be talked about. What does God send to the flowers to help them to grow into beauty and fragrance.

What does God give to little boys and girls to help them to be beautiful and sweet like the flowers. (Repeat memory gem.) Talk about the good things which God gives. Go into details, allowing the children to tell as much as they can about parents, home, etc.

Why do flowers give us pleasure? They look beautiful and smell sweet and it makes us happy to see them and to have them in our homes. How do mothers and fathers make us happy? How may boys and girls make mother and father happy? We have all these nice things because (repeat memory gem).

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "The Little Watchers."

"Agnes!"

Agnes ran quickly into her mother's room.

"If you see Doctor Preston go by," said Mrs. Ives, "or any other doctor, you would better call him in. I'm afraid I'm going to be sick."

Agnes went from the room with a troubled face. It seemed to her that mother was pretty sick now; she talked so little, and was not at all like herself. She had been in bed all day.

"Paul," she said to the little brother by the window, "mother wants a doctor. We must watch for one."

"I can go up to Doctor Preston's."

"Mother doesn't wish to have us go out in such a storm. The snow is very deep."

"Yes," Paul admitted; "but I guess I could go."

"Mother says, 'No,' so we must keep watch. Perhaps he'll go by."

The snow covered the road tracks and banked the window sill, and shut out much of the familiar view, making the children feel very lonely.

"I wish mother would get well," longed Paul; but his sister's eyes were fixed on an approaching carriage.

"I believe that is Doctor Grimes!" she said. "Yes, it is!" as the horse drew nearer. She ran to the door, and called.

The physician came in, scattering the snow from his great coat, and bringing a big whiff of icy air.

"Whew, but it is a blizzard this time!" he said, as he warmed his hands before the stove. After seeing Mrs. Ives, he dropped some medicine into a tumbler of water that Agnes brought to him.

"Give her a teaspoonful of this every half hour, until she perspires freely. That may not be till sometime in the night. Do you suppose you can keep awake?"

"I'll try," Agnes said.

"You must! Everything depends upon it. If your mother isn't better by morning she'll have to have a nurse."

If the physician had not had so many worrisome cases on his hands, he surely would have realized that those children ought to have had an older person with them over night. As it was, he only bade them be sure to follow his directions.

At seven o'clock Paul astounded his sister by announcing that the clock had stopped.

"Oh," she cried, "what shall we do?"

"We'll not know when to give mother her medicine!" said Paul in a scared voice.

Agnes thought hard. She wound the clock, and set it going again.

"Tick, tock! Tick, tock!" went the little timepiece.

"It's all right!" exulted the children. But in five minutes it stopped once more. Agnes gazed at it desperately, and then again swung the pendulum. It went for two minutes.

"Say," exclaimed Paul eagerly, "why can't we keep it going? We can take turns!"

"We will!" cried Agnes.

Agnes and Paul Ives never will forget that night of the blizzard, when they kept the pendulum from stopping. One would take a nap on the couch, while the other would watch the clock. At midnight Agnes nearly lost herself, which so frightened her that she was wide-awake in a hurry.

Next morning the doctor found his patient much better, and he complimented the little watchers.

"You have saved your mother from an attack of fever," he told them. "Now she will be all right in a day or two."—Emma C. Dowd.

LESSON EIGHTEEN.

Obedience.

Memory Gem:

"Even I, a tiny child,
May help some one today,
I can make my parents glad
If quickly I obey."

Review Lesson Seventeen.

Recite memory gem from last lesson. Review talk about flowers, home life, etc. Let the children tell how Agnes and Paul took care of their sick mother. They were beautiful and useful too.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Eighteen:

Recite the new memory gem and then continue the thought about the flowers, how they give pleasure because they do their duty. Children who keep themselves sweet and clean will be like flowers. They must find out what father and mother want them to do and then do it. Talk about the little duties which children are usually required to perform and the right time in which they should be done, "I can make my parents glad if *quickly* I obey." Emphasize the quickly.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Note: (If the teacher objects to telling a fairy tale, there are a number of stories on obedience in back numbers of the "Friend" which may be used.)

Story, "Princess Silkilocks."

I am going to tell you a fairy story today. It isn't a true story; it is about a princess who was so much like some little folk that I knew and it tells us about some flowers, so I thought, maybe, it would help us to remember to mind and obey our fathers and mothers.

You have heard so many times about little children being disobedient that perhaps it will be a comfort to you to hear about a fairy princess who should have been good—and who wasn't. It all happened in this way. Usually, like the little girls and boys we know, the Princess Silkilocks was sweet and dear and good, but once in a while she certainly did not act as a fairy princess should. Perhaps she was a little bit spoiled. In fact, we think there was no doubt at all about that. One day the King and Queen of Fairyland went off for a visit, leaving Silkilocks in the care of her nurse, a very strict old grasshopper. There were many servants in the fairy palace to look after Silkilocks but as soon as the King and Queen were gone they all ran off for a good time, too, and the strict old grasshopper went to sleep, and Silkilocks began to feel very lonesome, indeed. We can't help feeling sorry for her, can we? It was one of those dark nights when the moon does not shine but when the fireflies are so bright they look almost like flying stars as they roam about among the flowers, and Silkilocks stood at her window looking out of doors and crying softly to herself. Suddenly she heard music, and there right before her window was a real fairy orchestra of grasshoppers and crickets and katydids playing away for dear life, on their way to a fairy ball. "I'm going to the ball, too," declared the fairy princess to herself. "If no one stays to take care of me, then I'll take care of myself, so there!" So she went into the Fairy Queen's room and put on one of her mother's lovely cobweb gowns embroidered with dew and spangled with moonbeams, and coiled her pretty hair high up on her head, and then she went out to the fairy stables and jumped on the back of her favorite moth, and away she went to the ball. And she certainly did have a good time. Once in a while she remembered that her mother had said, "Be very good while we are gone," but not very often, for the grasshoppers and the crickets and the katydids played such lovely music, and the other fairies were all so good to the pretty little Silkilocks that she quite forgot how naughty she was to run away from home. But just as the fun was at its merriest she heard a queer rumbling noise, and she knew right

away what that meant. It was the rumble of the coach of the King and Queen of fairies, drawn by fat dormice. Her father and mother were coming home unexpectedly! What should the little Princess do? For the first time she realized how very naughty she had been. She told her troubles to one of the fireflies and he felt so sorry for the little Princess that he gave orders for all fireflies to put out their lights, and under cover of the darkness Silkilocks sped home. She reached there before her father and mother did, hung up the cobweb, put the moth in the stable, and hurried to bed, having first hung her mother's slippers on a bush to dry, for they were dripping with dew. When the King and Queen slipped into her room she was already asleep. In the morning as soon as she woke she hurried out to put the slippers away, but just as she drew near the bush a little girl passed by and saw what she thought were two beautiful flowers, and picked them and went off, leaving Silkilocks crying underneath a rose leaf. Then it was that the Fairy Queen found her, and Silkilocks was so sorry by this time that she told her mother everything. "I won't ever be bad again," she sobbed. "Not till the next time," said the Fairy Queen, gently. "But I must help you to remember." And so she did, by planting flowers everywhere, the lovely lady's-slippers of our gardens, to remind all little fairies to be obedient.—Selected.

LESSON NINETEEN.

Politeness.

Memory Gem:

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

Review Lesson Eighteen:

Re-tell the story of Princess Silkilocks and from the myth of the Lady-slippers carry the thought of the beauty and fragrance of the flowers into the little duties of childhood to show that keeping one's self neat and clean, being cheerful, happy and obedient is to live like the flowers, and that by so doing we will be showing that we truly love each other and that, (repeat memory gem from last lesson.)

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Nineteen:

Tell the story "In Japan" and then talk with the children about some of the ways we can be polite and kind. A very good exercise is to have one of the children stand in the front or in the center of the class and beckon to another and when they meet to bow politely, shake hands and say "how do you do." In Kindergarten Chimes will be found a very pretty little game with words and music called "Every-day politeness," which would be most suitable for this lesson and could be used often as a rest exercise.

Story, "In Japan."

Pretty as butterflies are the little Japanese children, and just as polite as little folks can be. Japanese fathers and mothers would think the world was coming to an end if their little folks said, "I won't," and stamped their feet in anger when things went wrong. And why do you suppose Japanese children are so very polite? Because from the time they are babies they are told that they must try always to make other people happy. And after all, that is what true and real politeness is, making other folks happy. Then, too, the grownup people are forever trying to make the children happy, and they succeed so well that Japan is called a "Paradise for

Babies." Japanese children are taught to laugh when they are hurt, and smile when they feel sad. That is why you hear only kind words and happy laughter when Japanese, little ones are playing together. But then of course, you can find kind words and happy laughter in America, too, for Japanese children are not the only good children in the world, by any means. No, indeed! Japanese mothers love to tell their boys and girls stories that will teach them to be polite. Sometimes these stories are true, sometimes they are fairy tales, but always they are beautiful. There is one story about the peach blossoms that Japanese little ones like to listen to when the peach trees are in bloom, and every little zephyr sends showers of pink petals down to the earth. One day, so the story goes, a poor woman found a new and beautiful fruit lying on the ground. The woman, although she was poor, and very hungry, would not have dreamed of eating the lovely fruit all by herself, so she carried it home with her and cut it in two so that her husband could have half of it. And there, right in the center of the rosy fruit, was the most cunning fairy imaginable! He hopped right out and said with real Japanese politeness, "A thousand thanks for setting me free! My name is Shin-to. What can I do for you in return for your kindness?" The old man and his wife thought a minute, and finally they asked for the seed of the beautiful fruit to plant, because if it grew other people could enjoy the gift also. And how the fairy Shin-to did smile upon them! And he took the seed and planted it in the ground. And in just one minute little green shoots came up, growing taller each second. Branches and leaves appeared very quickly, and then the loveliest of pink blossoms filled the air with a sweet, wonderful perfume. The flowers soon fell to the ground, and in their place the fruit began to grow, hard and green at first, then turning a beautiful rosy color, touched with yellow where the sunshine fell upon it. When the fruit was quite ripe the fairy Shin-to smiled again and bowed very politely and said good-by. This was the first peach tree that ever grew, so the Japanese people say. Folks came from all over the world to get its seeds and to buy its fruit, and soon the old man and his wife had everything they needed. But we must end this story the way the Japanese mother does. She says, "So you see, we shouldn't have peaches to eat, if *they* hadn't behaved so nicely!"—Selected.

LESSON TWENTY.

Kindness.

Memory Gem:

"All the little children
Who try with patient care
To grow each day more loving
Are Heart's Ease everywhere."

Review Lesson Nineteen:

Recite the memory gem from the last lesson. Let the children help to retell the story "In Japan." For rest exercise play "Every-day Politeness" or other games which teach the children to be polite.

Development of Lesson Twenty:

"Heart's Ease" is another name for pansies. If there are any pansies in bloom it would be nice to have a few to show the children, or a picture of pansies would help. Let the children examine the flowers, talk about them and say which colors they prefer, etc. Tell them that sometimes pansies are called "heart's ease" because when people are sorrowful they have the heart-ache and the little pansy looks up so bravely at the world that sad people sometimes look at it and it makes them feel so much better that the ache goes out of the heart, it is eased of its pain. So with children

if they are brave and try to be like the pansy, always having a bright smiling face they are "heart's ease" and everybody loves them. The stories given for this lesson should be told so that the children will get the thought that little folk have many chances to make others happy.

Singing, rest exercise or games.

Story, "Grandmother's Present."

It was grandmother's birthday and mother was going to send her a beautiful blooming plant. It stood in a large pot in the hall. "It looks like a little fat tree," Patty said.

"And it smells good," said Nellie.

Patty and the twins, Bertha and Bernard, belonged in the house, with the beautiful flower, and Nellie and Dora and Billy Boy had stepped in for the purpose of going to grandmother's birthday party with their cousins, Patty and the twins; for all these little girls and boys were grandmother's grandchildren, and right proud she was of them.

"Who will carry grandmother's present to her?" cried father, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Why, father," said Patty, "it looks like a little fat tree;" but she stopped and tried her best to lift the large pot.

"I can't carry it for you, Uncle Charlie, 'deed I can't," said Nellie.

"Neither can I, Uncle Charlie," said Dora; "I wish I could. I wish Billy Boy could carry it; grandmother would laugh so."

The twins went to the little fat tree and nearly upset the pot in order to do what Billy Boy couldn't.

Then father brought a little red wagon with blue wheels from somewhere around in the yard. He put the big flowerpot into the wagon and placed Billy Boy in front of it. "Billy Boy is to be the driver," he said. "Who will be the horses?"

"Us!" cried the other children.

There was a long golden rope for a tongue to the little wagon, and father harnessed Patty in the lead. Behind Patty he placed the twins, and behind the twins Nellie and Dora. Then he put a bridle with bells on it all around the little laughing horses, and gave the ends of the reins into the chubby hands of Billy Boy who grasped them with all his might.

Then Billy Boy was told to drive steadily, and he nodded.

My, you should have seen grandmother's happy face when the team drove up bringing her that beautiful present! She kissed everybody, but Billy Boy had the first kiss.—Selected.

Story, "Their Fairy Neighbor."

Betty and her father and mother had just moved into the green cottage, and they did not know a single neighbor on the street. That first night while they were at tea the back door bell rang. Betty ran to see who was there, and came back, her eyes big and shining.

"There wasn't anybody there, and this was on the sill!" she said. "This" was a plate of hot muffins, covered with a napkin.

They ate the muffins, and wondered who could be so thoughtful as to send them, and it made them feel quite at home to know that they had such kind neighbors.

At breakfast the next morning the bell rang again, and as before, Betty saw nobody; only she thought she caught a glimpse of something white flashing around the corner of the house. But when she had picked up the plate of piping hot pop-overs, and peeped around to see, there was no one in sight. They laughed and wondered, and enjoyed the pop-overs, and Betty said she was going to watch and find out who it was.

At noon she did watch for a while from the corner of the kitchen; but

at last she grew hungry and went into the dining room to eat her dinner. Pretty soon the bell rang again, and this time a little box of ice cream hung from the door knob; but nobody in view.

"Well, I wonder how long this is going to keep up," said Betty's father.

"I wish we could say 'thank you?'" said Betty's mother.

"Can't you write 'thank you?'" asked Betty.

So Betty's father wrote on a slip of paper, "We would like to know our kind neighbor, so that we could thank her face to face as we do thank her in writing."

Betty pinned it up by the side of the door, and that night when the big piece of chocolate cake came, she saw it was gone.

The next morning, early, Betty's mother found a small bag of rolls on the door knob, and on the bag was written, "From your fairy."

This puzzled Betty a good deal. "Do you suppose it is really a fairy?" she asked her mother.

"I think you will know the fairy some day," she replied, and then you can decide for yourself. Meantime, let us just wait and be glad."

After a few days, just as Betty concluded to watch through a whole meal, the fairy visits became irregular, so she gave up that plan. But one noon, her mother sent her to the refrigerator, which was on the back piazza, for the pudding, and as she started to open the door she caught the sound of a light footstep and stood quite still, her heart fluttering wildly. In a second a little girl and a basket of peaches came in sight—a very astonished little girl she was, too! They stared at each other, and then they began to laugh, and Betty quickly recognized the little girl next door.

The merry time they had then, and Betty was glad to have found out the secret of their fairy neighbor.—Good Housekeeping.

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Lord's Prayer.

Topic for the Month of May—Thy Kingdom Come.

Divisions:

1. My Kingdom.
2. The Kingdom of Home.
3. The Kingdom of Heaven.
4. The Millennium.

LESSON SEVENTEEN.

My Kingdom.

Aim—To awaken in the minds of the children some thought of possibilities of self-control.

Result Desired—Development of power to think about ourselves and judge of some of our actions.

Suggestions:

In these lessons it is hoped that the children will get some knowledge about themselves and the value of self-control. While parents and teachers help all they can each boy and girl must do their part to be well and happy.

Begin your talk with them about their bodies, for instance: What grows on your head? What color are your eyes? What do you use to walk with? To work with? Go into as much detail as you can, permitting

the children to enumerate the various parts of the body and mind and their uses. To whom does your body belong? The children may say God or father and mother. This is partly true, but a child must learn to do without parents, must walk, talk, go to school, etc. without help.

Our bodies grow strong because we eat and drink. How do we get food, etc. Lead from the thought of the parents work to thoughts of God who gives the harvests, streams of water, etc. Why are our bodies strong? develop thought of independence and how each one must learn to take their share in the work that needs to be done. How will you take care of your body? Help the children to see the value of cleanliness and the necessity of being careful so as not to take cold, etc. Eating good food and being able to refuse food that will make the body sick such as candies, cakes, pies, etc. Help the children to understand some of the possibilities of the mind, the part of us that thinks. The part of us that sometimes gets angry, sulky, etc. The part that helps to be kind and helpful and that remembers what parents and teachers say to us to help as to be good.

Lead the children to see that they are the rulers over their own thoughts and that in a way they have a little kingdom of their own. Now what kind of a king or ruler would you like to be?

Memory Gem:

My heart is God's little garden,
And the fruit I shall bear each day,
Are the things He shall see me doing,
And the words He shall hear me say."

Singing, rest exercise or games.

Story, "Angelina."

In the beginner's class there was a little girl whose face was nearly always full of smiles, and her voice sweet and pleasant, but one bright, happy morning I saw her lips were all in pout and her eyebrows drawn together, making a queer little frown, and when I laid my hand on her shoulder and said, "What is the matter, Angelina?" she only wriggled and twisted in her chair. "Come," I said, "let's get up with the other children and march to the ring for the games." But when I gave her my hand she screamed and cried so that the children could hardly hear the march the piano was playing for them. What do you think was the matter with the little girl, what made her do so? Yes, she had lost her temper and was cross enough. How uncomfortable all the children were to have Angelina so cross, and how sorry and troubled the teacher was till Angelina was ready to help and be a pleasant little girl again.

Did you ever try to play with a child who was cross? Did you have a good time? Do you think he had a good time? No, a cross child is not happy. Where does it make you feel badly when you are cross? Ah, yes, it makes the heart all hot and naughty, and unhappy if the cross feelings are not kept out of it.—Selected.

(Recite memory gem.)

Now I will tell you about a man whose name was Nabal, and you shall tell me if his heart ought to have been full of happiness and pleasant feelings, or unhappiness and bad temper.

He had a beautiful home, many cattle, plenty of money so that he could buy almost anything he wished, and a lovely wife to make his home pleasant for him. Do you think he should have been a happy and good-tempered man? He was not either happy or good-tempered. He was cross and ugly. He could not always have been so ill-humored, but by letting the bad temper grow, perhaps at first when he was a little boy, he got to

be such a disagreeable man that no one could have any comfort with him. He could not seem to answer any one pleasantly, for he was hasty in his spirit, and would get angry. Every one near him was unhappy.

David, who could play so nicely on the harp, and who took care of his father's sheep, had grown up now and was a captain with a band of soldiers. He was near Nabal's palace, and he and his soldiers had watched over Nabal's flocks so carefully that no robbers or wild beasts could hurt them. When it came time to shear the sheep Nabal had plenty of things to eat made ready for the men who were doing the work, and most people at such a time would send presents to their friends of good things to eat. David knew this, and so he sent ten of his young men who had helped to take care of Nabal's flocks and told them to give a greeting to Nabal for him, and to say that if he would like to give them some of the good things which he had they would be glad to have them.

If Nabal's heart had been right, if he had not been hasty in his spirit, he would have been glad to do this kindness for David and his men, even if they had never done anything for him. But Nabal was cross; his heart was full of ugly thoughts and feelings, and he answered David's men in an ugly way and would not give them anything. When they went back and told David, he took four hundred soldiers and started for the place where Nabal lived, meaning to fight against him.

Just see the danger that Nabal's surly temper put him in! But his wife Abigail heard about what he had done, and she started to meet David, taking him presents. When she met him she asked him to forgive what Nabal had done, and she was so pleasant and kind that David was very glad to do as she asked. I think he was glad, too, that his anger was checked before it made him do an unkind thing to the man who had been unkind to him.

Nabal could not help showing in his face and voice and all he did how he felt in his heart. No one can help it. If Nabal had wanted to make his face and voice and actions right, what would he need to have right first? What did little Angelina need? A right spirit, so that she would not get angry and say cross words. And we? We need a right spirit too. (Repeat memory gem.)—Selected.

LESSON EIGHTEEN.

Kingdom of Home.

Aim—To impress the thought that the home is a type of heaven.

Result Desired—The feeling deepened that each child must contribute its share to the happiness and well-being of the home.

Suggestions:

Help the children to understand why kings or rulers are necessary. Use the material from the last lesson to illustrate how we are rulers over ourselves that our thoughts are our kingdoms, over which we have control. Use the positions of bishops, teachers or others to illustrate how people have power to govern for the best good of everybody concerned. What would happen if everybody did as they pleased in school? Suppose there was no one to ring the bell for school to begin or for recess, etc? Who says when the bell shall ring? Would you like a school without a principal? Continue by using Sunday Schools, meetings, etc. What would happen if there were no bishop, to take charge of things in the ward? How about home? Who are the rulers there? Go into details of home management to develop the thought of value of good rulers and order, including the demands made upon the father if he does his share in keeping everything orderly and comfortable. Emphasize the value of doing the right thing at the right time such as for the children, doing the chores,

getting lessons, etc; for the mother, washing and ironing days, preparation of meals, etc., the mid-day meal, who prepares it, etc., and then ask what would happen if mother thought it would be all right to have the meal after the school bell had rung; how would the children feel, etc. Suppose a case that the father be careless and indifferent. These with other illustrations of the teacher's own may be used to impress the children with the value of good rulers, the point to be kept in view being the thought of kingdoms with their rulers. The children being the rulers over their thoughts and parents rulers over the home and that the best way is to rule with love as well as order.

Memory Gem:

"There is beauty all around when there's love at home."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "The Homesick Girl."

Where is your home? (Some of the children will answer with street and number.) Yes, but who lives there? If you lived in another house with other people, many days, would that be your home? Where would your home be? Should you want to go back? Whom should you want to see? Yes, I'm sure you would rather go back to stay with your father and mother than to be anywhere else in the world, for home is the very nicest place, and home is where mother is, where father is.

Villa was quite a big girl, almost seven years old. When her mother kissed her good-bye and left her to go to school in the city all winter, she meant to be very brave. So she tried and tried; but when she saw anything she liked, she wanted to run and show it to mamma; and when her finger was hurt in her desk, and she felt the pain all the morning, I think some of the tears came because the little girl longed so for her mother's arms about her; and the kiss and the comfort no one could give like mamma. How she wished for the day when she could go home. Sometimes it seemed as if she could not wait. The tears would come when her little head was laid on the pillow without mamma's goodnight kiss; yet it was a comfort when Villa thought: "Mother is at home waiting for me. She is thinking about me, now, and my little room is all waiting and ready. Soon I can go home, and then I shall see mother and father again. Oh! how glad I shall be!" Villa found her little friend Annie was homesick, too, sometimes, and then she would say: "Never mind, Annie; we're going home in a few days, and then everything will be nice, and we will be happy." So she helped and comforted her little friend.—Selected.

For supplementary story, "How the Home was Built," in *Mother Stories* by Maud Lindsay, is recommended.

LESSON NINETEEN.

Kingdom of Heaven.

Aim—Heaven is happiness.

Result Desired—That the desire be increased to try to be worthy of blessings asked for.

Suggestions:

Review the main points in the last two lessons to make clear in the minds of the children the thought of a Kingdom. Ask many questions about articles, such as toys or gifts, which may be considered as the child's personal property over which it may have complete control. How such property should be used, whether it is better to use it selfishly or sharingly. Other property such as clothing, books, etc., which may be partly

owned by children and parents, discuss the best way in which to use them. Follow with thought of child's body and mind, (which belongs to the child, parents and God), whose property they are and how we should treat them. May we use them for our own selves entirely or should they too be shared, and how? Make clear the thought that if we are the rulers in a way of ourselves it is only by being very wise and careful that we can be good rulers. Continue your thought by a brief review of a home, showing that love, kindness and good rulers must be in it if it be a good home.

The next step is to help the children to a knowledge of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Begin by asking the children if they say their prayers and if so, what they say when they pray. Many of the little children use as a part of their daily prayer the following:

"Now, I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Say this over with the children and help them to see that when we say this prayer we are asking God to take a part of us. What is the soul. Explain as carefully as you can the fact that all die and how the body stays on the earth, but the spirit, the best part of us, the part that thinks and makes the body move goes to our Father in Heaven. Then have a talk about Heaven impressing the thought that it is God's Kingdom—the home where we all hope to go to some day. God is the ruler in His Kingdom; to make this clear compare the Kingdom of Heaven with the Kingdom of home.

Memory Gem:

Singing, rest exercises or games.

It is suggested that the song "I think when I read that sweet story of old" be used in this lesson.

"O dear and holy place
Where God, the Lord, is found;
His words are kind and full of grace,
Bright glory shines around."

Story, "The Beautiful Home."

Jesus' friends were often in trouble. Sometimes they were sick, but sometimes they felt troubled in their hearts. They were tired and discouraged. They did not know how to be good, nor what do, and one evening Jesus called them together and talked with them and comforted them. He told them about his beautiful home, where he had lived before with His Father, and where he would soon go again. Jesus thought about that home at all times. He told them about His dear Father, and that he loved them, as well as Himself. Who was dear Jesus' Father? Yes, but they always lived together in their beautiful home till Jesus came to live here among men for a few years. Did He forget His Heavenly Father? Could He see His Father? What could He do? How do you know Jesus did not forget? When Jesus was tired and sorrowful, He used to talk to His Father in heaven, and He could think of the heavenly home, and He knew it would comfort His friends to know about home, too.

Would you like to hear about the heavenly home? I will tell you some of the things Jesus said to His friends about it that evening, and some of

and things He told them afterward, for His words about it are in the Bible, and I have often read them.

It is such a beautiful home that all the lovely things we have ever seen will be there, and a great many more that we cannot even imagine. The people who are in that home never have any pain, or sorrow, and no one is ever afraid; no crying ever is heard, for all who are there love each other and never do unkind or wrong things. Nothing can come into that home that is not all clean. Jesus and His Father and the angels are there, and all the men, women, and children who loved Jesus when they were on the earth, and now are so happy because they see His face and know that they will be with Him always in His home in heaven. Every one is so happy that all wish to sing songs of praise to God and to Jesus, so that heaven is filled with music and joy.

Jesus told His friends that when He went back to His heavenly home He would prepare a place there for them. So that when they were sad because Jesus was not with them here, or in trouble of any kind, they could think of the home in heaven that Jesus was making ready for them, and they knew that before very long He would let them come and be with Him always. Jesus has asked us to come to; He wants us there, by and by, every one, and has a place made ready for each. But because nothing that is wrong can enter that beautiful place, we will ask Jesus to help us to do right things, and to take away the wrong things that we have done, so that we may be ready when He asks us to come.—Selected.

LESSON TWENTY.

Millennium.

Aim—"Know whereof you speak."

Result Desired—The development in the minds of the children of understanding and appreciation of the wonders of God's love.

Suggestions:

The Latter-day Saints believe that the Savior will come again and reign as King over this earth. That then the earth will be even more beautiful than it is now; that all wickedness and cruelty will be at an end, the thistles and weeds will no longer flourish; the lamb and lion lie down together and all will dwell in peace and love. This beautiful belief should be taught to the children with the thought that every good deed done by us will help to bring about this wonderful happiness. This is what we mean when we say "Thy Kingdom come." We are asking our Savior to come here to our home and make it His home. He promised He would come some day and told us to get ready for the time. Now, how has he told us to get ready? Review carefully such parts of the life of the Savior as are necessary to make your point clear. He says we must learn to take care of our own Kingdom. What is our own Kingdom? (See Lesson Seventeen). How did Jesus take care of His Kingdom when He was a little boy? Refer briefly to incident of Jesus in the Temple with the wise men. (Obedience is the point in this incident.) Where is the Kingdom where our fathers and mothers are the rulers? How must we help there? Refer briefly to the childhood of Jesus—how He was subject to Joseph and His mother (Luke 2:51-52). How He probably helped Joseph in his carpenter's shop, and would carry water and do other things to help His mother so the Kingdom of their home would be a happy one. Some day we shall want to go to the Kingdom of Heaven where God and His Son live now. How may we be ready if we are called? We must love God and keep His commandments and that means to take good care of our bodies, to keep as well and as strong as we can and then see how much we can help others. (Time may be taken here if necessary for a talk on the many

ways in which children may help.) Some day this world that we live in will be very much like the Kingdom in Heaven. If we go to Heaven before this happens we shall come back, we shall only stay there until everything is ready for the Lord to come and make His Kingdom here. The beautiful prayer we say so often will help us very much if when we use it we will think about it and say to ourselves, we are going to try to be ready when the Lord answers our prayer. Repeat the Lord's prayer, say it slowly when you reach the words "Thy Kingdom come."

How many kingdoms do we know about? Our own little kingdom; the kingdom we call home; the kingdom of heaven where God and His Son are living now, and the kingdom that we ask for in our prayers that will be here some day and where we shall all be so happy.

How shall we tell the Lord when He comes that we are very happy to see Him? After we have sung a song (or had a rest exercise) I will tell you how some people tried to make the Lord happy when He was on the earth a long, long time ago.

Memory Gem:

"We will sing the praises of our King."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "The Lord of All."

In the country where Jesus lived they had a celebration every year, at just about this time in the spring. A great many people went to that one city, from all the towns and cities in the land, and there they held a great feast. There were people who came from the town where Mary and Martha and Lazarus lived, from the city where blind Bartimeus lived, from that one where Jairus and his little daughter lived, and Lazarus and Bartimeus and Jairus were there themselves, I suppose, and people from all the cities and villages in the land, and people from the shores of that beautiful lake where Jesus loved so much to be. How many friends there were who saw each other at that feast! How many things they had to talk over!

At this feast there were a great many people talking about some one we know. Who? Yes, they were talking of Jesus. What were they saying? "What do you think," they were saying: "Will Jesus be coming to this feast?" Let me tell you how He came.

After Jesus and his friends started to go to the city, Jesus said to two of them: "Go over there (telling them a place nearby) and you will find a colt and its mother tied there. Bring them to me. If the owner asks you what you are going to do with them, tell him that the Master wants them and he will let you have them." Those two friends went very quickly and gladly, we may be sure, to do what Jesus asked; but they soon came back, bringing the colt. There was no saddle, but the friends took off their coats and put on the back of the colt, and then Jesus sat upon it and so rode into the city. His friends were very glad to see Him ride that way, like a king; and crowds of other people who were going to the city were looking for Jesus, and when they saw Him riding they began to shout and sing praises to Him, waving palm branches in the air, putting branches and even their coats in the road for Him to ride over, and showing Him honor in every way that they could. But there were people in the city, too, who had seen Jesus and knew about the wonderful things He had done; and they were wishing He would come, looking for Him. When they heard the shouts of the procession as it came toward the city, they went out to meet it, and they sang praises too. There were children in that glad company, and Jesus was glad to hear their voices praising Him. The words that they sang as they praised Jesus meant that they knew He was their Savior and King. They all wanted to say of Jesus, "He is Lord of all."—Selected.

THIRD GRADE.

(Children eight and nine years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Ten Commandments.

Topic for the Month of May—Reverence for the Sabbath Day.

Divisions:

1. A Day of Rest.
2. The Resurrection of Jesus.
3. The Sacrament.
4. Fast Day.

Note to Teachers: A number of lessons on reverence have been given in *The Children's Friend* and it is suggested that they be looked over and such material used from them as will add to the interest and benefit of the lessons this month.

Volume 1, page 162.

Volume 2, page 93.

Volume 5, page 346.

Volume 6, page 243.

Volume 8, pages 115 and 338, and the March number for 1910, page 153.

LESSON SEVENTEEN.

A Day of Rest.

Aim—Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.—Psalms 119: 34.

Result Desired—As a result of understanding the necessity for the Sabbath it is hoped that the children will see the wisdom and kindness of the Heavenly Father in establishing a day of rest, and feel a desire to obey the commandment which states so plainly how the day should be observed.

Development of Lesson Seventeen:

Recite the fourth commandment. Relate briefly, or let the children tell you, the story of the creation, as related in the first chapter of Genesis, making the point clear that the Lord always shows us how to obey commandments by doing Himself that which He wishes His children to do. So the Lord worked hard for a period (and to make that period easy for us to understand, equals it to six of our days.) And on the seventh day He rested and hallowed it, meaning that it was a day for a special use. Let the children tell you what they think is the best way to spend the Sabbath day. The wisdom of our Father is very clear in this commandment, and every person needs to observe its rules if they would keep well in body and mind. Rest means more than keeping still. A change from one kind of work to another is often the best kind of rest. Ask the children many questions on the value of rest as found in change; for instance, the activities in school, play, work, etc., standing, sitting, lying down, etc.

To illustrate the thought of change as rest for the mind talk about the way in which the lessons are given in school. The different studies which are taken up each day, the divisions into periods with recess and exercises which give variety and change so that no one gets too tired. Note, too, the periods of rest which the earth passes through during a year.

To illustrate further the thought that the Lord shows His wisdom to His children as plainly as possible in deeds as well as words relate the story of the manna which was furnished the children of Israel during their journey. (Exodus, chapter 16.)

Memory Gem:

"Every good gift comes from God."

Story, "Joshua:"

In the Bible we read these words: "Now it came to pass after the death of Moses the servant of Jehovah, that Jehovah spake unto Joshua." Joshua was the man who had been Moses' helper. Joshua heard God say:

"Moses, my servant, is dead; now, therefore, arise, go over this Jordan. Lead all this people unto the land which I do give unto them.

"Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, to you have I given it, as I spake unto Moses. The land from the wilderness in the south to the snow-covered mountains in the north shall be yours. The land from the great river in the east to the great sea in the west will I give you.

"There shall not any man be stronger than thou art all the days of thy life; as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.

"Be strong and of good courage; for thou shalt cause this people to have the land which I promised their fathers to give them. Be strong and of good courage; for Jehovah thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

In front of Joshua the waters of a river rushed along. The river was the Jordan. The name "Jordan" means "the down-comer." The river was called by this name because its waters rushed as swiftly as waters that rush down a hill.

Beyond the river lowlands stretched away toward the hills. Upon these lowlands flowers, tall grasses, and tall bushes grew. Among the grass and bushes lions and other wild animals made their homes. Under the stones beside the bushes serpents lived in holes.

Beyond the river and the lowest lowlands there was a city. Its name was Jericho. Within this city, behind its walls, lived men who hated the Israelites, as Joshua knew.

Behind Jericho hills and mountains climbed higher and higher toward the west. These hills and mountains with their valleys were a part of the Promised Land.

The hills and mountains with their valleys were the places to which Joshua had been told to lead the Israelites. They were the places about which Joshua had heard God say: "Every place that the sole of your foot shall rest upon, to you have I given it, as I spake unto Moses."

In back of Joshua were the Israelites and their tents. As he thought about the Israelites whom God had chosen him to lead he said to himself: "To reach the Promised Land I must lead the Israelites over the lowlands where the lions live. I must lead them past Jericho, whose people hate us and may seek to do us harm. To reach the lowlands I must lead the Israelites across the River Jordan. How I am to do it I do not know. There is no bridge across the river and the waters are running high. To lead the Israelites to the Promised Land is a hard, hard thing to do. It is hard, but I shall try to do it. I shall try, because that is what God would have me do."

Joshua not only chose to obey God, but he also chose to obey Him quickly. He called his helpers and to them said: "Pass through the midst of the camp. Say to the people: Prepare ye food; for within three days ye are to pass over this Jordan. Ye are to go in and take the land, which Jehovah your God will give you for your own."

Would you hear why it was that Joshua chose to lead the Israelites across the river, over the lowlands, and up to the hills to the Promised Land? It was because he had heard God say to go unto the Promised Land and was ready to obey God's voice.

Learn the words of the promise that God made to Joshua. The words are: "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." (Josh. 1: 5.)

The words are also a promise for us. God will never fail to help us if we listen to His voice, think what He would have us do, and try to obey Him.

Learn what other right thing God asked Joshua to do for Him.

God asked Joshua to remember His laws, to think about them every day and every night, and to try to do as God's laws said.—Selected.

LESSON EIGHTEEN.

The Resurrection of Jesus.

Aim—"Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; she shall bring thee to honor." (Proverbs 4: 7-8.)

Result Desired—Knowledge developed in the minds of the children that the proper observance of the Sabbath is a wise law and will bring blessings to all who will obey the commandment.

Development of Lesson Eighteen.

As the lessons for this month are so closely related it will be well to review the lessons each week. The special point in these lessons being to establish in the minds of the children a reverence for the commandments of the Lord, based on a knowledge of the wisdom and love which the laws of God express. Therefore, review the creation to illustrate the example given by the Lord in working and resting; the gift of manna with its use on week days and on the Sabbath. Continue the thought with a brief review of the life of the Savior, how He came to show us just what to do to be obedient, good and kind. Relate the instances of being blessed in the temple (Luke 2: 21-38), just like our babies are blessed in the meeting houses; the baptism and gift of the Holy Ghost (Matthew 3: 13-17), just like we are baptized and ordained when eight years old. After the baptism Jesus went about "doing good" and the things He did are the things He wishes us to do. He went to meeting; He learned the lessons that were necessary. Although our Savior was the kindest and best man that ever lived there were people who did not understand Him and so did not love Him. They were very cruel and unkind and finally they caused His death. After the death of Jesus the most wonderful thing that ever happened came to pass. After He had been buried for three days in the grave, He came to life, got up out of the grave and walked, visited and talked with His dear disciples and friends! Now, which day do you think the Lord arose from the grave? This makes the Sabbath a more wonderful day because we know that the Lord not only asks us to remember to keep it holy, but it is the same day of the week upon which He arose from the grave. We call this wonderful thing which happened the "Resurrection of Jesus," and it teaches us that Jesus was the Son of God and that He was willing to honor the Sabbath Day.

Memory Gem:

"For the Son of Man is Lord even of the Sabbath Day." (Matthew 12:8.)

Story, "The Resurrection of Jesus."

It was Friday afternoon. It had been the saddest day that ever had come to the people of the world. Jesus, God's Son, who had come from the heavenly home to teach, to help and to save the people from sin, had been put to death by those who would not believe His message and hated Him. Jesus was dead. His mother and His disciples and Mary Magdalene and His friends knew it. The Roman soldiers knew it. The wicked scribes and Pharisees knew it. The governors and the rulers of the land knew it.

Now, there was a certain rich man named Joseph of Arimathea, who had loved Jesus. But Joseph was a man who had been well thought of by

the Jews. He had once been a friend of the scribes and Pharisees. He had learned to love Jesus but he had been afraid to say that he loved Him. He had been afraid to say, "I am a follower of Jesus." Now that Jesus was dead, he was, oh, so sorry he had not been brave enough to tell of his love. He thought to himself, "I will be afraid to do for Jesus no longer." He went to Pilate, the ruler, and asked boldly that Jesus' body be given him.

Near Jerusalem was a beautiful garden in which Joseph of Arimathaea owned a tomb which had been cut out of the rock. It was a new tomb; no man had ever been laid in it. Joseph asked Pilate for Jesus' body and Pilate gave it to him. After Jesus' friends had lovingly made him ready for the grave, His body was placed in the tomb and a great stone was rolled against the door.

The wicked chief priests and the scribes and the Pharisees had already begun to be frightened at the thing they had caused to be done. They went together to Pilate, the ruler, and said to him: "Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while He was yet alive, 'After three days I will rise again.' We have come to ask to seal the tomb until the third day, lest His disciples come by night, and steal Him away."

Pilate said to them: "You shall have a guard. Go your way, make it as sure as you can." They did go. They sealed the heavy door and made it still surer. They left a guard of strong Roman soldiers to watch. And so that Friday night and the next day and the next night Jesus was buried within Joseph's tomb. The wicked chief priests and the scribes and the Pharisees had not yet learned that Jesus was stronger than the heavy stone, and the seal, and the Roman soldiers,—stronger than even death itself. God's angels who had told of His birth to the shepherds, and who had cared for Him in the lonely desert were watching over His tomb. They were a stronger guard than the Roman soldiers.

The first Resurrection Sunday was at hand. It seemed as though the flowers were in the happy secret that the world was soon to know. The morning sun sent its first dim rays over the garden. It was springtime and the lilies and the flowers lifted up their heads to help make that day more joyful. (Tell the story of the coming of Mary and the other women to the tomb.)

When Mary Magdalene and the other Mary hastened out of the tomb they trembled and were amazed at the wonderful sight that they had seen and the wonderful news that they had heard. They were afraid and yet they were happy. Mary Magdalene ran and told the news to Peter and to John. I think that she must have been almost breathless as she panted the words, "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid Him."

Peter and John ran together to the garden, but John outran Peter and reached the tomb first. When John stooped down and looked into the tomb, he saw the linen clothes lying by themselves. Peter quickly reached the place and went in. He, too, saw that Jesus was not there. Then the disciples went away again. (Continue the story as told in Matthew 28: 2-15.)

Some of the women ran to tell the glad news to Jesus' disciples and His other friends. On the way Jesus met these women and said to them, "All hail." They came and worshiped Him. Jesus said to them as the angels had said, "Go tell my brethren to go into Galilee, and there shall they see Me."

When the disciples heard the joyful news they could not at first believe. The words seemed to them as idle tales. But that same day, at evening, Jesus himself came and said to them, "Peace be unto you." Then He showed them His hands and His side which had been pierced. Again He said unto them, "Peace be unto you," and the peace that Jesus gave upon that first Resurrection Day was given freely to everybody in all the world.

(Recite memory gem.)

LESSON NINETEEN.

The Sacrament.

Aim—"This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you." (John 13: 34.)

Result Desired—A deepened impression of the value of the Sabbath Day.

Development of Lesson Nineteen.

Review carefully the two previous lessons, keeping carefully in view the point that the Lord always desires to make us better children, that His commandments are always for our good. Recite the fourth commandment with the class. Let the children tell you how the individuals mentioned in the commandment may arrange daily work so that Sunday may be left as a day of worship and rest. How may children prepare for Sunday?

"When is the best time to study the lessons for Monday? One thing is sure, and that is that Monday's lessons should not be studied on Sunday. Yet there are many boys and girls who seem to study their Monday lessons on Sunday just as a matter of course.

Let us think about it a minute, boys and girls. God bids us keep the Sabbath day holy, and says unto us, "in it thou shalt not do any work."

Now studying our lessons for Monday is surely work, and work, too, that is not necessary, for there is plenty of time when we can study these lessons without waiting until Sunday. We have Friday afternoon and evening, and all day Saturday, and perhaps, if we tried, we might get up a little earlier on Monday morning, and find some time then to learn our lessons before going to school.

Even children may help to preserve the Sabbath day, which is one of the choicest blessings which God has given us.

Let us all resolve that we will not leave our lessons to be learned on Sunday, but let us honor God's holy day by finding some other time to do our school work."

Discuss the best way in which to observe the Sabbath Day, what to do with this precious time of rest. (It is recommended that each teacher read chapter 19 of "Parent and Child" on the Sabbath Day.)

Memory Gem:

Just to believe that God knows best;
Just in His promise ever to rest;
Just to let love be our daily key—
This is God's will for you and me."

Story, "The Lord's Supper."

Twelve men with dusty feet looked at each other. The men were Jesus disciples. They had been walking with Jesus along dusty roads, and their feet showed that they had been doing so.

Beside the door through which the disciples had come, stood a basin and a pitcher. The pitcher held clean, cool water. The water had been left in the pitcher, and the pitcher and basin had been left in the room, that the men with dusty feet might make them clean.

As the twelve disciples looked at each other, Jesus watched them. He watched and waited for one to offer to bathe the others' feet, but no one did. Each turned to the supper table where Jesus waited and watched.

Jesus had asked the disciples to eat supper with Him. It was His last supper with them. Before another night had passed He gave His life to show all people how much He loved them.

After the disciples had gathered about the table, Jesus arose. He laid aside his out-side cloak and fastened a towel about Him. Then He took the

basin and the pitcher with the water. To each disciple He went in turn until He had bathed the feet of all. When He had done this, He put on his cloak and took his place at table.

After Jesus had taken His place at table, he asked: "Know ye what I have done? I have given you an example, that ye also should do as I have done to you." What Jesus meant to teach was that love should make us glad and ready to help others. We know, for He afterwards said to His disciples, "This is My commandment, that ye love one another even as I have loved you."

As Jesus sat at table with His disciples, He took bread. As He held it, He prayed, and thanked God for it. Then He broke it, and gave the pieces to His disciples, saying, "Take, eat."

After Jesus had given the bread to His disciples, He took a cup. Into this cup juices from grapes had been poured. As he held the cup in his hand, He thanked God for the fruit of the vine. Then he passed the cup to His disciples and told them to drink of it. Wonderingly, the disciples did as Jesus said.

As the disciples ate, Jesus told them He was going away. He asked them to meet together after he was gone, and to eat the same kind of supper they had eaten that night. He said, "This do in remembrance of me."

Jesus knew, I think, that eating the supper would help the disciples remember Him, remember how He loved them, remember that He had said, "Love one another, even as I have loved you."

When the supper was ended, Jesus and His disciples sang a hymn. Then they went again into the dusty streets of the city. They passed through the city to a garden on the Mount of Olives. In this garden they passed the night. The disciples slept, but Jesus talked in prayer with God His Father.

Tell the answers to these questions:

Why, do you think, did Jesus wish the disciples to meet after He was gone, and eat a certain kind of supper together?

Learn the words in which He told His disciples to do it: "This do in remembrance of me." (I Corinthians 11: 24.)

What, besides eating supper, did Jesus wish His disciples to do for Him?

Learn the commandment Jesus gave His disciples the night they ate supper together: "This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you."

If we love others, and show our love, whom are we keeping in remembrance? —Selected.

LESSON TWENTY.

Fast Day.

Aim—The Golden Rule.

Result Desired—A desire aroused to be more obedient to God's commandments and the feelings of gratitude and reverence for Divine wisdom deepened.

Development of Lesson Twenty.

Review particularly the service of the Sacrament and its purpose. Read the Sacrament prayers and talk with the children about the way we must live every day if we really desire to have the Spirit of God to be with us. Review briefly the ceremonies of baptism and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. When we are old enough to be baptized we are old enough to think about what we do and we have the gift of the Spirit of God to help us to choose to do right. This Spirit will not stay with us if we choose to do wrong and that is one of the reasons that we have a Sabbath Day and go to meeting and partake of the Sacrament. It is to remind us

to be careful every day to try to do as Jesus did, to love Him and be kind to everybody as He was kind. What did Jesus do for His disciples just before they ate the "Last Supper?" Can you think why He washed their feet? What did He wish everybody to do when He said at the "Last Supper," "This do in remembrance of Me." Once a month, the first Sunday in every month, we have something special. Can you tell me what happens on that day? (The teacher should read the revelation given to the Prophet Joseph in Section 59 of the Doctrine and Covenants, also paragraphs 5, 6 and 7 of Lecture 24, Talmage's "Articles of Faith.") Impress the children with the thought that the great blessings of the Sabbath Day are the opportunities it gives us to remember about Jesus and the things He did and that we must follow Him. Children like to play "Follow the Leader." Jesus is our great Leader and we choose to follow because He loves us and will lead us where we ought to go.

Memory Gem:

"Thank Him for the Sabbath,
Holy day—and blessed,
Best of all the seven,
Hallowed day of rest."

Story, "Mary and Martha."

A little boy, cousin of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus, came running into their house very much excited. "O Cousin Martha," he cried, "the prophet from Nazareth is coming to Bethany again. Hassan, the messenger, says he passed Him on the way. Will you have Him at your house?"

"Of course, He will come to my house," said Martha, rising up on the instant. "And I must do a hundred things to get ready for Him before He comes. The house must be swept from top to bottom. The copper and brazen vessels must be brightened. I must make cakes and sweetmeats, and kill the fatted fowls and get them ready to cook. Oh, there are so many things to do I do not know what to turn to first."

Long before she had them done, Jesus came. His weary face brightened when He saw the smile of welcome that awaited Him, and He was led into the cool guest-chamber that Martha had made so sweet and fresh for Him. But He could not help seeing that she was troubled. She did not have half the things done that she had planned to do. She really wished He had stayed away a little longer till more was done.

When Jesus had rested a while, He came and sat down in the living room, and Mary dropped her work and sat at His feet and talked to Him. Jesus looked toward Martha. He would have liked to have had her come and talk to Him, too, but she was too busy. She went bustling round, now here, and now there, knocking against things in the haste, so hurriedly that she was cross and fretful. At last, she came to the corner where Jesus and Mary were sitting.

Then Martha said, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me. There are the vegetables to prepare, and the table to set, and the sweetmeats to make, and the cakes to tend, and the meat to look after, and a dozen things to be done for your dinner."

Jesus raised His calm eyes and looked at her very gently and lovingly. He knew that she was doing all these things for Him. But He knew, too, that she was getting more things than were necessary, and spending all her time and strength upon things that would pass away instead of things that would endure.

Jesus said, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things. You do not need to do so much. Mary is talking about heavenly things, and how to help others to be good and happy. It does not make us

any happier or better to eat so many different things. Let this trouble go and prepare a simple dinner and let us talk together of better things than food."

Talk about why Jesus loved to go to the home of Martha and Mary and Lazarus. Ask the children if they would not like to have Jesus for a guest in their houses. Tell the story of the boy who put an extra plate on the table "for Jesus," every day, and how some poor person always happened to come to use it. "Jesus cannot come," said the little boy, and so He sends somebody in His stead." Then talk together about how you can regard your guests as sent to you by Jesus in His stead.—Selected.

FOURTH GRADE.

(Children ten and eleven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Word of Wisdom.

Topic for the Month of May—Exercise.

Divisions:

1. Games.
2. Exercises.
3. Rest.
4. Wisdom.

LESSON SEVENTEEN.

Games.

Aim—"In childish play deep meaning lies."

Result Desired—A feeling of gratitude established in the minds of the children for all of the blessings of the Lord.

Memory Gem—"O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever. (Psalms 106: 1.)

Suggestive Talk:

The weakest person can do something to make himself stronger. Some very strong men were feeble when they were boys.

By using a muscle you can make it grow stronger. The arm we use the more is stronger than the other arm. The arms of a blacksmith or of a carpenter are much stronger than the arms of persons who do not exercise.

Boys and girls who live where they can play and work out of doors in gardens and fields are very fortunate. But even in the city there are many kinds of exercise that one can take; and city boys and girls should walk a great deal and play in the parks and other outdoor playgrounds when they can.

The muscles get their food from the blood. Exercise causes fresh blood to flow more quickly to the muscles; and in this way it brings them more food, so that they grow larger and stronger.

Exercising while you are young does much more good than it will when you are older. But you should not exercise so that you overtax your strength. A little five-year-old child should not try to take the same kinds of exercise that a boy or girl of fifteen would take. Such kinds of exercise are not suited to his size and strength. Too hard exercise will keep him from growing, instead of helping him to grow.

A little regular work about the house and garden is the best kind of exercise for the muscles. There is satisfaction in doing well and finishing a piece of work, and we exercise all the more heartily if we have a purpose in moving about.

The exercise that you most enjoy will, as a rule, do you most good. Happiness leads to health, just as health causes happiness.

Girls should play and romp with the same freedom that boys do. Health is as necessary to a girl as it is to a boy, and perfect health is impossible without good exercise.

It is a good thing to exercise for a few minutes every day in your own room, with the windows open so that you can breathe deep breaths of fresh air. Go through the breathing exercises and other exercises for your body that you have learned at school.

The best exercises for children between six and nine years are easy games in which they move about a great deal, such as "Ring-a-Round-a-Rosy," "London Bridge is Falling Down," "Klondike," "Blackman," "Blind-man's Buff," and some of the simpler games of tag.

Such games as "Race-Tag," and "Prisoner's Base" are good for children between nine and fourteen years of age. Simple ball games, such as "One Old Cat," should be played when a boy is from nine to eleven years old. When he reaches twelve he should begin to play such games as shinny, polo, hockey, and baseball.

The boy on a farm takes plenty of exercise out of doors. He is laying the foundation of a healthy body for his manhood. But his exercise comes in the form of work, and "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Games do something for the growing boy and girl that work alone cannot do.

Games train the mind as well as the body. Games and plays help you to learn your lessons, for they teach you to think quickly, and to decide quickly, as well as to act quickly. In baseball a boy develops judgment, skill, daring, and courage. One cannot learn to tell balls and strikes without judgment. He must use skill in batting. It takes daring to try to steal a base, when pitcher and catcher are wide awake; the courage is certainly needed when one is called upon to "slide to the home plate." Learning to swim or skate takes grit.

Bicycling is good exercise, chiefly because it has to be taken out of doors. There is danger of over-taxing the heart if one rides too far or too fast. Tennis is a fine game, suitable for girls as well as boys. It develops every muscle of the body. Football is a game of brains as well as muscle. But football should not be played by young, undeveloped, untrained boys, for the same reason that very little children should not climb trees. There is great risk of being crippled for life in either case.

Walking is one of the best and most natural forms of exercise. Walk erect, knees straight, head well up, chin in, eyes to the front, looking the world in the face. Running and jumping also are healthful to those for whom they are not too violent.

By all means learn to use tools. You will be getting exercise and knowledge at the same time.—Selected.

Note.—Each teacher should make out lists of questions on these lessons that will develop the aim from her own point of view.

Questions on the Lesson:

Recite the memory gem.

Why should we give thanks unto the Lord?

What was the order of the creation?

Why did God make man last?

Why did the Lord say that man should have charge over all the earth?

In the Bible we are told that "he that controlleth himself is greater than he that taketh a city." What does this mean?

What are some of the things which we must control if we would be well and happy? (Appetites, emotions, etc.)

How does the Word of Wisdom help us in the control of our appetites?

What is the value of food for the body?

- What is the result on the mind of the use of unhealthy food?
 What is the value of pure air for the body? What effect does impure air have upon the mind?
 What is the value of proper exercise for the body?
 What will be the result of too much physical exercise?
 Have you ever noticed how young animals play? (Puppies, kittens, etc.)
 What does this play do for the animals?
 There is a great desire on the part of children for play. What is its value?
 What kind of play or games do you like best?
 What part of you is developed through these games?
 As we grow older our plays and games change. What is the name we give our games when we are men and women? (Work.)
 As children we play to be happy and to grow strong, as men and women we work, so that we may be happy and strong. There ought not to be much difference between work and play. A healthy, happy person enjoys both.
 Have a member of the class read "The Busy Bee," No. 67, Primary Song Book.
 Discuss the song with the class to develop the thought that all activity that is wise and skilful is productive of good.

LESSON EIGHTEEN.

Exercises.

Aim—The most we can get out of life is its discipline for ourselves, and its usefulness for others.—Tryon Edwards.

Result Desired—A deepened impression of the thought that our bodies are given to us by our Heavenly Father and that it is our duty to take care of them.

Memory Gem:

Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God. (Collossians 3: 17.)

Suggestive Talk:

Most of us are trying to be well. We wish also to grow straight and tall. The next time that you see a soldier, just notice how well he carries himself. We always expect to find soldiers with good straight figures and without round shoulders or crooked backs. The soldiers obtain their fine figures by careful training. They have drills and physical exercises every day for many years. We, too, may have good figures, if we will take the trouble to keep ourselves in good positions.

We know that a person who is straight looks very much better than he would if he had round shoulders or a crooked back. If we carry ourselves well, we are more likely to be well. If the shoulders are only slightly rounded or one shoulder is only a little higher than the other, the rest of the body will not be injured very much. But these slight troubles or deformities are very likely to grow worse. They may also interfere with breathing or taking good exercise. So it is best to keep straight.

There are two things to remember about growing straight. First, we need always to be in good positions. We do not always need to sit, stand, or lie in exactly the same position. When we are tired of sitting in one way, we may turn and change to another. But we still need to be in a good position. In the second place, if we forget how we are sitting or standing and find ourselves in some cramped or crooked position, we need to take a good position as soon as we think of it. We should form the habit of holding our bodies always in good positions. Let us all begin now by sitting upright.

When we stand, there are many things to think about until we have

learned the proper way. If we always stand well, it will become natural to us, and then we shall not need to think about it. First, we need a good firm foundation. The heels should be together and the feet turned outward, forming nearly a right angle with each other. The knees should be straight, the hips on the same level, and the abdomen flat or "in." If the chest is well forward and the shoulders back, we can breathe better. The arms should extend down at the sides. The head should be erect, with the chin pushed neither out nor in. This is the position that we take in gymnastics and that we should learn to take at other times whenever we stand.

If we are not on the watch, we may become very careless about standing. We may find ourselves standing on one foot only, with one hip raised. This habit tends to make one side grow higher than the other. Then again, we may let our feet spread apart very awkwardly. Some children lean against the desk or door when they are standing. The children are not so weak that they need to do this; it is only a bad habit. When we stand, let us stand upright on our feet, in a manly fashion.

While it is important to stand well, it is more important to sit well. Most of us sit much more during a day than we stand. We need to remember to sit back in the chair and not just on its edge. If we wish our legs to grow straight, our feet should be on the floor and not twisted around the legs of the chair.

Let us think what are some of the harmful positions in sitting. Sometimes when children are very much interested in the work before them, they sit just on the edges of their chairs. After a while they become tired. Then they lean back still sitting on the front edges of their chairs. This position curves the back and tends to make the shoulders round.

Sometimes, children are short or tall for their ages, and their chairs and desks are not at a comfortable height. If the chairs are very much too low, the child's limbs must be bent and are likely to grow crooked. If the chairs are too high, the feet cannot touch the floor, but just hang from the edge of the chair. We need to have the chairs comfortable and of the right size.

Sometimes one shoulder grows higher than the other. This defect is often caused by sitting in wrong positions. A certain position that children sometimes take pushes one shoulder higher than the other. Do you know what position that is? If you turn in your seats and rest one arm on the desk, you may find it. We need to be careful when working with only one arm on a table or desk not to raise one shoulder. The elbow may be pushed out instead of raising the arm. Let us remember to hold both shoulders at the same level.

Why is it that we like to sit on one foot? The foot certainly does not feel any better in this position, for it usually goes to sleep. This shows that we are abusing it. The foot was not made to sit on, and it is not a very soft cushion. Sometimes sitting on the foot twists the leg so that one has trouble with it. Let us keep our feet on the floor.

Perhaps we twist our feet, sometimes, around the leg of a chair. This position is certainly not very comfortable nor very good for us.

After you have bent over your work for some time, do you feel bright and fresh? Try sitting erect when you work, and see if you feel any better. Your shoulders were drooping forward and you could not breathe freely. Bending over is almost sure to make the shoulders grow out of shape.

We have already found some positions that make the shoulders grow round. There are still others. Sometimes, if we do not take exercise enough or have food enough, we do not feel very strong and our shoulders droop forward.

If we wish to be straight, we must take care that we do not use too many pillows at night. One pillow is enough for any well child. To sleep without a pillow is even better. If we have too many, the head is pushed

forward all night. There are many positions, then, that tend to make the shoulders round.

Most of us do not like to see round shoulders. We need to decide that we at least will not have them, and then to do all that we can to keep upright. There are several things that we can do to keep our shoulders back. If we find ourselves sitting in a position that we know tends to round the shoulders, we must take a proper position at once. We should straighten up whenever we need to do so. Then we should avoid the different positions that make the shoulders grow round. A strong back helps to keep the shoulders in position.—Selected.

Use the following in the talk:

Joseph Smith as an Athlete.

The first test of an athlete is grit. In the Prophet's life this quality stands out above all others; in fact, his whole life is a proof of this quality. One little incident of his boyhood days, told by his mother, shows what an immense amount of will power he could exercise, and of what wonderful physical endurance he was possessed.

He had something wrong with his leg; it had to be operated upon. The surgeon ordered cords to be brought to bind Joseph fast to a bedstead; but to this Joseph objected. The doctor, however, insisted that he must be confined, upon which Joseph said very decidedly, "No, doctor, I will not be bound, for I can bear the operation much better if I have my liberty."

"Then," said Dr. Stone, "will you drink some brandy?"

"No," said Joseph, "not a drop."

"Will you take some wine?" rejoined the doctor. "You must take something, or you can never endure the severe operation to which you must be subjected."

"No," exclaimed Joseph, "I will not touch one particle of liquor, neither will I be tied down; but I will tell you what I will do—I will have my father sit down on the bed and hold me in his arms, and then I will do whatever is necessary in order to have the bone taken out."

The operation was successful, and Joseph grew from a very weak boy into a strong and powerful man, over six feet tall, with a fine graceful physique. It is said by those who knew him that he was a very powerful wrestler, an expert at throwing quoits, a graceful horseback rider, and a good jumper. He was also very fond of playing ball with the boys.

It is said that on one occasion while testing strength, by pulling with a broomstick, he overcame two men.

The Prophet was never a "bully" nor "quitter." He was as clean in his athletics as he was in the rest of his life, and he never took advantage of a man even in a wrestling match.

He entered sport for the pleasure there was in it, and acknowledged defeat with the same grace as he accepted victory.

Questions on the Lesson:

Recite the aim for this lesson.

If you have a straight, strong body, to whom should you be grateful?

Name some of the blessings which you receive which keep you well and strong?

Name some things which you know could injure your body?

How do you know that the use of these things will destroy your body?

What are some of the results on others if we are unwise in the use of our bodies?

Are you ever tempted to take things which are not good for you?

Is there any good that can come to us through temptation?

What does this statement mean: "To be forewarned is to be forearmed?"

In regard to food have we a warning, how did it come to us?

How do we know that the Prophet Joseph Smith believed in play and proper exercise?

The Lord sends us warnings; we have the example of the servant of the Lord. What good will this warning and example do you or me?

Recite the memory gem and discuss its meaning with the class.

LESSON NINETEEN.

Rest.

Aim—Rest is not quitting the busy career; rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.—J. Dwight.

Result Desired—A better understanding of the value of activity and rest.

Memory Gem:

Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation.—Psalms 25: 5.

Suggestive Talk:

If you take a long walk, or stand a long time to watch a parade, your legs and feet will become very tired. But you could sit down afterwards and enjoy sewing or using tools or practising on the piano; for you would be resting the tired muscles of your feet and legs and using a fresh set of muscles—those of your hands and arms.

If you use any muscles too long, they not only become very tired, they also grow weaker. They wear away faster than they can be repaired by the blood. The children who quit school and do heavy work in a store, a factory, a mill, or a mine, do not grow to their full size or strength. And one reason is that they overwork; their muscles become very tired, and their growth is slow.

If any muscles have been exercised until they are a little tired, they should be rested. But we need not be idle to be resting. We can rest part of our bodies while we use another part. If the mind is tired we can rest it best by taking some brisk exercise of the body. This is the reason why recesses are given in schools. A recess should not be spent in the school-room, but should be used by both boys and girls in free play out of doors.

Sleep is the only form of complete and perfect rest. A child that does not sleep soundly the proper amount of hours is not well. The average amount of sleep required at

4 years of age is 12 hours;
7 years of age is 11 hours;
9 years of age is 10½ hours;
10-12 years of age is 10 hours;
12-14 years of age is 9 hours.

You have learned that if you eat a hearty meal at night, just before going to sleep, you cannot properly digest it. Poor digestion often keeps one half awake.

Children should never go to bed hungry. When hungry, you cannot go to sleep easily, or sleep soundly. Instead of going to bed hungry, take some easily digested food, such as bread and milk, crackers, or milk alone.

Overwork, excitement, or the reading of horrible or exciting tales just before bedtime, is likely to keep you awake. To drop asleep quickly, you should go to bed at the same time every evening.

Poorly ventilated and overheated bedrooms prevent sleep and cause headaches. The room in which you sleep should be cool, and the window should never be shut tight.

Young boys and girls should not go often to night entertainments, if they are to remain healthy and do the best school work. If they are up late at night, they come to school the next day tired, when they should be rested.

During sleep the body gets back its strength. The rest of mind and body that comes with sleep cannot be had in any other way.—Selected.

Let me remind you that now is the time to begin, if you are to lay the foundation for that grand and glorious structure—perfect manhood or womanhood.

Now is the time, in the early spring time of your life, when you must decide whether you are to lay a foundation for a ramshackle, tumbledown old hut, that is going to be an "eyesore," a shame and a curse to you all your life, or whether you are going to lay a foundation of pure and healthy habits which alone will allow the building of a human structure that will withstand the ravages of time and bring you the satisfying joys of a happy, well-spent and successful life.

Think it over—think it over seriously, and when you have come to the determination that you want to amount to something in this world; that you want to be a credit to yourself, your parents and the community, then bear in mind that moderation is one of the first requirements.

Make moderation a habit and a study; take it for the cornerstone of your foundation, and you are sure to build solid and well.

Be moderate in all things. Learn to play well, excel if you can; but don't, don't overdo it. Don't spend all your time at play. Remember that play is a recreation to refresh the mind or body after work or study. As exercise, play is a grand, good thing, but if you play too much you overstep the boundary line of moderation, and it becomes excess—excesses are dangerous. If you want to see the result in after life of excess, just take notice of the steadily growing number of physical and mental wrecks which fill the sanitariums of our country. Rest assured, the nervous wreck of today was the boy or girl who was excessive and knew no moderation.

Behold the unhappy capitalist, who finds no pleasure in life but to grind down his fellow men in his greed and selfishness, who has lost all feeling for his own flesh and blood in his lust for gain—he was the selfish boy, the greedy playmate, who was never satisfied until he had the other fellow "busted" in the boyhood games of chance, such as marbles, tops, etc. Never satisfied—always grasping for more—what a joyless, unsatisfactory life to live!

Take notice of the nervous, irritable woman, who has lost the power to enjoy things in life and who has little patience with those who are still full of the enjoyment of good health. She probably overdid at some time and must pay the penalty.

And think when you see the dissipated, low-down, drunken outcast of human society, that the man might be a credit to society instead of an outcast if only he had learned the lesson of moderation as a boy. If only he had not been the unsatisfied glutton at the table—always demanding an extra piece of pie, of cake, of pudding, of anything and everything that happened to please his palate.

You must learn to be moderate as a child. Those selfish desires, those gluttonish cravings, those greedy impulses—you must control, or they will ultimately, but surely, get control over you in later life. You must learn to master them now or they will certainly become master over you as the years roll by.

Therefore, begin now and try to be moderate; moderate in all things—the excess of which is harmful. Your reward will be consistent with your endeavor—a long and happy life.—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson:

Read the aim of this lesson.

What is rest?

Why do you call change rest?

When you sit around all day doing nothing, how do you feel?

Why do you have recess at school?
 Why should the period of recess be spent out of doors?
 How do we obtain perfect rest?
 What kind of a bedroom is best for a sleeping room?
 What makes the best kind of a bed?
 Why is early life such an important time for health?
 What is moderation?
 Have you ever done anything out of moderation?
 What was the result?
 Recite the memory gem and discuss its meaning with the class.

LESSON TWENTY.

Wisdom.

Aim—True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.—Humphrey.

Result Desired—An increased appreciation of the powers of the mind and the body.

Memory Gem:

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above.—James 1: 17.

(The teacher will need to be prepared to relate the stories of Samson and Naaman, Judges 13, and II Kings, 5th chapter.)

Suggestive Talk:

We are going to have a sum in addition—not the kind that you would have in your day school. First, we will find out what things must be added together to make a good locomotive engine. I will ask — to tell us what he thinks are some of the things that an engine must have if it is to do its work and do it well. In the first place, what kind of builder would you want for your engine? Of course, the best possible, so we will say "Well built" as the first thing necessary for a good engine. Then when it is built, what more must it have before it can do any work? (Power.) Now it has power, it is ready to go, but we would not wish it to be started off to go just anywhere. What is necessary if it is to go in the right way? (Tracks.) Now it is on the tracks, it has power, it is strong for service; shall we start it off and let it go as fast and as far as the power will take it? What more is needed? (Engineer.) What kind of an engineer would you want for your engine? What would be likely to happen if the engineer were ignorant and reckless and careless? There would surely be a terrible wreck some day.

Now let us take another sum in addition, and see if we can find out what must be added together to make a character that is strong to do God's work in the world. In the first place, we must have a wise architect, a master builder, and we have One who had lived a perfect life here upon the earth and has shown us the pattern after which our own characters should be fashioned. But in order that we may have His help in our character building, we must believe in Him. We must have faith. What must be added to faith? What does "virtue" mean? Yes, it is the power that makes it possible for us to do the things that God wishes us to do. What more is needed? (knowledge.) Yes, we must have knowledge, but when we know just what we ought to do, is it easy to do it? There are wrong desires that come from within, the wish to say wrong things, to eat or to drink things that harm the body, and all other desires that make us unlike our Father in heaven. Shall we let these desires rule us? No, that must not be. Then what do we need? (Self-control.) But things will come from outside that are hard to bear. Shall we get angry and cross over these things? What can we add to our character that will help us to keep sweet about such things? (Patience.) The next word tells us really the whole story? If we

can only have Godliness, or Godlikeness—that is, if we can be like Jesus Christ,—the sum of all these things will be something like what God wishes to see in us. What comes next? (Brotherly kindness.) And then what else? (Love.) Just love for everybody. That is not so easy, is it? It is easy to love some people, but it is hard to love everybody; but God makes no exceptions, and with His help we can love and wish to help all of His children; that is, “love our neighbor as ourselves.” How far do you think that Samson measured up to the sum of this character that we have been talking about? We do not know much about the little maid who helped Naaman, how many of these things do you think there were in her character?

Open your Bibles at the fifth chapter of Ephesians and read verses 15-17. Do you see how those verses are saying the same thing that we have been finding out? We must have knowledge of the right or we cannot do the right. Read verse 18. What word in it will keep one who has it from being drunk with wine? Read verses 19-21. You see how Paul tells of the love that we must have for God and man, and of the going out of the love in praise and thanksgiving and kindness. (In the closing part of the lesson you can enlarge on the self-control side in whatever way you think it most needed by your class.—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson:

Read the aim for this lesson.

What are some of the things that are best worth knowing?

What are some of the things that are best worth doing?

Why do we believe that the Lord means us to be happy? (Have one or more Bibles in the class and read all or parts of the third chapter of Proverbs.)

Relate the following story:

Joe's Churning.

“Joe,” called Aunt Hester from the kitchen door, “Jo-seph!”

But there was no boy in sight, and only the cackling of the hens answered from the direction of the barn to which he had been sent half an hour before.

“You’ll have to leave the ironin’, and bring in the eggs yourself, Hetty,” she said to a busy young girl. “Joe has forgot all about what he was sent after, and he may be tryin’ experiments on the moon by this time. I can’t wait any longer.”

Not quite so far away as the moon was Joe. Down in the meadow, where the grass grew thick and soft, he lay, a sun-burned, gray-eyed lad, with torn hat pulled low over his face, while he studied the brook that went rippling and dancing by.

“Lots of power there, if a fellow could turn it to account some way,” he mused. “Now if I could only get that thing to work!”

He had thought of it while he was hunting the eggs. The eggs, indeed, were already invented, and a dozen proud biddies seemed trying to assure him that theirs were the most wonderful eggs ever laid, and couldn’t possibly be improved upon. But Aunt Hester had spoken of the churning as next in order after the eggs were in, and Joe hated churning.

“It’s just a splash and dash that takes a lot of time and no brains,” said Joe, “and there ought to be some way to keep that stick going up and down of itself, without somebody bothering to hold it all the time.” If a rope could be fastened to the dasher, and go up over a pulley to a wheel or something that could be turned by wind or water. Water! Joe sprang up at that thought, and, with his errand to the barn quite forgotten, hurried away to the stream.

He had no idea how long he lay on the grass and watched the water as he had watched it many a time before. He studied the possibility of a dairy house down by the brook; then, of carrying the water across the meadow to

the barn. Some sort of machinery might be rigged up in the barn. At that conclusion he left the stream and wandered back to his starting point once more. Even with the water power unprovided as yet, he might satisfy himself how the churning could be done, if only he could get the churn out there to experiment with, Joe thought. It was in the cellar kitchen, why not try it?

"Cream's in it, and all ready," chuckled the boy, as he made a hasty examination. "Now, I'll show 'em how to make butter by machinery!"

No one saw the churn on its tipping and rolling journey across the yard, and Joe soon had it setting upright in safe seclusion, a rope attached to the dasher and passing up over a board in the loft. To the other end of the rope was tied a weight, and Joe, lying flat on the board, manipulated the wonderful invention. It was much harder work than ordinary churning, and the dasher strokes were jerky and irregular, but Joe persevered, with the perspiration gathering on his forehead.

It seemed to him that the butter was unusually long in coming, and, forgetting the danger of loose boards, he leaned incautiously over the edge and looked down.

The next moment there was a crash that startled even the busy women in the farmhouse, and Aunt Hester and Hetty rushed out to find a broken and overturned churn in a pool of milk, a hen and her young brood half crushed by a heavy board, and Joe limping out of the wreck, dripping and shamefaced.

"What's all this?" began frightened Aunt Hester.

"I—I came out here to do the churning," said Joe.

"Churnin'!" Aunt Hester surveyed the entanglement of rope and weight and understood the situation. "The churnin' was done more'n an hour ago—I had to leave part of my bakin' to do it when I couldn't find you and I'd have emptied the buttermilk, only I couldn't take the time. The eggs I sent you after have been brought in, too; Hetty had to leave her ironin' to do that, and when Tom came up to go over to the village I had to hinder him to split up some wood and bring it in. If you've been tryin' to invent some way to keep Joe Foster from doin' the work that belongs to him, I guess you've hit it first-rate.

"There! Do go into the house and get washed up," she said, her voice softening; "you look as if you'd been trying to invent a scarecrow, and had done it."

That afternoon, when Joe sat rather disconsolately by the window, Aunt Hester brought a beautiful book and put it in his hand.

"It's your birthday present, Joe, and I didn't mean to give it to you till Monday," she said; "but I guess it'll do you as much good now as any time. It's the story of some great inventors, and what I want you to notice, Joe, is that all of 'em hit on these useful things while they was honestly doin' their work, and not while they was tryin' to shirk out of it. You do your thinkin' while you do your workin', and mebbysomething'll come of it yet, Joe Foster."—Kate W. Hamilton.

FIFTH GRADE.

Children twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Articles of Faith.
Topic for the Month of May—Organization.

Divisions:

1. The Earth.
2. The Fall.
3. The Atonement.
4. The Church Today.

Note.—The lessons for this month are based on the 6th Article of Faith. The main points to be developed are, Faith in God; a desire to follow in the footsteps of the Savior and a deepened sense of gratitude for the privilege and honor of being a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Sometime during each lesson the sixth article should be recited.

LESSON SEVENTEEN.

The Earth.

Aim—But Jesus answered them, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

Development of Lesson Seventeen.

It is hoped that the class will get some thought of the divine plan which was had in the creation of this earth. The teacher should explain simply the wisdom which has developed and brought the children of our Father to their present stage of intelligence and power. The 23rd chapter of "The Gospel," by Roberts, Lecture 3, paragraphs 29-32, with notes on Lecture 3 of "The Articles of Faith," by Talmage, should be carefully studied, and the following points made clear in the talk:

The plan which was laid before the earth was formed. The necessity for the constant contest between the powers of good and evil. The lessons for us in the Fall, the Atonement, and the Restoration of the Gospel. Each of these great steps in the history of the plan of salvation should be related briefly by the teacher.

Questions on the Lesson:

If a person living in Europe should write a letter to you, how would it be addressed so that it would come directly to your home?

Of what nation are you a part?

What is your opinion of the United States?

What kind of a great government was it when Columbus discovered America?

How did it become a great government?

Who wrote the Declaration of Independence?

How many of the people living in the colonies when the war with England began had any idea that the United States would grow so rapidly into its present stage of power?

Name some of the men who have done the great things that helped to make this one of the greatest governments in the world? (Name some of the great soldiers who fought not only in the war of the rebellion, but in the great struggle between the North and the South; also statesmen like Lincoln; inventors like Edison, explorers like Peary, etc.)

At the time these men lived were the people all alike, for instance was every man as brave and as capable as George Washington?

How many people live in the United States now? (More than fifty million.)

How many of this number will be great enough to find a place in history, to be studied about, say, a hundred years from now?

We must remember that the men who do things are like guide-posts. they represent to us the times in which they lived and by studying about them we learn how the world progresses and we are filled with a desire to imitate the great men and women who have lived before us and to leave our good mark on the history of today.

We all enjoy the study of the wonderful development of our own country. Do you know of any other great countries on this earth?

How would you like to know all about these other places and peoples?

Do you think any one person could know about and understand the different races of people and the histories of their countries?

Whom do you think would know?

What position would you say God holds over the earth?

What good is a leader or ruler?

What is an organization?

What are the parts of an organization?

Recite the sixth Article of Faith.

Who established the organization known as the Primitive Church?

What purpose, do you think, did our Savior have in appointing these officers?

Who created the earth?

Before the earth was formed there were two great beings who offered their services to God. Who were they?

Why was Jesus chosen?

What has Satan been trying to do ever since?

Read the aim for this lesson and discuss its meaning with the class under the following heads:

How did our Heavenly Father work?

How did the Savior work?

How may we help further the plan to perfect the earth and all its people?

LESSON EIGHTEEN.

The Fall.

Aim—We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to His purpose.—Romans 8: 28.

Development of Lesson Eighteen.

Review lesson seventeen to develop the thought that organization with rulers is necessary. Continue the same thought by going into more details as to why God preferred the plan of salvation which was accepted by Jesus; what happened to Satan after he was driven out of heaven, and the power which he has to try to injure mankind. Show that the Savior represents the right, Satan the wrong. The Creator must have been satisfied with this condition, for the contest is carried on with every individual who comes upon the earth. Talk of the value of free agency, the opportunities it offers, etc. Let the class help you to relate in detail the story of the Fall. For help in giving this lesson read again chapter 23 of "The Gospel," by Roberts, and the story of the Fall as given in Lecture 3 of "The Articles of Faith," by Talmage.

Questions on the Lesson.

Explain the organization of your school.

What authority is there above the teachers in your school?

How will the superintendent (city or county) know which is the better one of the schools which it is his duty to visit?

How could your principal tell which is the better class in the school?

How may your teacher know if one pupil is doing better than another?

The teacher should make the following statement:

A wise and just superintendent, principal or teacher, if called upon to answer any of the above questions, will take a good many things under consideration. They would find out the difficulties and advantages which a school or a pupil had to meet and would judge the efforts that were necessary to produce good results. Now we wish you to be careful in your judgments and never be sure about anything until you are certain that you know

everything about the subject upon which you may be asked to pass judgment.

Why would you call a school an organization?

Name some other organizations that have leaders, teachers, officers, or rulers by any other name?

What was the first organization after the earth was created? (The family in the garden of Eden.)

What were the parts of this family? (Adam and Eve.)

What kind of a home did God give to this first family? (Go into details of trees, flowers, animals, birds, insects, etc., showing how all dwelt together in peace.)

What were the duties of Adam in this home?

Did he have any opportunities to settle troubles or difficulties? Why?

How about the development of character, of strength of body and mind in this family?

Nothing to resist, nothing to overcome, what do you think about it?

Satan comes in and brings about a change. What did he accomplish?

Which is the better condition for a family before or after the fall? Why?

What was the condition of this first family after the fall? (Go into details of work necessary to provide home, food, clothes, etc.)

What increased the family and gave Adam opportunities to be the head and ruler in his home?

Recite the aim of this lesson and discuss its meaning with the class.

LESSON NINETEEN.

The Atonement.

Aim—"I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me."—John 5: 30.

Development of Lesson Nineteen.

Review briefly the two previous lessons for this month, keeping clear in the minds of the class the thought of the plan of salvation, how it was arranged from before the beginning and that there is for each one of us an opportunity to be a helper in the kingdom; that we have our freedom to choose between the good and the evil. Adam and Eve were children of the heavenly Father and, probably, very much like us. When Satan came and talked with Eve, it is not likely that she thought that any act which she might perform would be of such importance as to affect every person who should live not only in her own day and on through all the ages which have come and gone since that day in the garden of Eden when she was tempted. Consider any individual whose life has made a lasting influence on others, even the divine Son of God, our Savior, could we see in their childhood the prophecy of their lives, they did not realize it themselves. We know only this, that by trying to find out

"What God would have us do,

And do that little well;

For what is great and what is small,

'Tis only God can tell."

The religion of our Church is the Gospel of Christ, notice the meaning of the term, "Gospel of Christ," meaning Christ's plan, the plan which was offered in the council of heaven, and the one which was satisfactory to the Father. What was the plan? "To use persuasive influence of wholesome precept and sacrificing example with the inhabitants of the earth, then to leave them free to choose for themselves."

Show how the Fall gave us the privilege of choosing.

Relate briefly the story of the life of Christ, making your points from the following:

Humility of birth; obedience in youth; obedience to the first principles, baptism, gift of Holy Ghost; the life of sacrifice, when "He went about doing good." Make as plain as you can the fact that He came not only to teach but to act out in His own life the plan of salvation. He chose helpers and organized what we now know as the Primitive Church. If there is time some of the labors of Christ and His disciples may be related, particularly those that represent how "They went about doing good." Explain the necessity for the crucifixion. It was part of the plan. He offered to make His life a complete lesson. Born in the lowliest manner; living the perfect life; suffering the degradation of death on the cross and then that we might always have courage to pass through any difficulty or pain He rose from the grave and afterwards ascended to His Father. When we see death it is apt to make us afraid, but the wonderful love of our Father which was shown to us by His son teaches us that there is no death, but a birth into a higher life.

Questions on the Lesson:

Joseph Smith the Prophet said:

"As man is, God was; as God now is, man may be." What do you think is meant by this statement?

Read the aim for this lesson?

What do you suppose would be the result if each one should want to follow his own will?

Think about a small child. In how many ways does he need a father and a mother?

Let us think about a father. Do you know of one who is willing to work, to sacrifice his own desires and pleasures for his children? For others? How does he do this?

Repeat above about a mother.

If each family should decide to go their own way independently, what would be the result in a town? a city? a great country? How about schools? institutions of any kind? Did our Savior confine His kindness to His own family? How do you know?

Is the plan of salvation for a few? (Recite the third article of faith.)

We believe that when the plan for the earth was made that we were present and that we agreed to come to the earth and pass through a life which should have pleasure and pain, health, sickness and death in it, because it would help us to grow more like our Savior, the Son of God.

What do you think of the wisdom and love of our Heavenly Father?

How did the Savior resemble His Father?

The Savior is sometimes called "Our Elder Brother." What does that mean?

Members of the same families sometimes look alike; sometimes act alike. How did the Savior resemble His Father in both ways?

Is it possible for us to act so as to change our physical appearance? (Good and bad habits of life may greatly modify physical appearance, but cannot entirely change it.)

Is it possible for us to act so as to change our mental and spiritual condition? (Refer to saying of the Prophet Joseph.)

Where do you think our Savior is now, and with whom does He make His home?

We are all to be perfect some day, "Even as your Father in heaven." How is that like the statement made by the Prophet Joseph? (If necessary repeat statement.)

What are our opportunities to reach this great standard?

LESSON TWENTY.**The Church Today.**

Aim—"Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state, the perfection of the Church. As the beams to a house, as the bones to the body, so is order to all things."

Development of Lesson Twenty.

Review previous lessons, using the aims of each to develop a clear understanding of the plan of salvation; the necessity for organization; helpers, rulers, etc.

Relate briefly the story of the Restoration of the Gospel; emphasizing the resemblances between the lives of the Savior and the Prophet Joseph.

Then with the help of the class take up the organization of the Church to show the beauties as well as the opportunities which the Lord permits us all to enjoy.

Questions on the Lesson:

"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." What has the Father done? What has the Son done?

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to His purpose." In the making of this earth what was God's purpose? Discuss the plan made before the formation of the earth—the story of the Fall—the life and death of our Savior—the restoration of the Gospel—our opportunities today.

"I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me. What do we know of the will of the Father, how will obedience to it help us?

Why do you think that He hath sent you?

Read the aim for this lesson, discuss it with the class.

How was order developed in the creation of the earth? (Go into each day's work, showing the growth from the lowest to the highest.)

What do you admire about the system and order in your school? town? country? home? ward? stake? Church? seasons? your own body, etc.?

Recite "Order is heaven's first law."

Recite the Sixth Article of Faith.

Traces of God's Mind.

The Scotch philosopher, Beattie, took an interesting method of teaching his little boy his first lesson about God, at the age when the child's mind was ripe for the lesson. In a corner of the garden, he traced with his fingers, the initial letters of the child's name, planted some cresses in the furrows, and left them to grow, and for the boy to discover. Shortly afterwards the boy came running to his father to relate his discovery. His father affected unconcern, and made as if it were no matter of wonder. When he followed the boy to the place he said that it was just an accident. The boy was thoughtful, and at last said: "That cannot be an accident. Some one must have sown those seeds. They would not make my name of themselves." The father then talked to him about the wonders of his body with its wonderful adaptation of parts, and means to an end, and asked him if he thought that all this could have happened by chance. The boy was positive it could not, and was thus led into his first knowledge of that Great Being who was the Author of his life.

The argument from design has never lost its force, and is, indeed, strengthened by the more wonderful insights into the marvelous designs of nature which modern science has brought to us.—Selected.



INNOCENCE.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. IX.

MAY, 1910.

No. 5.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly errands to and fro—
Down humblest ways if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
The needful burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless,
Silent rivers of happiness
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.
—Unknown.

THE TWINS—FRANK AND FRANKIE.

They stood by, eager to assist, while Pa Gardiner helped Grandma Baird to her place on the rear seat of the carryall. When she was comfortably settled Frank handed up her shawl, and as his father arranged it around her shoulders his mother said: "I'd feel twice as happy if you were going, children, but I don't want you to get the whooping cough."

"The twins will be all right," pa said, cheerfully. "Of course it's hard to leave them behind, but we can't spare sister Nell from the reunion today and she can't come unless she brings the girls."

"And they couldn't pass by the whooping cough." Ma Gardiner laughed as she spoke. "I never saw such girls in my life; they're always catching something."

"Well, we must be off." Mr. Gardiner took up the lines and seated himself beside his wife. "Don't get lonesome, be good children, and we'll be home a little after dark."

"We'll bring you some of Aunt Nell's nut cakes," was Mrs. Gardiner's promise as the horses started.

The twins watched until the team made nothing but a gray spot far down the country road and then Frank turned briskly to his sister.

"There isn't a bit of use in feeling lonesome or crying because we couldn't go," he said. "We went last year and can go again next. Of course they want Aunt Nell more than us. It wouldn't be a Gardiner family reunion without her. I'm going to clean my cannon today; I haven't had time to give it a real good polishing since the Fourth of July."

"We won't be lonesome if we keep busy," Frankie declared, "and I'm going to scrub the kitchen floor. Mamma said it must wait until tomorrow, but this is scrub day, and I just love to clean things."

"I'll see if I can find some sweet corn big enough to cook," Frank volunteered. "Mamma said we should eat bread and milk for our dinners, but she won't care if we get us a good one."

"Ain't we 'most twelve years old?" Frankie asked the question rather scornfully. "When a little girl is as big as we are, she ought to do almost everything."

Frank laughed and surveyed his sister with a critical eye.

"I believe I'm getting to be a twenty-weenty bit bigger than you," he said. "Let's go to the granary and weigh ourselves and see."

"Exactly the same," he declared a few moments later. "I do hope we can always stay just alike."

"Your face is tanned worse than mine," Frankie's tones were filled with regret. "I'll have to help more than I do with the berry picking and then I'll get as black as you are."

Frank nodded. "Let's race to the house," was his suggestion, "and then see who'll beat getting things cleaned; my cannon's awful dirty."

"Well, the floor doesn't look dirty a single bit," Frankie returned. "but then it never does. Mamma always says the way to be clean is to wash before you're dirty; that's the way she does everything, and I want to grow up to be just like her if I can."

"She's the best mamma in the whole world," Frank declared as he started to the attic for his little brass cannon.

It was more than an hour later that Frankie straightened up with a tired sigh.

"There!" she said, "that floor's just as nice as mamma makes it.

and I beat; but I wouldn't if you hadn't kept stopping to pump the water for me. You're an awful good brother, Frank."

"A fellow's got to be when he's a twin," was his disclaimer, and then he broke into a run for the road. Soon he returned, bearing a postal card.

"I saw the letter carrier drop it into our box," he said, "and what do you think is on it?"

Frankie wiped her hands hastily. "Let me see; what does it say?"

"It's from Greataunt Sarah Harding, and she'll be here on the five o'clock stage. The folks won't be home until bedtime; whatever will we do, Frankie!"

"Why, get supper for her," was the prompt response. "Aunt Sarah is the nicest greataunt anyone ever had. She's awful particular, and looks at you with eyes that go clear through, but I love her."

"What'll we get?" Frankie asked the question almost hopelessly. "I heard mamma say there wasn't a blessed thing in the house to eat."

The face gazing intently at the postal lost all its smiles for a moment, and then its owner broke into a laugh while she nodded her head wisely.

"See here," she said. "I've always wanted mamma to let me cook, and she hardly ever will. Now I've got a chance, you help me and we'll get up the nicest supper Aunt Sarah ever had."

"What'll we get?"

"Why potatoes and things. I wish we had some fish. I've fried them lots of times, you know, when you and I have gone fishing."

"But they're so little," objected her brother. Then his face brightened. "I guess they'll do; they taste so sweet and good. At any rate, I'll try and catch some. First, I'll dig the potatoes, and you help me look for some corn, and there's peas and cucumbers; I guess we'll manage all right, and gee whiz! won't the folks be surprised when they get home!"

"We'll pick some berries." Frankie was all excitement. "I can do that while you fish, and I'll make a custard, I know how, and I'll—"

"Come on." Frank made a dash for the hoe. "It's almost ten o'clock, and we'll have to work like a threshing machine to get everything ready by the time the stage gets here."

For a little time they worked together, and then Frank shouldered his fishing rod and started for the river which flowed so beautifully through the woods that edged their father's farm. The sun was hot and his arms were tired, but his whistle was cheerful, and he was thinking of the smoothness with which the supper work was moving. "Now, if I only have good luck with my fishing," he thought. "Maybe I can catch as many as a dozen sunfish; I have done it many a time on days like this."

It was some time before he had even a nibble, but at the end of an hour four sunfish and two perch were lying in the shade strung on the end of a forked stick. Then he caught another perch, and, baiting his hook, tried again. This time there was not even a bite, and Frank

had about concluded to try his luck further down stream when the cork went under, his line straightened with a jerk, and the rod was nearly pulled out of his hand. He tried to pull in but couldn't; it really seemed as though he would be drawn into the river, despite all his effort. So he turned his back to the water and grasping the pole tightly in both hands, walked steadily away. It was a hard pull, and soon he was brought up with a jerk that threw him backward to the ground. But whatever was at the other end of the line had ceased to pull, and he sprang up and bounded toward the river. What he saw made him give a jump that brought him to the very edge of the water with a shout of joy. There lay a salmon which seemed to be at least a yard long! It



THERE LAY A SALMON WHICH SEEMED TO BE AT LEAST A YARD LONG!

was a beautiful fellow, flopping and gasping. In its open mouth another fish was struggling while the hook had passed through its gills and was firmly fixed in the mouth of the salmon. He understood at a glance. The smaller fish had swallowed the bait and at the same moment the salmon had seized it and hung on, thinking, if fish do think, that being pulled ashore was simply the fish's endeavor to escape. He carried them so far up the bank that by no possible chance could they reach the water again, and then, winding up his line, started for home, the happiest boy in the State.

"Aunt Sarah won't have to pick little fish bones for supper now," he said to himself. "We won't even need to cook them; there's more of this than we can eat in two meals."

Frankie was busy shelling peas on the veranda, and they were scattered everywhere when she saw what her brother carried.

"Where in the world did you get it?" she fairly screamed in her delight. "O, isn't it a beauty!"

"Do you think you can cook such a big fellow," he asked, anxiously. "Wasn't I in luck?"

"'Course I can cook it; it'll be easier than a little one, and folks always have luck when they just stick and keep doing their best. That's the way I get my examples when they won't come right, and I think working examples is the hardest work a girl ever tried to do."

"This wasn't hard except in the sticking," said Frank. "The sun was pretty hot, and I wanted to give up, but I know we'd got to have the fish, and so I stayed."

"If you hadn't, we never would have got this big fellow. I wonder how it happened. I never heard of anyone catching a salmon in the river before."

"I never did either; he must have come up from the ocean and couldn't find his way back," Frank responded as he carried his prize to the kitchen sink. "Get the scales and let's weigh him. My! but he's heavy."

Then they ate a dinner of bread and milk. "We're too busy for anything else," remarked Frankie, and her brother nodded.

"We'll be all the hungrier and enjoy our supper the more," he said. "I hope we can get it cooked all right."

"Of course we can," his sister answered disdainfully. "I've watched mamma lots of times, and if you'll gather some sprays of the trumpet creeper for the table, I'll fix it lovely. Aunt Sarah is so fond of that flower."

Just as the stage drew up before the gate at five o'clock the carryall came in sight away down the road. Greataunt Sarah was barely seated in the big rocker when Grandma Baird was hugging her close.

"Why, you dear sister Sarah," she cried, tears of gladness in her eyes, "where did you come from?"

"Home," was Aunt Sarah's answer. "I wanted to see you, and John was going to the city; he could help me on the train, and so I just came."

"I'm glad I got to worrying over the twins and came home early," remarked their mother. "It did seem as though I couldn't stay another minute; I thought something must be wrong."

"Instead of that, everything was as right as right," said grandma.

"Well, I'll hurry up and see about supper." Ma Gardiner was busy putting away Aunt Sarah's wraps. "You must be almost starved, but there isn't a single thing in the house to eat."

"You see we expected to take the twins and stay over night," grandma began her explanation just as Pa Gardiner came in from the kitchen.

"Who's been getting supper?" he asked. "Take a look in the dining-room and see the mischief the twins have been up to."

Everyone, even Greataunt Sarah, hurried out to see. The table was set with the best linen and the china that Grandma Baird's grand-

mother had brought over from England, and which had been buried in the cornfield at the time she had fled to the garrison house for protection from the Indians, when Grandma Baird's grandfather was helping Washington to gain our country's freedom. When the carryall had been observed down the road Frankie had added three more plates to the table, and there it was, ready for all to eat the nicely prepared supper which was waiting on the range in the kitchen.

"It's just as nice as your mother could have done," was the criticism Greataunt Sarah pronounced, while Pa Gardiner remarked: "I don't see how you ever managed to land that fish. It's the funniest thing I ever heard of. Salmon in the Neperan River! And you say it weighed eight pounds?"

"Eight pounds and four ounces," Frankie corrected, while Frank responded: "I just took hold with both hands and pulled. I've learned that 'most anything you want'll come to you if you do that."

"I believe that both of you must have been working that way to-day," said Ma Gardiner as she leaned over to kiss them. "I didn't know until tonight how much reason I have to be proud of my twins."—Abbie Fosdick Ransom.

IRON, SILVER, GOLD.

What is the Iron Rule?
The rule of savage men:
If evil is done unto you
Evil do thou again.
That is the Iron Rule.

What is the Silver Rule?
The rule of worldly men:
If good your neighbor does to you
Do good to him again.
That is the Silver Rule.

What is the Golden Rule?
The rule of righteous men:
If evil is done unto you,
Return thou good again.
That is the Golden Rule.

—Selected.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

HER NAME.

Clad in her little blue rompers,
Dancing and skipping, she goes;
Curls in the wildest of tangles
Cheeks like the heart of a rose;
Running and romping and shouting,
Laughing and all out of breath—
"Tell me your name, little lassie!"
Quickly she answers, "Just Beth."

Trim in her 'broidered white apron,
Patiently learning to sew;
Setting the stitches so neatly,
Each after each, in a row;
Singing in sweet little snatches,
Softly, just under her breath—
"What is your name, little lady?"
"Now, it's Elizabeth."
—Grace Stone Field in "Little Folks."

A MAID OF ALL WORK.

She stood on the veranda of a beautiful old house in a southern state. The vines climbed to the tops of the pillars, making an exquisite frame for the girl's face as she looked out between them to the terraced slopes below. A party of friends were taking tea in the late afternoon, and the tables were set in the garden among the roses. There were elderly ladies and gentlemen, middle-aged people, and a bevy of young folks included in the groups, over whom fell the mellow sunset light.

In her white gown, with her straight slender figure, her dark hair, and her vivid coloring, the daughter of the house herself resembled a flower, and suggested sweetness and grace to an older woman who lingered near her. They had held to one another the relation of teacher and pupil, and had separated as intimate friends, with an agreement, made on the day when Adelaide was graduated, that they would meet

Twice a twelvemonth had passed, and the teacher was paying her first visit to Adelaide in her home.

"What have you been doing, dear," she said, "since you left college, and what are you planning to do with your life? You were full of ambition and energy, I remember. We hoped you would return for a graduate course, or else go abroad to study, but your letters have told nothing, and I fancy you have found enough to occupy you here at home."

"Yes," the girl replied, after a second's hesitation. "I have enough to occupy me at home. I am simply a maid of all work. You see, we are a clan. Most of the friends here today are connections of the family, or very dear neighbors. There is almost no end to the cousinhood. There are invalids to cheer, babes to pet, old people to amuse, young people to advise, and sorrowful people to comfort. Father needs me in the little leisure that is left him, after managing affairs of state. Mother gave me up for six whole years, counting the two at school before college, and my brothers have settled it in their minds that I am a safe, sisterly confident. In the kitchen and on the farm I discover places where I can be of use, and I have friends all over the countryside, from the blacksmith's shop and the cobbler's cabin to the manse and the doctor's home, and the inn to which the summer boarders come. I never meant to be merely a maid of all work, but that describes what I am, precisely."

The teacher looked at her and smiled. "I remember a phrase you were fond of," she said, musingly. "It was your motto in your senior year, and hung over your desk in your pretty, restful room. I used to read it and wonder if it meant all that it ought to you. I have no doubt, now, that you have been led by right ways into its full understanding, 'with good will, doing service.' A girl could not have a better motto, nor a home of greater treasure than a girl into whose heart that motto had been received."—New Guide.

WOULD YOU BE BEAUTIFUL?

Of course, all our young girls desire to be beautiful. But many seem to forget that beauty is more than skin deep. No perfection of skin and feature will atone for an unlovely expression. And a lovely expression can only come from a sweet nature. We all are not born with pretty faces; but we all can cultivate a sweet disposition, which will brighten the countenance and give a beauty of character far surpassing that of complexion or features. You may not be able to alter the shape of your nose, or change the color of your eyes or the size of your ears; but, if you cultivate interest in those about you, if you acquire thoughtfulness and unselfishness, you will find that you have great beautifiers, which will render you attractive beyond anticipation. Physical defects are not noticed where there is a pleasing expression. The charms of a beautiful character are more to be sought than delicate complexion and features.—Selected.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

THE COMING MAN.

"Say, boys, did you ever stop to think
That we are the coming men?
That we've only a few short years to prepare
Ourselves for the work, and then
The fate of the world will rest in the hands
Of those who are boys today?
I tell you it makes a fellow feel that
He wants to be armed for the fray!
We cannot afford to hamper ourselves
With habits that work us harm;
We need to be true of head and heart,
With a steady, strong right arm;
We need to be men,—real, honest men,
With a love of life and its joys,
But ever ready to stand for the right;
And in order to do that, boys,
We've got to begin right now, or else—
No, I am not "Preacher Ben,"
But don't let us forget in our work or our play
That we are the coming men!"
—Fannie Herron Wingate.

SCHOOL BOYS IN SYRIA.

How a Syrian boy would stare at our school, at our desks and maps and blackboards! His school is simply a bare room containing forty or fifty boys. They leave their shoes in a pile outside the school door and when they go in they squat on the floor, each holding his book or tin card containing his lessons before him.

School begins. Every boy at once commences at the top of his voice to study. This he does by swaying back and forth like the mandarins in the toy shops. When one goes up to the teacher to recite he has to scream louder than all the rest.

If he should be so unfortunate as to miss, his ankles are tied together and he is beaten on the soles of his feet. If he has been a very bad boy, he is treated to an even worse punishment. A chain is put around his waist; some one walks behind him with a whip and he is driven through the streets. Worse still, he has to kiss the hand of every man, woman and child he meets. Such people as masons or carpenters are often stopped and called to witness a boy's disgrace and have their hands kissed by him.

What do you suppose these boys of Syria learn? No mathematics,

no geography; nothing but to read and recite the proverbs and sayings in the Koran, which is the bible of the Syrians. These they also learn to write, and for this instruction each boy carries in his belt his ink and case and paper.

After school there is a grand scramble for shoes. The first boy released kicks over the pile to find his. A scene follows when forty or fifty boys are after the same thing at the same time. If a boy is hurt, he calls out, "Ya immer!" which means, "Oh, my mother!"

This school boy of Syria is a droll-looking youngster. He wears red shoes or slippers turned up at the toes. When it is wet or muddy he does not want to soil them, so he wears a pair of kob-kobs—what we call stilts. These are only a few inches high and are fastened to a wooden sole with straps to slip over the toes. They often slip, but without disastrous results to the boy. Down he comes on his nose, the kob-kobs go rattling over the stones.—Washington Evening Star.

TWO LADDIES.

It was from the selfsame window that both boys looked out one day,
And yet, when came their bedtime, I heard one laddie say:

"It's been a horrid, horrid day—oh, so awful mean!"

The other, "It's the nicest day I think I've ever seen!"

Now why these laddies differed, you can tell me if you try—

For one was Happy-spirit and the other Tearful-eye.

—Adelbert F. Caldwell, in *Our Little Ones*.

THE SEASONS' LOVES.

Who loves the trees best?

"I," said the Spring.

"Their leaves so beautiful

To them I bring."

Who loves the trees best?

"I," Summer said.

"I give them blossoms,

White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?

"I," said the Fall.

"I give luscious fruits,

Bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best?

"I love them best,"

Harsh Winter answered,

"I give them rest."—Selected

PARTIES AND GAMES

RHYMING WORDS AND ACTIONS.

I do not know anything since our old hide-and-seek days, says a writer, that has afforded me so much solid fun as the good old game of "Rhyming Words and Actions." Whenever we went to visit a certain family of cousins we almost always played that game and we always had a splendid time.

There ought to be ten players to make it interesting, and twenty or thirty are not too many.

The best part of the game is that old and young enter into it with equal zest. Grandmother was clever at suggesting rhymes, father knew queer ways to act them out and Cousin Agnes could get fun out of anything or anybody. Everyone was interested, everyone was always ready to help.

Two captains are chosen, and they choose their sides, trying to make a fair division of old and young, skillful players and those less clever.

One party goes into an adjoining room, while the other party remains to select a word. When the word has been selected, the players who have remained call in the leader of the other side and tell him—not the word itself, but some other word that rhymes with it. For example, suppose the chosen word is "bat." The leader is told that it rhymes with "cat." He then retires and consults his party, and they try to guess it among themselves; but instead of stating the word, they return and act it before the players of the other side. They, in turn, must guess the word which is performed before them and name it. If the actors have fixed upon a wrong word they are sent back to select another and act it. This they continue to do until they hit upon the right one, when they change places with the other party, who have been sitting at ease and enjoying the pantomime played before them.

The best words to choose are those which are easily rhymed. The harder they are to act, the more fun the game is for both parties.

When you want a good time, a real jolly evening, try "Rhyming Words and Actions."

RAILROAD GAME.

Each child takes the name of something associated with a railroad. One relates a story. At the mention of rails, "Rails" must rise and extend his arms in front. At the mention of newsboy, "Newsboy" must call out his papers, and so on through the list of names chosen. Strict attention must be paid, and if one forgets his part, or hesitates when his name is called, he is put out of the game or made to pay a forfeit.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

REDEEMING THE TIME.

This is the time to wash the feet
Of weary ones and sad;
To turn the bitter into sweet,
And make the mourner glad.

This is the time with loving care
The troubled heart to soothe;
The sore and crushing load to bear,
And rugged paths to smooth.

This is the time; while here below
The privilege is given
The love of Christ thy Lord to show
To souls by anguish riven.

In yonder Home of God above
No sorrow e'er can be:
What call for sympathizing love
Where all from sin are free?

Then seek by word and action kind
To succor the oppress'd;
And tell of One who bids them find
In Him their truest rest.

How blest who thus in wisdom's ways
Life's fleeting moments spend,
And shed around their brightest rays,
E'en to their journey's end.

—T. Cawley.

JOHN JOHNSON AND HIS POTATOES.

Uncle Tom, will you come and tell me a story? I cannot get to sleep."

The tall young fellow passing Robert's door stopped, and then a voice floated up the stairway: "Do you think you would better tell him a story tonight, Tom? I'm afraid it will keep him awake longer."

"My story'll be all right," Tom called back. "The little chap's lonesome. I'll promise it'll not hurt him."

Robert settled down on his pillow with a contented little smile. It had been lonely to lie awake there in the dark, with only the flickering moonshine for company.

"It was a warm, drowsy October day," began Uncle Tom, speak-

ing in a soft, slow voice, "when a little boy named John Johnson came out of the cellar doorway of his home with a basket of potatoes. His mother had asked him to carry them to a poor old lady at the other end of the town. They were the very biggest potatoes you ever saw.

" 'I wonder,' thought John Johnson, 'how many there are here. I think I will count them,' and straightway he sat down under a tree, and turned his basket upside down, and then put the potatoes carefully back, counting slowly, 'One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen,' and that was all, fifteen great, big potatoes. Then he picked up his basket, and trudged along. Pretty soon he thought, 'It will be nearer to go across lots,' so he looked along the fence, to find a good place over which to climb. The fence was too high to lift the basket over and set it down on the other side, and there was no place big enough to put it through; so up he climbed, basket and all. He rested his basket on the top for a minute, and then, all of a sudden, down it tumbled, and the potatoes were scattered all over the grass. John scrambled down after it as fast as he could, and picked up all the potatoes he could find. When he could see no more anywhere he counted them, to make sure that he had them all. 'One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen.' All were there, and John went on.

"He had lost so much time by his mishap that he started to run, but this time he stumbled his toe on a stone, down he went, and away rolled his potatoes in all directions. Again he picked them up and counted them. 'One—two—three,' Uncle Tom's voice dragged along the slower and slower now, 'four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen.' "

Uncle Tom stopped and listened. Robert was fast asleep.—Emma C. Dowd.

A STORY OF LONGFELLOW.

Some time ago we read a little anecdote of Longfellow which illustrated his love for children. It seems that one little fellow in particular was fond of spending his time in the great poet's library. One day after a long and patient perusal of the titles—to him great cumbersome works—that lined the shelves, the little chap walked up to Longfellow, and asked in a grievous sort of way, "Haven't you a 'Jack the Giant Killer?'" Longfellow regretted to say in all his immense library he did not have a copy. The little chap looked at him in a pitying way and silently left the room. The next morning he walked in with a few pennies tightly clasped in his chubby fist, and laying them down, told the poet that he could now buy a "Jack the Giant Killer" of his own.—Harper's Round Table.



PRESIDENT JOHN R. WINDER.

PRESIDENT JOHN R. WINDER.

In the passing away of President John R. Winder the Primary Associations throughout the Church have lost a friend and an earnest worker for the ideals for which the organization stands.

During the past six years President Winder has been closely associated with the progress of the work, always being present at important gatherings where he was pleased to represent the First Presidency of the Church.

Some years ago, during one of the annual conventions, he promised the officers, that with the assistance of the Lord and his brethren he would see that suitable headquarters should be established for the Primary Associations. The elegant rooms now occupied by the General Board in the Bishop's Building more than fulfill the promise which he made, and it is a source of comfort to know that he was able to be present at a little housewarming given by the Board when the rooms were ready for occupation. This little affair was held the week preceding the fatal illness of our esteemed President, and was probably one of the last times he was away from his home. The General Board miss Brother Winder and cannot help but mourn his loss, but, they rejoice

at the completion of a long, useful life, and that he goes to his rest crowned with the honor of good works accomplished, and the sure knowledge of an eternal inheritance with the faithful who have preceded him.

The life of President John R. Winder on earth is completed, and its message to the children of the Latter-day Saints is one of hope, for out of many difficulties he rose to better things with success and honor to himself and his people.

President Winder's wife is one of the members of the Board. Our hearts go out to her in love and sympathy, and in grateful appreciation for the weeks of faithful, loving service which she gave to her beloved husband.



MARIA B. WINDER.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

ANNUAL CONVENTION.

The Annual Convention of the Primary Workers throughout the Church will be held in Salt Lake City, Utah, on Saturday and Sunday, June 4th and 5th, 1910. All Primary workers everywhere are earnestly invited to be present.

NELLIE COLEBROOK TAYLOR.

The General Board of the Y. L. M. I. A. have been called to mourn the loss of one of their number. Sister Nellie Colebrook Taylor died April 2nd from hemorrhage of the brain. She has been an earnest, faithful worker with the Young Ladies for many years. A lady, dignified and courteous, whose kindly words of encouragement have assisted and helped many of her friends, and whose memory will linger as the fragrance of beautiful flowers. The officers of the Primary Associations extend to its sister organization sincere sympathy for the bereavement which it is called by a wise Providence to bear.

THE ANGEL'S PROMISE.

For the careful consideration of some of our discouraged friends.

The sculptor wrought on the marble white
From early dawn till the shades of night
Fell over the landscape far and wide,
Then he looked at his work and sadly sighed,
So poor and incomplete it seemed
Beside the model of which he dreamed.
But all his hopes were centered there—
His days of toil, his nights of care;
And now he thought with a throb of pain
That all of his labor had been in vain;
For none would see in the work achieved
The grand ideal his soul conceived.
A prayer burst forth from his sorrowing breast:
"O God," he cried, "I have done my best!"
That night an angel, in mercy sent,
Over that marble figure bent;
And as he worked the statue grew
More beautiful and fair to view;
For every stroke to form and face
Added some new and subtle grace.

The sculptor came in the early morn,
With heavy heart and looks forlorn;
But his eyes were dazzled, his brain distraught,
By the wonderful change the night had wrought;
With rapturous joy his bosom swelled
As the glorious image his eyes beheld;
And there on the wall, just over his head,

In letters of gold these words he read:
 "When the workman hath wrought the best he could,
 Whatever the work God makes it good."

AN OPEN LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS OF UTAH STAKE.

By Zina Y. Williams Card.

(**Note.** This letter was written in the year 1884 by Sister Zina Y. Card, now an honored member of the General Board. The letter beautifully expresses the kindly spirit of the writer and predicts so much of the progress of the work now being accomplished in the Primary Associations, that *The Children's Friend* takes pleasure in giving its readers the opportunity of enjoying its contents.)

It is with feelings of deep regret that I send this little circular to you in lieu of my own presence. It was for the express purpose of visiting the Primary Associations throughout the Stake that I left my work in the Logan Temple and came down to Provo. But since my stay my health has been so very poor, and I am not able to make the trip. However, let me say to you, companions, sisters and children, my heart goes out to you with all the warmth and affection that I am capable of bestowing. The pleasure of meeting with you and looking into your dear faces having been denied me, I have put a few of my thoughts and ideas, with some instructions for the little ones, in this form to send to you.

Four years have passed away since you and I put on this Primary harness together, and four happy years of love, labor and watch-care they have proven to me. Nothing, be assured, but the stern call of duty to another field, would induce me to give up the great and responsible mission which was given me four years ago. And now, little children, let me speak to you and give you once more such counsel as God shall put into my heart for you.

How often is it said to you, and oh, how gravely necessary it is that you should lay it close to your very heart—be truthful. Tell the truth; don't twist your story, but if papa or mamma asks you anything, tell the straight truth. No matter if you have done wrong or have been thoughtless, let your confession be such that you will not feel ashamed for angels to hear you; and they do hear you, remember that. Your fault will become a sin if you add the heavy burden of a lie to it. Oh, my dears, be upright, honest and truthful. All men err, but only good men truthfully confess their errors. Keep the door of your hearts and minds always open to welcome and retain the good counsel and instructions of those whose right it is to teach you. Listen respectfully and try to carry out those instructions. Never speak ill of your little companions or associates. Do not repeat ill-natured stories of each other. Be one of whom it shall be said, he or she has a good word to say about everybody. Endeavor to improve your manners. Don't push, and stamp and shuffle in meeting, but restrain yourselves, and you will thereby begin to learn one of the most valuable lessons in life, viz.—self-control. Whenever you find that you are in possession of a fault or bad habit, resolve to crush it out. Now, dears, you may not be able to conquer in the first trial, nor the second or fifth time, but keep trying. That is the secret of reform. Keep trying. Every effort you make strengthens your characters that much, and, after many failures, if you will persist in your efforts, you will succeed. Don't be selfish, but divide your good things with those around you; and, too, you must give up your own way to those you love if you wish to be really unselfish and noble. Lucifer was willing to save the world if only he would get the glory therefrom. Christ offered to save the beautiful world in which we live and give unto His Father all the honor and the glory. Let

this be your aim, Christ your example. Be very prayerful, children, because without that you cannot have joy, peace, or help to overcome all these things of which I have spoken. God will hear and answer your prayer in the simplest thing as well as in the greatest. Let your faith in Him be grounded while you are young, and you are safe forever. You may be full of faults, but if you have faith, God can do anything for you or with you. Ask God for something small, and test His great goodness. Let prayer be your anchor, your companion, your comfort.

And now, dear ones, don't forget Aunt Zina. She will ever think of you with the truest love and fondest wishes; and will you pray for me? I shall always remember you in my daily prayers.

One word to the sisters, my fellow-workers and supporters. I am about to resign the position I have held so willingly and with so much of real heavenly joy, albeit mixed with pain and care. It is with tearful eyes that I repeat the always mournful word—farewell. You are forever dear to me, dearer than mere blood ties are, for are you not with me in Christ Jesus? Let me say one last word, not of reproof, but of loving admonition: Be always sure to set good examples to the little ones, for your acts will train them with more force than words can ever do. Be patient with them. Don't find fault with them, but if they do wrong, suggest a better way to do in cheerful, affectionate words. Never tire the children. Your own experiences and reflections may be exceedingly interesting, but their place is in the Relief Societies, and have no place in the Primary Associations. Try and imagine yourself a child, and say or do that which would have proved entertaining and pleasant to you when a child. Let your exercises of every kind and nature be varied, short and pleasing. No speaker should be allowed more than two minutes in which to talk to little children, unless exceptionally instructive. Intersperse your remarks with questions suitable to the children. Questions are better understood by the children and more appreciated if a word or two of explanation is added. When speaking on a principle, always endeavor to illustrate it by some pleasing story. Jesus was wise in teaching by parables, for a principle told through a story will be of far more lasting benefit than when stated without any embellishment. And most important of all, let your minds be so prepared by humble prayer, prior to going before the children, that God's inspiration shall shine through everything you say. Let your eyes be ever fixed upon the great responsibility resting upon your shoulders.

Now that I reach the close, my heart yearns to express the love I feel for you all, and were I there, I should wish to clasp every hand in a fond pressure and kiss every sweet childish face upraised to mine in innocent purity. Goodbye, all, and may God, our Father, bless us all; even so, amen.

SYMPATHY.

A plump little girl and a thin little bird
Were out in the meadow together.
"How cold that poor little bird must be,
Without any clothes like mine," said she,
"Although it is sunshiny weather."

"A nice little girl is that," said he;
"But, oh, how cold she must be! For see,
She hasn't a single feather!"
So each shivered to think of the other poor thing,
Although it was sunshiny weather.

—M. Johnson.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

LESSON TWENTY-ONE.

Happiness.

Memory Gem:

"God sends His bright spring sun
To melt the ice and snow,
To start the green leaf buds,
And make the flowers grow."

Review of Lesson Twenty.

Use the memory gem from lesson twenty. If possible have flowers or pictures of them for the children to examine. Review the stories, "Grandmother's Present" and "Their Fairy Neighbor."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Twenty-one.

Take up the thought of the work on the farms and in the gardens. How the seeds are planted and what helps them to grow.

In Poulsson's "Finger Plays" will be found the words, music and directions for playing the following:

In my little garden bed,
Raked so nicely over,
First the tiny seeds I sow,
Then with soft earth cover.

Shining down, the great round sun
Smiles upon it often;
Little raindrops, pattering down,
Help the seeds to soften.

Then the little plant awakes!
Down the roots go creeping.
Up it lifts its little head
Through the brown mold peeping.

High and higher still it grows
Through the summer hours,
Till some happy day the buds
Open into flowers.

If you have not a copy of this book, repeat the song with such motions as are indicated in the words. (However, it is recommended that every association be supplied with at least one copy of "Finger Plays.")

Encourage the children to have a little garden of their own. Make suggestions about how to have a little spot that will not interfere with big people's gardens; how to dig, rake, plant, water, etc.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Waking-up Time.

"A waking-up time" is what one little girl calls the first spring days. Some of us who love the trees and the flowers and the butterflies can guess what she means by a "waking-up time," for everything that lives seems to say on bright sunny days, "Winter is over, summer is coming, and spring-time is here." There are so many things that wake up in the spring that it is hard to know just where to begin the story. And everything gets awake so slowly that you hardly know when winter ends and when springtime begins, even when you are watching every day. But whether you notice or not, the great springtime procession is beginning in March, sometimes sooner, according to how many chances the great warm sun has had to peep through the clouds at the sleeping trees and grasses and flowers. One day there is a queer drumming sound ringing through the woods, "Rub-a-dub, dub, dub, dub-b-b-b-b," and there is the downy woodpecker, striking away on a dry limb, chiseling out insects just as fast as he can. He is a real, wide-awake, to be sure, and a hard worker, for all day long he pounds away hunting for ants, and insect eggs and tiny tree "borers" of all kinds. At sunset he flies away to his chosen tree, bobbing his pretty head this way and that, to see that no enemies are near. When he thinks all is safe he enters his home head first and disappears. Sometimes if you watch closely you will see him peep out again for a good-night look about him before he goes to sleep. But Downy is not the only bird that is about. The phoebe, the red-winged blackbird, the song sparrow and the bluebird and robin, (or more familiar birds), are all busy as can be, gathering nest material and hunting for food with cheery chirps and calls one to another. If you could find a little chipmunk rolled up in his long winter's sleep you would say, just as a certain little boy did, that he is "too cute for words." He is still a bit lazy and looks more like a round fluffy ball of fur than a perk little squirrel. But soon after he gets out into the sunshine he will be quite his own frisky self again, and hungry as a bear, too. Down in the pond there is great joy as the sun gets warmer day by day. The toads paddle about in the shallow water, puffing out their throats with delight and croaking away at their spring-song of happiness. If you come too near and touch them they will sometimes "play dead," rolling over on their backs, and stiffening their little legs in the funniest way imaginable. They will even hold their breath for a few seconds to prove to you that they are quite dead. But just let them alone, and they will "come to" very promptly and begin to sing quite lustily again with their comrades. The little tree frog adds his voice, also, to the spring chorus. He is often called the "spring peeper," for that very reason. Everywhere there is happiness because of the good gifts that are showered down upon the earth. "Tu-lee, tu-lee, tu-lero, tu-lee," carols Robin red-breast, for he knows as well as any little boy or girl, without even looking at the calendar, that the "time of the singing of birds is come."

I know the song that the robin is singing,
Out in the apple tree, where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
 Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
 Listen awhile and you'll hear what he's saying,
 Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
 You must be weary of winter, I know;
 Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer!
 Summer is coming and springtime is here!"
 —Selected.

LESSON TWENTY-TWO.

Patience.

Memory Gem:

If a string is in a knot,
 Patience will untie it;
 Patience can do many things;
 Did you ever try it?

Review of Lesson Twenty-one.

Continue thought about making a garden; enthuse the little ones with the thought that they can work to make others happy. When the flowers grow they can be picked, made up into nice bouquets and given to those we love, to friends, sick people like the lady we heard about one day. (See lessons in March number.) Repeat memory gem and talk about how God helps to make everybody happy.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Twenty-two.

Start your thought for this lesson by considering the seeds which are now growing, some of them lie in the ground all winter, some are planted early in the spring and if the children put seeds in the ground they must wait a long time before they will see the leaves and flowers. Connect with some of the activities in the home life, showing how necessary it is for little people to be patient. Bring in thought of fruit: sometimes we see it on the tree and we want it. What will green apples, etc., do to little children if they eat them?

The bright warm sun will change the apple, etc. But we must wait. Mother cooks cake, pie, cookies, etc. Children want them as soon as they see them. But we should be patient and wait until meal-time, etc.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

The Land of Pretend.

When little folks play with their dolls they live in the Land of Pretend. The Land of Pretend is a wonderful place. Not everybody can go there, for not everybody knows how to pretend. But you know how, don't you? Nearly every time little folks meet together some boy or girl says, "Let's pretend that we are kings and queens," or "Let's pretend we are going on a trip round the world," or "Let's pretend we are soldiers going to war." And in one minute these little folks are in the Land of Pretend where sofas are boats, and chairs are horses, and where dolls live and walk and talk. The game of Pretend is one of the happiest games in all the world, and nearly every boy and girl on the big round globe has played it.

The little Katherine we tell about lives in the Land of Pretend most of the time. Her dolls seem just as much alive to her as her merry friends among the boys and the girls. She talks to them and sews for them and

treats them very much as her own mother treats her little daughter. And, by the way, Katharine's mother plays with the dolls almost as much as the little girl does, and she lives in the Land of Pretend, too. It is very lovely when your own mother plays with you sometimes, because mothers have the most wonderful way of thinking up new games and new things to pretend and new clothes for the dolls to wear. But one day Katherine's mother was so busy that she could not stop to pretend and play with the dolls. She was sewing and planning to go away for a trip on which Katherine was to go, too. Katherine was having trouble with a new dress for Hortense Louise, the big bisque doll. Her thread kept knotting, and everything seemed to go wrong. But when she asked for help mother would say, "Dear, I really cannot stop now to play with the dolls."

At last Katherine said: "Well, mother, how would you feel if your little girl was going away on a winter trip and had nothing but summer clothes to wear? Wouldn't you be afraid she would catch her death of dampness?" And when mother looked at Katherine there were tears of real distress in her eyes. And, though she could not help laughing, she did what most mothers would have done. Maybe you can guess what that was. Any way, we will tell you this much, that Hortense Louise did not "catch her death of dampness" on that trip. Of that we are quite sure. Another time when Katherine was busy with her dolls, pretending all sorts of things, she said to her mother, "What would you do, mother, if your doll was bad all day long, and would not behave and wasn't sorry a bit?" Now, that's a pretty hard question even for mothers to answer, isn't it? Mother suggested several things. She asked if Hortense Louise had been sent to bed, for one thing, and Katherine said yes, but it hadn't done any good at all. And when mother looked at Hortense Louise sitting up straight in her little bed she saw that the doll certainly did not "look sorry a bit."

"Well," said mother, "I think I'd just try to be sweet and patient a little while longer, and see how that does. Maybe Hortense Louise is just tired, and not naughty." Then mother forgot about Katherine and Hortense Louise for a little while, because she really had other things to do besides play with little girls and their dolls. But the next day Katherine must have gotten out of bed the wrong way, for she was cross and fretful and not a bit like the sunny little girl of the day before. Finally mother remembered about the naughtiness of Hortense Louise, so she said, "Katherine, what would you do if you had a little girl who was bad all day and wouldn't behave and wasn't sorry a bit?"

A little smile showed itself at the corners of Katherine's mouth, but she said very seriously, "Well you might send her to bed."

"I have tried that," said mother, "and it didn't do a bit of good."

"Then," said Katherine, "I think I'd just try to be sweet and patient a little while longer, mother. That worked with Hortense Louise."

Another little smile played about Katherine's mouth, and there was the merriest kind of a twinkle in mother's eyes. And the next minute two dear little arms were about mother's neck, and a sweet little voice was saying, "I am good now, mother, and I am sorry, so there!"

"When she is good, she is very, very good;
And when she is bad she is horrid!"

—Selected.

LESSON TWENTY-THREE.

Good Nature.

Memory Gem:

"Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling face
In the glass you'll meet a smile."

Review Lesson Twenty-two.

Patience is a quality that usually needs to be cultivated in children. It is therefore suggested that the teacher will use as many as possible of the little incidents in the daily life of a child where patience is of value, such as getting dressed, washed, combed; wanting things in a hurry when other people are busy such as, a drink, something to eat, toys or other things which may be out of reach, etc. Use the memory gem on patience. Review story, "The Land of Pretend."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Twenty-three.

Use memory gem and connect the thought in this lesson with that of patience, showing how good nature will grow out of the exercise of patience. If possible have some pictures which will show the difference between good natured and cross or angry children.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "Abbie's Cure."

"Did you ever see such a child?" asked Miss Martin, helplessly.

"I never did?" said the doctor.

They stood outside the door of Abbie's room. She had been ill for a long time, and it had been very hard for her, because all her life she had done as she pleased and had whatever she wanted. When she was ill she could not do as she pleased or have whatever she wanted, and that made her dreadfully cross.

She fretted and scolded and fretted about everything. She cried when her tray came up, because she did not like what there was on it to eat, and then she cried again because she wanted what the rest of the family had for dinner and could not have it. She scolded because her friends did not come to see her, and when they came she scolded because they stayed too long. When it was time for her to take her medicine, she worried and cried until both the doctor and Miss Martin were quite worn out. It had gone on this way day after day, and it was no wonder that Miss Martin and the doctor agreed that they never before had seen such a child.

"The real trouble with Abbie now is her disposition. I am afraid that unless we can find some help for that she never will get well," said the doctor, as he started downstairs.

Miss Martin walked softly back into the room, and Abbie cried sharply: "I haven't any other disease the matter with me. I know I haven't. The doctor doesn't know."

"The doctor didn't say you had any other disease," said Miss Martin, gently.

"Yes, he did, just now!" insisted Abbie.

Miss Martin thought a minute and then she smiled. "Do you mean what he said about your disposition?" she asked.

Abbie nodded and wanted to know what her disposition was.

"It is that which makes you merry and kind and happy, or cross and unkind and unhappy," answered Miss Martin.

"Oh!" said Abbie, and was quiet for a long time. At last she asked, "What will the doctor do to cure my disposition?"

"The doctor can't cure it," answered Miss Martin. "Only God can do that, but we all can help God to do it. Shall we ask Him to, now?"

Kneeling down beside the bed she said softly: "Dear Jesus, we thank thee for all the things that have been helping this little girl to grow better, and we ask Thee soon to make her strong and well. We ask Thee, too, to

help cure that other disease that our earthly doctor cannot cure. Help her to be kind and loving and happy, for J  sus' sake. Amen.

Medicine time came soon, and, for the first time in many days, Abbie swallowed the little tablet that Miss Martin brought to her, and Miss Martin looked so pleased that Abbie smiled a faint, tired little smile herself.

"I guess God heard!" she said.

"He always does," said Miss Martin. "All we need to do to have Him help cure sick bodies, or any other kind of sickness, is just to ask Him, and then help Him ourselves all that we can."

After that, everybody wondered why Abbie was getting well so fast; but Abbie and Miss Martin knew the secret.—Elizabeth Donovan.

LESSON TWENTY-FOUR.

Kindness.

Memory Gem:

Do something for each other,
Though small the help may be;
There's comfort in little things,
Far more than others see."

Review Lesson Twenty-three:

Let the children help you to re-tell the story, "Abbie's Cure." How was Abbie helped to be more patient? What do you say when you pray to the Lord? Do you ask the Lord to help you to be good? How unhappy we feel when we are not good. Review the thought in the three preceding lessons to illustrate how goodness brings happiness, patience and good nature.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Twenty-four.

Do you remember hearing a story about some one who was kind? Is there any picture in the room to help you think of the story we heard? (Before the lesson place two or three pictures about the room. Let one of them be the one of Rebekah at the Well). Use the picture as suggested in the last lesson. Talk about the cross children and the good-natured ones. Relate the story of Rebekah at the well to illustrate how good-natured people do kind deeds for others. Who can find Rebekah in this picture? To whom was Rebekah kind? How was she kind to Eleizer? to the camels?

Why did Rebekah give a drink to the camels? Can you think of any animal besides a camel that gets thirsty? Have you ever seen (name several animals which the children have enumerated) taking a drink of water? (Let them tell about their pets, or about animals they have seen drinking at fountains, or those they have seen in the country being watered and fed.) Do the animals you have told me about ever need food to eat as well as water to drink? What do they eat? How do they get their food? (Lead the children to use definite terms, and help them to think what the needs of the animals are and how they are met. Limit the talk to animals that need human care, as these will best help the children to understand the lesson.) Most animals, besides needing water to drink, food to eat, and a place in which to sleep, need some one to be kind to them and to take care of them, because they cannot take care of themselves.

Story, "David and His Sheep."

I have a story from the Bible to tell you today about some sheep that needed water to drink, food to eat, a place in which to sleep, and some one to take care of them. (Show a picture of sheep.) The name of the young man who took care of them was David. David loved his sheep, and not only

took the best of care of them but was very, very kind to them, as I am sure you will think when the story is finished. The sheep liked tender green grass to eat, clear cold water to drink, and a quiet place in which to eat and drink and sleep. David knew what his sheep liked, and so each morning he led them to fields where the grass was green, where the water was clear, and where it was so quiet that they could eat and drink and rest as they liked to do.

As sheep eat a great deal of grass it did not take them long to eat off the grass in the fields near their home, and when this happened David was obliged to lead them to fields that were farther away. Sometimes David led them so far away from home that for days they would be away off among the hills or near the mountains, where lived the bears and lions and other wild beasts that liked nothing better for their dinner than one of the young lambs that nibbled the green grass or played beside their mothers. David knew that the bears and lions liked to come stealing down from the hills and mountains to catch the young lambs, so he watched carefully to see that none of them came near his sheep.

But one day, before David could stop it, there came a lion that took a lamb out from among his sheep and started away with it. David ran after the lion and struck it and took the lamb out of its mouth. The lion grew angry, and came toward David to hurt him; but David was not afraid, and he caught the lion and killed it, to save the little lamb.

Would you like to know why it was that David was not afraid of the great strong lion? David himself said that he was not afraid, because he knew God would take care of him and would make him strong to do right. It was right to take the best of care of the sheep and the lambs and to be kind to them, just as it is right to be kind to all animals. I wonder if you know why we should be kind to animals?—Selected.

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Lord's Prayer.

Topic for the Month of June—"Thy Will be Done in Earth as it is in Heaven."

Divisions:

1. Obedience.
2. Kindness.
3. Love.
4. Thoughtfulness.

LESSON TWENTY-ONE.

Obedience.

Aim—No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of a true obedience.—H. Giles.

Result Desired—The feeling deepened that if we pray for blessings, we must also work to bring about the desired condition.

Suggestions:

The lessons for this month are based on the words in the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." Jesus came and lived among the people to show them how to do the will of God on the earth. To develop this thought incidents from the life of Jesus will be given, also moral stories that will help to impress the thought in each lesson.

The aim in the stories for this week is obedience. The teacher should have a little talk ready that will fit the members of the class on this point. Remember that the first story illustrates what Jesus did, that we should remember about it when we say in our prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and make up our minds to be obedient to our parents and to the Lord.

Story, "Jesus Walks on the Sea."

Splash! splash! lapped the waves over the pebbly shore. The waves were little and they lapped to and fro gently. Evening time was drawing near, but the sky was clear.

"Our little boat will cross quickly and safely to the other side of the sea tonight. The bright north star will guide us," the twelve disciples may have thought. Then they said good-by to Jesus.

Jesus was tired and He needed to rest. He wished to speak to His heavenly Father in prayer. The thousands of people had gone to their homes. The little boat started on its way and Jesus was alone with the heavenly Father.

Evening came, but the north star was hidden in the black sky. The wind whistled down from the mountains on the shore. It struck the waters and the waves rose in anger. They beat upon the boat and tossed it up and down and from side to side. The sail cracked. The men had to draw in their oars, for they were of no use.

I suppose the twelve men said to one another: "If the Master were here he would help us. If the Master were on board we should be safe."

They peered out over the dark waters. What was it that they saw? The strange sight made their pale faces look still whiter. They were afraid. What they saw looked like the form of a man walking on the storm waves.

They looked again. The form came nearer. "Could it be the Master? Could it be Jesus?" thought the twelve men.

They did not have to wonder long. It was Jesus. He had not forgotten His followers and had come to help them.

Soon the voice called over the waters, "It is I; be not afraid."

Peter called back and said, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water." Jesus said to Peter, "Come."

Then Peter stepped over the side of the boat and began to walk upon the water to Jesus. Soon, however, he forgot to look at Jesus' face. He began to think of the danger. He began to think of the strength of the wind. He began to listen to the wild noise of the storm.

As soon as Peter thought of all these things, as soon as he took his eyes from Jesus, he began to sink.

When he could no longer stand upon the waters, he cried to Jesus, "Lord, save me." Then Jesus put out His hand and caught him. But the Master said: "Peter, why did you doubt me? Why did you not believe me?"

When Jesus entered the boat the winds ceased, the waves became gentle again and the storm was over. The twelve disciples were glad to have their Master with them. They came and worshiped him, saying, "Truly, we know, that thou art the Son of God."

Sometimes the hard things which come to our lives seem like the storm waves on the Sea of Galilee.

Jesus is near his people now as he was that night upon the stormy sea. He is ready to say to his people, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.—Selected.

Memory Gem:

"Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child cannot repay,
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "An afternoon in Polly's Life."

"Tell you an Indian story?" repeated grandmother, looking at the children who had comfortably settled themselves on the soft rug at her feet, before the cheery fire in the grate. "Well, then, I think I shall have to tell you my own. One winter day a little girl was playing all alone before a blazing fire. The bright, dancing flame in the wide, old-fashioned fireplace was one of the prettiest things in the room, which was not at all like this. There were no soft couches, upholstered chairs, or rich carpet, only some braided mats on the bare floor, a settle beside the fireplace, a bed in one corner, a great chest in another, a few plain chairs, and a table. The walls were of rude logs, and the only pictures were a few newspaper prints that little Polly herself had pinned up. She did not think of the room as plain or bare; it was home, and it looked pleasant enough to her usually, but today she was lonely. Mother had been called away to visit a sick neighbor, and had said she would be back very soon; but it seemed to Polly that she had been gone a long, long time. Father was always busy outside in the daytime, and the house, with only one little girl in it, was very still and strangely empty. There were no new books for Polly to read—she never had owned but two or three in all her life—and she had few toys beyond her treasured rag doll. She went to the great chest in the corner and lifted the lid. It held some treasures mother had brought from the East. At the top was a large, gay shawl, quaint and old-fashioned even then, which the little girl was sometimes allowed to use in her 'dress-up' games. She took it out and wrapped it round her, but there really wasn't much fun in playing with it all alone.

"I wish Prudy Ann could see it," said Polly to herself. "I wish I'd asked mother to let me go and stay with Prudy Ann while she was away. I know she would if she'd expected to be gone so long."

"Prudy Ann was the little girl who lived at the next neighbor's, and though that was fully a mile and a half away it did not seem very far to Polly. She was so sure that her mother would have consented to her going that she did not see how it could make much difference now if she went without asking. She would wear the shawl so that her little friend could see it, and maybe she might meet mother by the way. Anyway, she would be sure not to stay long.

"It was thinking that she would go and come quickly that brought her into trouble. She could have followed the open road and gone in safety; but when she came to the woods—'the big woods,' the people round there called it—she remembered that she had once gone through it with her father, and that he had called it a shorter way. 'I can follow the path,' said Polly, turning off from the road. But the path twisted in and out among the trees and bushes, and was often so thickly covered with fallen leaves that one scarcely could tell where it was. By and by, Polly had lost it altogether. She did not much mind that at first, not until she had walked so long that she thought she ought to have crossed the corner of woodland where the path ran, and be able to see the clearing on the other side. There was no open ground in sight, nothing but trees, trees, everywhere, and they began to look very tall and gloomy. Then from the gray sky overhead white flakes began to sift down through the bare branches.

"Oh, I'm all lost, and there's a snowstorm coming!" cried the poor little girl, the tears running down her cold cheeks. "What shall I do?"

"There was only one thing to do, and that was to keep on trying, so Polly walked wearily on with the tress all the time growing thicker and the sky darker. At last she grew so tired that she dropped down beside a great tree to rest for a minute. She must have closed her eyes, for the first thing she knew there was a sound right beside her, 'Ugh!'

"She looked up to see a young Indian standing over her, his bronze face

looking out strange and wild from his coarse, black hair. Poor Polly had heard as many stories of Indians as you children have, only hers were more fearful, for they were of times and places near at hand. She was dreadfully frightened, and sat still when the young red man motioned her to rise. It was only for a minute, for the heavy hand seized her arm and pulled her to her feet. 'Oh, let me go! I want to go home!' sobbed the child, but the Indian answered only by signs and a word or two that she could not understand. But the motions that she was to follow him and about disobedience were only too plain.

"Polly never will forget that journey while she lives, for it appeared endless; and indeed she scarcely wanted it to end, for she expected it would be in an Indian village, and that she would be kept as a captive, and cruelly treated if they allowed her to live. She shuddered and cried as she thought of it all, but the red man would not allow her to stop, and once or twice when she tried to slip away through the trees—for even being lost in the woods was not so terrible as being a prisoner among the Indians—he dragged her back, and made her follow. The darkness of the early night had fallen, and she could see little but the shadowy outlines of the form before her, while her feet were growing almost too tired to push forward, when the trees suddenly vanished and they came out into a clearing with the light of a cabin shining before them—the light of Polly's own home!

"White Wing, for that was the young Indian's name, was the son of a great chief, who knew Polly's father. He had recognized her, though she scarcely could tell one Indian from another. All the words and gestures that she had taken for threats were really kind, and he was only showing her the way home. Her anxious father and mother were very grateful. After the chief's son was given his supper and loaded with gifts that he prized, he started away through the forest again, while little Polly looked around her cabin home, and thought it the dearest place in all the world."—Ruth Cady.

LESSON TWENTY-TWO.

Kindness.

Aim—The will of man is by his reason swayed.—Shakespeare.

Result Desired—The belief strengthened that the Lord is always wise as well as kind.

Suggestions:

Review the stories from last lesson, emphasizing the fact that Peter was only in danger when he was afraid to do as Jesus commanded. The lesson for this week is based on the observance of the Sabbath Day. A little talk should be given that will encourage the children to feel that there are certain duties which belong to Sunday and that all who desire to help to bring about the happy days when Jesus will be with his people again must remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

Story: "Two Sabbaths."

The trumpets had sounded the evening before in the towns round the Sea of Galilee. The blowing of the trumpet was a sign to the people that the hours of the Sabbath were beginning.

All the food had been prepared. All the dishes had been washed. All the money girdles had been put away. It was right that all work which was not needed should be laid aside. This was the will of God the Father.

But the Pharisees went much further. Sick people must wait for their medicine till the sounding of the trumpet again should tell that the Sabbath hours were over. No broken bones could be set, for that was work.

This was the Pharisees' way of keeping the Sabbath day. They kept

it in this hard way because they did not understand their heavenly Father's law. Jesus had come from heaven to tell them their mistake. He had come to tell them that the Sabbath day was one of God's good gifts. It should be a day of rest and happiness, not a day of punishment. It was a day given to the people to think and talk of God, their Father, and do those things which would please Him.

Upon this Sabbath day Jesus and His disciples were going to church. Their way led through a grainfield. Some of the Pharisees were also walking through the grainfield.

Jesus' disciples were hungry. They gathered some of the grain. They rubbed the grain heads in their hands to separate the husks from the kernels; then they ate.

Solemn-faced Pharisees watched them. These men said among themselves: "Now we have caught Jesus and His followers. He is a Sabbath breaker. His disciples have worked upon the Sabbath day. They have rubbed the grain between their fingers. They are Sabbath breakers. They have broken one of the laws." Then they were glad, for they hated Jesus.

They came before Jesus, saying, "Behold, thy disciples do that which is not lawful upon the Sabbath day."

Jesus then told how God, the Father, really wished them to keep the Sabbath day. God did not forbid the doing of what was needful. But the Pharisees did not want to change their ways of keeping the laws, and they hated Jesus with still greater hatred.

Another Sabbath day Jesus again taught how God would have them keep His day.

Jesus went into the synagogue and saw there a man with a withered hand.

The Pharisees came before Jesus and said, "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath?" They wished to prove that he was a Sabbath breaker and put a stop to his teaching.

Jesus answered: "If a man's sheep should fall into a pit would he not lift it out? Of how much more value is a man than a sheep! It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath." Then Jesus said to the man, "Stretch forth thine hand." The man stretched forth his hand and it was whole and strong as the other.—Selected.

Memory Gem:

"Be kind and be gentle to those who are old,
For kindness is dearer and better than gold."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "A Little Errand for Whom?"

Helen stood on the doorstep with a very tiny basket in her hand, when her father drove up to her and said: "I am glad you are all ready to go out, dear. I came to take you to Mrs. Lee's park to see the new deer."

"Oh, thank you, papa; but I can't go just this time. The deer will keep, and we will go tomorrow. I have a very particular errand to do now," said the little girl.

"What is it, dear?" asked the father.

"Oh, it is to carry this somewhere," and she held up the small basket.

Her father smiled and asked: "Who is this errand for, dear?"

"For my own self, papa, but—Oh, no, I guess not—it's a little errand for God, papa."

"Well, I will not hinder you, my little dear," said the good father, tenderly. "Can I help you any?"

"No, sir. I was going to carry my orange, that I saved from my dessert, to old Peter."

"Is old Peter sick?"

"No, I hope not, but he never has anything nice, and he's good and thankful. Big folks give him only cold meat and broken bread, and I thought an orange would look so beautiful and make him so happy! Don't you think that poor well folks ought to be comforted some times as well as poor sick folks, papa?"

"Yes; and I think we too often forget them until sickness or starvation comes. You are right; this is a little errand for God. Get into this buggy and I will drive you to Peter's and wait till you have done the errand, and then show you the deer. Have you a pin, Helen?"

"Yes, papa, here is one."

"Well, here is a dollar bill for you to fix on the skin of the roange. This will pay old Peter's rent for four weeks, and perhaps this will be a little errand for God, too," said the gentleman.

Little Helen, who had taught a wise man a wise lesson, looked very pleased as her fingers fixed the bill on the orange.—Domestic Journal.

LESSON TWENTY-THREE.

Love.

Suggestions:

Review last lesson. Prepare short talk to help the children to understand that we must do as Jesus did if we wish truly that "the will of God shall be done in earth as it is done in heaven."

Story, "Jesus, the Good Shepherd."

Men called Pharisees crowded about Jesus. These men had seen or had heard that He had helped a blind man that day. He had touched the blind man's eyes with clay and had given him power to see.

The Pharisees wondered why Jesus cared for a poor blind beggar. They themselves did not care whether or not beggars could see. They cared about wearing fine clothes, gaining riches and being called great.

The Pharisees cared so much about being called great that they were jealous of Jesus. They did not want him to do what they could not. They did not want him to make the blind to see. They did not want him to love and help people. They feared that people would say Jesus was greater than they were. They cried, "Why does Jesus do these things?"

In answer Jesus turned to the Pharisees and said: "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep."

Jesus wished the Pharisees to understand what he meant. A part of what Jesus meant was that he helped people because He loved them.

In the country where Jesus lived when he lived upon earth there are many shepherds. There are many shepherds for there are many sheep. Sheep are not very brave. Every strange noise makes them afraid. They are not very wise. They cannot easily find their way from place to place. They cannot keep themselves from harm. They need a shepherd.

Because sheep cannot take care of themselves shepherds watch their sheep and take care of them all day. They give each sheep a name and call each one by its name. Again and again we may hear shepherds calling their sheep in ways like this:

"Ho, Curly-horn; Ho, Swift-foot, leave the tree,
And the pasture eastward where ye Bald-head see."

When night time comes the shepherds call their sheep and lead them home to the fold.

Often and often as the sheep follow their shepherd danger comes swiftly

upon them. Sometimes robbers leap out from behind rocks to steal a sheep. Sometimes wolves and other wild animals try to carry off a little lamb.

No matter how great the danger to himself, a good shepherd will take care of his sheep. He will drive away the robber or the wolf. He will do it no matter if he himself is hurt and is made to die. He will do it because the sheep and lamb are his and he loves them.

The Pharisees knew what good shepherds do for their sheep and why they do it. Jesus knew that the Pharisees knew and said to them: "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep."

It was just the same as saying: "I love the people of the earth more than shepherds love their sheep. I help the people of the earth because I love them. I love them so much that I have come not only to help but also to lay down my life for them."

Thus did Jesus teach that He loves everyone in all the wide, wide world and is our good Shepherd.—Selected.

Memory Gem:

"The good shepherd layeth down his life for his sheep."

Singing, rest exercises and games.

Story: "Sister and Her Brother."

It was a beautiful afternoon in May. Virginia had come home from school eager to get out-of-doors and into the woods.

"Will you take Lawrence?" mother asked, as Virginia was putting on her hat and getting her basket.

"Yes, mother," Virginia answered, "but he always keeps me busy looking after him."

So Lawrence had to have a basket, too.

The children lived almost at the edge of the town, and just beyond the limits was a stretch of lovely woodland, where boys and girls went flower hunting. Today Virginia wanted wood violets to take to school the next day for the teacher's desk. So she started out with her basket on one arm and Lawrence clinging to her free hand. Lawrence was only five years old and Virginia was eleven.

When they got into the woodland Virginia hunted out the places where the violets grew and was soon busily gathering them. Lawrence ran about with his basket, and Virginia looked up just in time to see him putting to his mouth a poisonous May apple.

"Brother," she cried, "don't taste it. It will hurt you." Quick as a flash Lawrence dropped the apple. Then Virginia showed him where there were others just like it, and warned him not to eat them. Later she discovered him poking into a hole in the ground with a stick. She ran to him and pulled him quickly away.

"Brother," she cried, "that is the door to a snake's home and you mustn't poke in with a stick and make him come out. He might be angry and bite you."

Many times during the afternoon Virginia had to get Lawrence away from dangerous places and tell him why he must let things alone.

That night, just before she went to bed, she was talking it all over with mother. "I just had to watch him all the time, mother, to keep him out of mischief. It seems to me he always did the things that would hurt him if somebody didn't stop him."

Then mother said: "Aren't you glad, dear, that you knew how to keep little brother from hurting himself? Aren't you glad that he loves you so well that he wants to be with you? Doesn't it make you happy to see him so willing to listen and do as you advise him to do? Just think, my child,

what it will mean, as he grows into a big boy, to have a sister to look to for advice and help. Of course, you will always want to help him to be a good, strong boy and keep away from the things that will harm him."

Virginia thought it over after she went to bed that night. Yes, she certainly did want to help Lawrence to be a good boy, and she was going to try to do the things herself that it would be right for Lawrence to do, for she knew he would follow her example.

When mother went into the nursery to tell Lawrence good-night, he was still wide awake.

"Did you have a happy time in the woods, little son?" she asked, as she stroked his hair gently.

"Yes, mother," he said, "but I should have eaten an apple that would have made me sick, and been bitten by a snake when I was poking into his hole with a stick, if sister hadn't kept me from these things."

"How glad I am that my little boy has a sister who loves him so truly that she watches over him when I am not here," mother said. "I always feel safe about you when Virginia is near."

(Perhaps your name and the name of your brother or sister would fit in this story just as well as the names I have given. But only you can tell that.)—Selected.

LESSON TWENTY-FOUR.

Thoughtfulness.

Aim—Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles, and kindnesses, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Sir H. Davy.

Result Desired—A desire on the part of the children to be helpful and kind. To have some ideals of life toward which they will aim.

Suggestions:

Study the quotation given as the aim for this lesson. Read and think about the example which our Savior set, of kind, loving thoughtfulness for others. With this spirit and point of view prepare a little talk for the children on what you would believe to be the will of our Father in heaven and how nearly we can approach it here. Use the Lord's prayer and emphasize what we mean when we say, "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

Story: "The Multitudes Fed."

One day in the springtime long ago, a little boat sped over the waters of the Sea of Galilee. The people upon the shore saw the boat. They knew that Jesus and his friends sailed in it and that they were going to the other side of the sea.

When the people saw the ship sailing away from them they hurried along the shore on foot to the place where Jesus was going. They hurried with such speed that they reached there before the boat had landed. Jesus looked at the people who had come to Him and He loved them. He healed those who were sick and taught them many things.

Hundreds and hundreds of people had followed Jesus. I think you could not count the number, for there were five thousand not counting the women and children.

In and out among the people a little boy had passed. He had brought with him five loaves of barley bread. The loaves were something like flat crackers. They were not very large. Besides the five loaves he had two little fishes. I think his mother may have made this little lunch for her boy when he started from home. He was the only one in all that company who had brought anything to eat.

When evening drew near the disciples said to Jesus, "Send the people away, that they may go into the towns and get something to eat."

One of the disciples said, "There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes: but what are they among so many?"

Jesus said, "Make the men sit down," and they sat down in groups upon the soft, green grass.

The little boy gave the five loaves and two fishes to Jesus. After Jesus had thanked the heavenly Father for the food He broke the bread and the fishes and gave to the disciples to give to the people.

After the people had eaten till they were hungry no more, twelve baskets were gathered of what was left.

One day Jesus went up into the mountain and sat down there. It was not long before four thousand people had gathered about Him besides women and children. Jesus did as He had done many times before. He healed the sick. He made the lame to walk and opened the eyes of the blind.

For three days the people had been with Jesus and they had nothing to eat. Jesus said to His disciples: "I have pity for the people. They are hungry. I will not send them away lest they faint on the way."

The disciples said, "Master, how can we feed this great multitude?"

Jesus asked, "How many loaves have ye?"

They said, "Seven, and a few little fishes."

Jesus took the people to sit down on the ground. Then He took the seven loaves and the fishes and gave thanks to God. He broke the food and gave to the disciples to give to the people. All the hungry people ate and they gathered seven baskets of what was left.

Jesus loved His people and was glad to feed them. He also wished to help them understand a beautiful thought. The thought is: Jesus' love is like the loaves of bread with which He fed the people. There was enough that day, there is enough now, and there will always be enough.

Memory Gem:

"God is love."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "A Day in the Woods."

"I went in to see Eunice Bell this afternoon," said Abbie Leeds at the supper table one evening.

"How is she now?" inquired Mrs. Leeds, with interest.

"She is gaining very slowly," Abbie replied. "She looks so thin and pale it makes my heart ache."

"Eunice needs a change," Mrs. Leeds said. "Perhaps we can plan something nice for her."

"You can, I know, mamma!" cried little Bertha. "You are so good at thinking up nice things for folks. Do try!"

"Well—let me see. -O, I have it! The wild grapes are ripe. We will go after some, and take Eunice with us. A day in the woods will do her good and we will all enjoy it."

"Yes, indeed!" Abbie exclaimed. "That will be something nice for us all. Why not go tomorrow? It will be Saturday, you know."

"O yes; do let us go tomorrow!" Bertha chimed in. "Can't we, please, mamma?"

"Why, I think so, if it is a pleasant day. But if we are going, we must be up early. There will be a good deal to do before we start."

"I'll get up before daylight," said Abbie, with enthusiasm.

"So will I," agreed Bertha.

"Very well," laughed their mother. "I will help you keep your promise, if I wake up in time, myself."

Bertha awoke first the next morning, and promptly roused the rest of

the family. When breakfast was over she hurried off to ask Mrs. Bell and Eunice to go with them.

The invitation having been gratefully accepted, she ran home again and worked as busily as the older ones—washing dishes, dusting, and so on.

By ten o'clock the party was off for the woods in the light wagon, drawn by Dick, the good old family horse. The vehicle held also a liberal supply of bags and pails, and one of the pails—a big one—was filled with a nice, substantial lunch.

It was a perfect fall day, and every one was in excellent spirits, but little Eunice Bell was gayest of all. Mrs. Bell, too, was very happy, on her own account in part, but more because of her daughter's enjoyment.

"This will do the dear child a world of good," she said to Mrs. Leeds. "I am so glad you thought of it. If there were more people who thought as much of other folk's pleasure as you do, life would be very different."

A delightful drive of an hour over pleasant country roads brought them to the woods where they found the grapes plentiful and unusually fine. Many of the best ones were to be had only by climbing the trees over which the vines clambered luxuriantly, but this only added to the fun for Abbie, who could climb as nimbly as a boy.

At noon lunch was eaten in a charming little arbor formed by the trees and vines. Then the company took a good long rest. After the bags and pails were all full there was still time for a ramble through the woods; then Dick was harnessed up again and they started on the homeward drive.

There were tears in Eunice's eyes when she bade her friends good-bye. "I've had such a dear, lovely time," she said. "I don't know how to thank you enough for it."

"Then don't try," Abbie laughed. "You needn't thank us. We've had all the better time because you went with us."

"Indeed we have," Mrs. Leeds added, heartily.

"Of course we have," Bertha said, giving Eunice a loving hug.

"That may be," said Mrs. Bell, "but we are both very grateful just the same."

"And you are more than welcome," Mrs. Leeds replied.

"Now we will see whose grape jelly will be the nicest," Abbie said, picking up the reins and clucking to Dick, who jogged off towards home very willingly.—Carrie A. Parker.

THIRD GRADE.

(Children eight and nine years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Ten Commandments.

Topic for the Month of June—Fathers.

Divisions:

1. Abraham.
2. Joseph.
3. David.
4. Good Fathers.

LESSON TWENTY-ONE.

Abraham.

Aim—The voice of parents is the voice of gods, for to their children they are heaven's lieutenants.—Shakespeare.

Result Desired—An increased understanding of the value of obedience to commandments.

Development of Lesson Twenty-one.

It is suggested that the teacher read carefully the lessons given on the fifth commandment in volume eight of *THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND*. September number, page 376.

Recite the fifth commandment.

Relate the following incidents from the life of Abraham to illustrate the aim of the lesson, and to show that Abraham was a great man, very wise and just, and full of faith in God. Tell about his long life and how his descendants are still known as the children of Abraham.

The separation of Abraham and Lot, the division of the land: Genesis 13th chapter. Asked to sacrifice his son Isaac: Genesis 22nd chapter.

Memory Gem:

"Whoso keepeth the law is a wise child."

Story: "The Gold in the Orchard."

There was once a farmer who had a fine olive orchard. He was very industrious, and the farm always prospered under his care. But he knew that his three sons despised the farm work, and were eager to make wealth fast, through adventure.

When the farmer was old, and felt that his time had come to die, he called the three sons to him, and said, "My sons, there is a pot of gold hidden in the olive orchard. Dig for it, if you wish it."

The sons tried to get him to tell them in what part of the orchard the gold was hidden; but he would tell them nothing more.

After the farmer was dead, the sons went to work to find the pot of gold; since they did not know where the hiding-place was, they agreed to begin in a line, at one end of the orchard, and to dig until one of them should find the money.

They dug until they had turned up the soil from one end of the orchard to the other, round the tree-roots and between them. But no pot of gold was to be found. It seemed as if some one must have stolen it, or as if the farmer had been wandering in his wits. The three sons were bitterly disappointed to have all their work for nothing.

The next olive season, the olive trees in the orchard bore more fruit than they had ever given; the fine cultivating they had had from the digging brought so much fruit, and of so fine a quality, that when it was sold it gave the sons a whole pot of gold!

And when they saw how much money had come from the orchard, they suddenly understood what the wise father had meant when he said, "There is gold hidden in the orchard; dig for it."—Selected.

Story: "Good and Bad Apples."

Robert Hall was a bright and interesting little boy. He was the youngest of fourteen children. His parents loved him very much; for he was merry, and frank, and truthful, and affectionate, and industrious.

But one day, Robert's kind and considerate father saw him playing with some boys who were rude and wicked. He had seen, for some time, a change for the worse in his son, and now he knew the cause. He was very sorry, but he said nothing to Robert at the time.

In the evening his father brought from the garret six beautiful, rosy-cheeked apples, put them on a plate and presented them to Robert. The son was much pleased at his father's kindness, and thanked him.

"My son, you must lay the apples aside for a few days, that they may become mellow, said the father. And Robert cheerfully placed the plate with the apples on it, in his mother's storeroom.

But just then, his father asked him to bring back the fruit, laid on the plate with the others a seventh apple, which was quite decayed, and desired him to allow it to remain there.

"But father," said Robert, "the decayed apple will spoil all the others."
 "Are you quite sure, my son? Why should not the six fresh apples rather make the bad one fresh?" And with these words, he requested Robert to return the apples to the storeroom.

Eight days afterward, he asked his son to open the door and take out the apples. But what a sight presented itself! The six apples, which had been so sound and smooth, were rotten, and spread a disagreeable smell through the room.

"O, papa," cried Robert, it is too bad! Did I not tell you that the decayed apple would spoil the good ones?"

"My beloved son," said the father, "have I not told you often that the company of bad children will make you bad? Why do you not listen to me? I want you to learn a lesson from these apples. Assuredly if you keep company with wicked boys, you will soon be like them.

Robert did not forget this lesson. When any of his former, wicked playfellows asked him to join in their sports, he thought of the decayed apples, and was thus enabled to resist the temptation.

He became a great, good, learned and useful man. Though he suffered most remarkably from disease for more than twenty years, he lived until he was aged, and died a childlike, humble, and Godly man.—Selected.

LESSON TWENTY-TWO.

Joseph.

Aim—My son despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him: for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.—Hebrews 12: 5-6.

Result Desired—That the children will see the necessity for parental control and submit to proper authority with understanding and appreciation.

Development of Lesson Twenty-two:

Review the last lesson and emphasize the thought of Abraham's obedience and faithfulness and how the Lord rewarded him for his good works.

Consider carefully the aim given for this lesson and with the thought well in mind relate instances from the life of Joseph which illustrate the aim, and how through obedience to his father he became the benefactor of his people. Genesis, chapters 37, 39, and 50.

Recite the fifth commandment.

Memory Gem: L

"The Lord says: Keep my commandments and live."

Story: "The Crooked Tree."

Ralph Brown had very kind parents, who aimed to set him a good example. They tried to instruct their little son according to God's word.

Instead, however, of profiting by the lessons he received, he often caused his parents much unhappiness by his naughty conduct. He was idle and disobedient, did not always speak the truth, and several times took what was not his own.

His father was very anxious to impress on his mind the danger of forming sinful habits, which would grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength, until they would bind him, as with iron chains. At last he thought of a plan by which he hoped to teach his son this important lesson.

In the orchard, not far from Mr. Brown's house, there was a young

tree, so very crooked, that he had more than once determined to cut it down. Close by were some young trees, which were remarkable for their straight and beautiful appearance.

Mr. Brown directed his men to take an ax, with some stakes and ropes, and go down into the orchard, to see if they could not straighten the crooked tree. He told Peter, the gardener, to go down at the same time, and put some more fastenings upon the pear trees. His object in all this was to teach Ralph a lesson.

After they had been gone a short time, Mr. Brown saw Ralph running from the barn to the house, and he called to him—"Come, Ralph, my boy, let us go down to the orchard, and see how Peter and the men get on with their work: we shall have time enough before school begins."

When they arrived at the orchard, they first saw Peter tying cords around the pear trees, and fastening them to the stakes, which were driven into the ground by the side of the trees. It seems that when they were little trees, they were fastened in this way near the ground, to keep them straight.

As the trees grew up they were fastened in the same way, higher and higher, till, by and by, they were strong and firm enough to need no such stay. Some of them were so much inclined to grow crooked, that they had to put three stakes down, and fasten them on all sides; but by beginning early, and keeping a constant watch, even these were kept straight.

"These pear trees seem to be doing well, sir," said Peter; "we have to train them up pretty close to the stakes; for it is the only way. They must be taken near the ground, when a bit of twine will hold them, and followed up till they are safe."

They went on a little further, and there were the men at work on the crooked tree. They had a long stake on this side, and a short one on that; here a rope, and there another; but all to no purpose. Indeed, they were surprised to think that Mr. Brown should send them to do such a piece of work.

When Ralph and his father came to the crooked tree, one of the men was just saying to the other, "It will never do: you can't straighten it, and so you may as well let it alone."

"Ah!" said Mr. Brown, "do you give it up? Can't you brace it up on one side, and then on the other?"

"Oh, no, sir," said one of the men, "it is too late to make anything of it. All the rigging of the navy could not make that tree straight."

"I see it," said Mr. Brown, "and yet a bit of twine, applied in season, would have made it as straight as the pear trees. Well, men, go to your mowing."

"I did not expect them to do anything with that tree, my son," said Mr. Brown, turning to his little boy, "but I wanted to teach you a lesson. 'You are now a little twig. Your mother and I want you to become a straight, tall, and useful tree. Our commands and prohibitions are the little cords of twine that we tie around you to gird you up.'

"Prisons and penitentiaries are the ropes and chains upon crooked trees, which were not guided wisely when they were twigs. We see that you are disposed to grow crooked. If you are not kept straight now, you certainly will not be likely to grow straight by and by. If you form evil habits now, they will become stronger and stronger, till nothing can break them."

"If, while you are a green and tender sprout, we can not guide you, we surely can not expect to do it when you become a strong and sturdy tree. But if we do all we can to guide you in the right way now, we may hope for God's blessing upon our labors, and that He will keep you from the evil that is in the world, and make you a wise, useful, and happy man."—Selected.

LESSON TWENTY-THREE.

David.

Aim—From obedience and submission spring all other virtues.—Montaigne.

Result Desired—A greater love developed in the hearts of the children for wise parents.

Development of Lesson Twenty-three:

Recitation of the fifth commandment. Review main points in the life of Joseph as told last week. Continue the thought by relating from the life of David such incidents as illustrate the value of obedience to parents. Tell how Saul the king sent to David's father and asked that his son be sent to him to play on the harp, etc. I Samuel, 16th chapter. David's return to his father; being sent with supplies to his brothers; courage in fighting Goliath. I Samuel, 17th chapter.

Memory Gem:

Turn not aside from following the Lord, but serve the Lord with all your heart. I Samuel, 12: 20.

Story: "The Twelfth Birthday."

PART FIRST.

Carl kept his twelfth birthday, in the early autumn. His parents had given him many handsome presents, and let him invite a number of his friends to visit him.

They played together in the garden, in a corner of which Carl had a little garden of his own, planted with flowers and fruit trees. A few young peach trees stood by the garden wall, bearing their first fruit. The peaches were just beginning to ripen, and their ruddy sides shone already through the down which covered them.

Carl said: "My father has forbidden me to touch these peaches. They are the first fruit of the young trees; besides, I have my own garden filled with fruit. Let us go: the sight is too tempting."

The boys then said: "What is there to hinder you from tasting them? You are the master of the garden today. Is it not your birthday, and are you not another year older?"

"You would not always be a child, would you, and be kept in leading strings? Only come into our gardens! There is no one there to prevent us." Thus spake the boys.

But Carl said: "Ah, no! come with me; for my father has forbidden it." Then the boys answered: "Your father does not see it; how will he find it out? and if he asks, you can say you know nothing about it."

"Fie!" answered he, "then I must lie, and the blush of shame upon my cheeks would soon betray me."

"Then the eldest boy said: "Carl is right. Listen! I have another plan. Look, Carl, we will pluck them, and then you can declare that it was not you who did it." Carl and the other boys agreed to this, and they plucked the fruit and ate it.

Now, when twilight came, the children went to their homes. But Carl still remained in the garden; for he feared to look his father in the face. And when he heard the door of the house opened, he started and was afraid in the gloomy twilight.

Then his father came, and when Carl heard his step he ran quickly to the other side, where his own garden lay. But his father went and saw how the young trees had been stripped of their fruit; and he called to him:

"Carl, my son, where art thou?" And when the boy heard his name, he was affrighted still more and trembled.

But his father came to him and said: "Is this the way thou dost keep thy birthday? Is this the way to thank me? to strip my young trees of their first fruit?"

The son answered and said: "I have not touched the trees, father! Perhaps one of the boys did it."

PART SECOND.

Carl's father then led him into the house and placed him so that the light shone upon his face, and said to him: "How! Wilt thou still deceive thy father?"

Then the boy grew pale and trembled, and confessed all to his father, with tears and supplications.

But his father said: "Henceforth the garden shall be locked against thee." With these words his father turned from him.

But Carl could not sleep during the whole night; he was afraid of the darkness: he heard the beating of his heart, and when he fell into a slight slumber, he was startled out of it by dreams. It was the most unhappy night of his life.

On the next day he looked pale and sad, and his mother pitied the boy. Therefore she said to his father: "See Carl mourns, and is very sad, and the locked garden is an emblem to him of his father's heart, which is closed against him."

The father answered: "It is right that he should mourn, and it is for this reason that I have locked the garden."

"Alas!" said the mother, "why should he begin a new year of his life so sadly?"

"That it may be a happy year to him," answered the father.

After some days the mother spoke again to the father: "Alas! I fear Carl may doubt our love!"

"No," replied the father, "his conscience will teach him otherwise. He has enjoyed our love always until now. Let him learn to value it, that he may strive to gain it anew."

"But will it not appear to him in too serious a guise?" said the mother.

"Yes, in truth," answered the father, "in the guise of justice and of wisdom. But thus, in the full knowledge of his guilt he will learn to honor and revere it. It will then, in time, appear to him in its true shape, and he will without fear call it love again: his present grief assures me that he will do this."

Some days had passed again, when Carl came one morning from his chamber with a calm and cheerful face. He had laid all the gifts which he had received from his parents together in a basket, and now brought it and placed it before his father and mother.

The father said: "What wouldst thou, my son?" And the boy said: "I am not worthy of the gifts and love of my parents; therefore I restore the gifts which I have not deserved. But my heart tells me that I shall lead a new life. Oh, forgive me then, and accept as an offering all that I have received from your love!"

Then the father clasped the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and wept over him. And his mother did so likewise.—Selected.

LESSON TWENTY-FOUR.

Good Fathers.

Aim—What we do for ours while we have them, will be precisely what will render their memory sweet to the heart when we no longer have them.
—F. Godet.

Result Desired—Love and confidence increased between fathers and children.

Development of Lesson Twenty-four:

Review previous lessons and stories on fathers. Recite fifth commandment. Consider the aim and help children to feel grateful for kindness and care of fathers. Relate story of the Prodigal Son, Luke 15: 11-32. Make the point clear that the prodigal son came back because he knew his father loved him and would forgive him, no matter what his faults were. Suppose the father had died before the son's return? Let the children help you in answering this question.

Memory Gem:

"My child, hear the instruction of thy father."

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

In our humble opinion, President Joseph F. Smith is an ideal father, his affection and care for his children being an inspiration to all who may be privileged to observe him in the company of his dear ones. He could have but few memories of his own father, who was martyred with the Prophet Joseph. But he had his mother until he was fourteen, and the excellence of her training are manifested in the goodness and nobility of our worthy president and in the attitude of reverence and esteem in which, for her sake, he holds all good women.

This thought of President Joseph F. Smith with many incidents from his life, which the teacher may find, should be given and the following letter read to illustrate the love and interest which he feels for his children:

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

APRIL 3RD, 1910.

My Dear Miss Anderson:

It is with pleasure that I answer your letter. You are right when you say you consider my father to be an *ideal father*.

The trials, tribulations, and bereavements of his early life helped to form the foundation of his fatherhood. Knowing the hunger for a father's and mother's love his heart is as loving and tender as that of a woman.

How well I remember in childhood days, when under the roof of the "old home," which was divided between three busy mothers and their happy broods; and later, when the "old home" had grown too small to hold us all comfortably, and like the Arab that was forced from his tent by the camel—part of the family had moved to new homes; how, every night before retiring, papa would pass from home to home and from bed to bed until every one had been tucked in with a good night kiss.

Some of the tired baby eyes had been closed in restful slumber for hours, perhaps, but it was never too late for him to make his rounds.

In the morning before breakfast the family gathered in the large sitting room each one, who could read, with his Bible, Book of Mormon, or other Church book (each child having a set of Church works of his own), and one or more chapters were read, questions asked and answered and the long day started right.

The work of the Lord he has always placed *first*, and seeing him so God-fearing, loving and exemplary in everything has demanded a response from his children.

Many a time has the thought, "Would papa and mamma approve?" stayed the son or daughter from joining their companions in some frolic,

which, while perhaps not wicked, they knew would not be sanctioned. While a word or look of commendation for a worthy act was dearer than gold.

A child's faith in its parents leads to faith in God.

At one time a controversy arose between a schoolmate and myself. My friend demanded proofs for the stand I had taken and the only one I could give was 'papa said so!' "Oh!" she laughed, "if your father should say white was black you would believe it." "Yes," I answered, "I certainly would, for if *my father* should say white was black it would be *black* and *don't you forget it!*"

The Word of Wisdom he has always observed.

His family numbers but a small portion of his children for so interested is he in them that every Latter-day Saint might call him father."

In speaking to the Elders in Macedonia, Paul the apostle said: "I have shown you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'" Acts 20-35.

This spirit of giving has characterized my father's whole life. He not only gives of himself spiritually, physically, and mentally, but temporally also.

The homes of his married children and the rooms of his unmarried ones, all are more comfortable and inviting for the remembrances which he has given. The musical "tick-tock, tick-tock," of the faithful eight-day clock, which reminds me, now, that the hour is late, and by which my little ones are learning to tell the time, keeps up a rhythmic song of grandpapa's benevolence. A similar time-piece hangs on a wall in each of his children's homes.

During the long years of missionary life and the seemingly endless days of exile, which have separated papa from his family and have left the mammas to work and to care for their little ones without his daily help and encouragement, letters, such as none other than papa can write, have been the means of solace and comfort. Not only the mothers were remembered but each child as well; especially if a letter, were it written only in kisses, had found its way to him.

Letters of advice, encouragement, sympathy, and description. Letters of inquiry—one I remember, wondering what Santa Claus would bring his "Chicky-birds" when he was so far away. Letters of counsel such as he was always giving, and prayers for the guidance and protection of his loved ones.

I copy here two letters written to me when twelve and thirteen years of age.

CAMP LOOKOUT,
Nov. 23, 1884.

My Darling Donnette:

Your second letter is just received and although I wrote to you last night in answer to your first letter which was written on the 9th, and which only came yesterday, I will write you a few more lines now in answer to your second.

Your last letter is a little better written than your first, so I see you are improving. Now I would like you to take pains with your writing and spelling, and in the use of capital letters so that you may become a good writer. I would be very much delighted to see my little girl develop into a first class scholar. To do so you must study carefully, read understandingly, and learn principles and doctrine. You should always read good books, not merely to say you have read them, but to learn their contents and to get information.

It is not the one who reads the most who becomes the most learned, but the one who reads most carefully and remembers what is read. What I most want you to learn is your religion. Your grandfather, Hyrum Smith,

and the Prophet, whose blood runs in the veins of my children, died for this Gospel that we, their children might live by it and enjoy its blessings.

Your papa is spending his life and would willingly die for this cause, if need be, and I could not endure the thought of one of my children turning from it; and if they should, I would consider it worse for them and for me than to be murdered for the truth's sake.

I am glad to hear that you attend your Primary meetings and the Sabbath School.

Never be rude, take good care of your little brothers and sisters and always be good to mamma.

May the Lord spare all my little pets for my sake is my earnest and humble prayer.

Your loving
PAPA.

LATE, JULY 10th, 1885.

My Darling Donnie:

Your newsy and most welcome letters of June 7th and 26th were received on the 8th. I must give you credit for being the most faithful letter writer of all the children. If it had not been for your letters we would not have known anything about lots of things. You tell us who is sick or well, who comes and goes, what the children are doing, where they are, about the croquet ground and hammock, about the cows, the rabbits, the cat and Tip and all the news. We received the locks of hair, also the curl from Tip's back—they pleased us very much.

Your letters puts me in mind of a verse I read once, it is this:

"His talk is like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rock to roses.
It slips from politics to puns,
It glides from Mahomet to Moses.
Beginning with the laws that keep
The plannets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For skinning eels or shoeing horses."

And I can assure you, my pet, that is just what makes your letters so very interesting. Write to us often. We are well.

God bless all of you is the earnest prayer of

PAPA AND MAMMA.

Papa's school days were few, but through study, research and the help of the Lord he occupies a prominent place among men of learning.

Every advantage that it has been in his power to give, his children have received, if they have so desired. He believes in self-advancement—in each individual working for himself, and not in being wholly dependent upon others. He has always taught his children to be self-active that they might be as the oak, not as the clinging vine.

His children all, young and old, cling to the endearing names of "papa" and "mamma," in preference to the more dignified "father" and "mother," for the bond of love which was as a thread when those names were first lisped is a *chain* today.

Sincerely,
DONNETTE SMITH KESLER.

FOURTH GRADE.

(Children ten and eleven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Word of Wisdom.
Topic for the Month of June—The Special Senses.

Divisions:

1. The Nervous System.
2. Sight.
3. Hearing and Smelling.
4. Touching and Tasting.

LESSON TWENTY-ONE.

The Nervous System.

Aim—The meaning, the value, the truth of life can be learned only by an actual performance of its duties.—T. T. Munger.

Result Desired—An increased appreciation of the wonders of the human body.

Memory Gem:

Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits.—Psalms 68: 19.

Suggestive Talk:

You know that the human body is made up of many parts, each of which has its own particular work to do. Stomach, skin, liver, bones, kidneys, muscles, heart, and lungs—each has a special task to perform, but all must work in harmony with each other in order that the body may act as a whole and be kept healthy. All of these members of the body must be under the control of some central authority or government; they must be parts or members of a system, just as the parts of a complex piece of machinery, for example, a locomotive, are under the control of an engineer. This control and direction of all the parts of the body in relation to each other, is in charge of and is exercised by the nervous system.

The term "nervous system" refers to all the nerves of the body, and includes the brain and spinal cord. The general object of the nervous system is to connect, control, and direct the actions of the different parts and organs of the body, so that they will work in harmony. Let us illustrate. You run the bases in a ball game: your heart beats more rapidly, more blood is pumped through it to the lungs; and more oxygen is required. You therefore breathe faster. The presence of the food in the mouth calls forth saliva from the glands, and a little later causes the gastric juice to flow from the lining of the stomach. As you stand looking down the road, a little grain of dust gets into your eye; then the tear gland of the eye tries to wash out the cause of the pain. When you are frightened, cold chills run up your back and your heart stops beating for a moment. Your finger tips touch a hot iron, and you quickly jerk your hand away. A little snake runs across the path on your way to school, and before you know it you stop still; and if you are afraid, you shudder. There is something that makes all these organs and parts of the body work at the proper time. This something is the nervous system.

A thing that is not alive does not respond when touched or handled. If you handle a piece of iron, a lump of coal, or a block of wood, there is no movement in answer to your touch—there is "no sign of life." Suppose you are walking through the busy streets of a great city, and you jostle against a lamp-post, a barber-pole, or a tree. You find that none of these objects is the least disturbed. There is no response of any sort on their part. You,

however, respond with a start, your face changes expression, you almost lose your temper. With your hand you rub the bruised part of your body. You feel. The lamp-post, barber-post and tree do not feel. Or, to express the same thing in a different way, you have a nervous system; the other things have no nervous system.

The nerves are very much like telegraph wires. Your head contains something quite similar to a telegraph office. The brain in the bony skull-box is the central instrument that sends out and receives messages, and the little white thread-like nerves running all through your body are the wires connecting every part of it with the brain. You wish to write your name. The brain sends a message to the hand, and it begins to move in just the way it should to make the letters composing your name. The message is taken from the central office, or brain, to the muscles of the hand by means of the nerves in almost the same way that a telegraph or telephone message is transmitted along copper wires. Or, perhaps a bee stings you on the hand; at once a message is sent rapidly along special little nerve-wires to your brain, and you have a sensation of pain.—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson:

Name the principal parts of the human body.

What system controls all the parts of the body?

How does the "nervous system" control the body?

What is the difference in feeling between a body with life and an object without life?

Explain a sensation of pain? Of pleasure? Anger? Sorrow?

How are nerves like telegraph wires?

How do you feel when you are going to have an examination in school?

What may you do to help your nervous system so that it will be steady and strong? (Good air, sleep, food, exercise, learning each day's lessons, etc).

Suppose you were going on a journey by train, what kind of an engineer would you like to have in charge of the engine that pulls the train?

Follow this question with others of a similar nature to illustrate how many lives depend upon good "nervous systems." for instance: ships, mines, drivers of street-cars, automobiles, carriages; large factories, mills, etc.

Discuss with the class the value of strong nerves in games of contest and skill.

How does the condition of the stomach affect the "nervous system."

How about overwork? Not enough work?

What are the opportunities for a person in good health and with steady nerves?

What are some of the things which disturb and sometimes destroy the "nervous system?" (Unwise eating and drinking; lack of proper rest and change; but particularly the use of liquor and tobacco.)

Recite memory gem and find its relation to the revelation on the Word of Wisdom.

LESSON TWENTY-TWO.

Sight.

Aim—If we neglect our own interests, we deserve the calamities which come upon us; and have no reason to hope for the compassion of others, when we take no care of ourselves.—Conybeare.

Result Desired—An increased enjoyment in the blessing of sight.

Memory Gem:

Understanding is a well-spring of life unto him that hath it.—Proverbs 16: 22.

Suggestive Talk:

All conscious life begins in observation. We say of a baby, "See how

he notices!" By this statement we really call attention to the fact that the child is beginning to be interested in things separate from and outside of himself. Up to this time he has seen but not observed, for to observe is to "see with attention;" to "notice with care;" to see with the mind as well as with the eye. There are many persons who see almost everything but observe almost nothing. They are forever fluttering over the surface of things, but put forth no real effort to secure and preserve the ideas they ought to gather from the scenes through which they pass.

Every boy and girl in the land, possessing a good pair of eyes, has the means for acquiring a vast store of knowledge. As the child, long before he can talk, obtains a pretty good idea of the little world that lies within his vision; so may all bright, active boys and girls obtain, by correct habits of observation, a knowledge that will the better fit them for the active duties of manhood and womanhood.

The active, observing eye is the sign of intelligence; while the vacant, listless stare of indifference betokens an empty brain. The eyes are placed in an elevated position that they may better observe all that comes within their range. These highways to the soul should always stand wide open, ready to carry inward all such impressions as will add to our knowledge.

No object the eye ever beholds, no sound, however slight, caught by the ear, or anything once passing the turnstile of the senses, is ever let go. The eye is a perpetual camera, imprinting upon the sensitive mental plates, and packing away in the brain for future use, every face, every plant and flower, every scene upon the street, in fact, everything which comes within its range. It should, therefore, be easy to discern that since mere seeing may create false impressions in the mind, and that only by careful observation can we gather for future use such impressions as are thoroughly reliable, we cannot well overestimate the importance of its cultivation.

It is beyond question that childhood and early youth are the most favorable periods for the cultivation of this faculty. Not only is the mind then more free from care, and, therefore, more at leisure to observe, but it is also more easy to interest one's self in the common things, which, while they lie nearest to us, make up by far the greater portion of our lives. Experience also proves that if a person is not a good observer at the age of twenty, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will never become one. "The student," says Hugh Miller, "should learn to make a right use of his eyes; the commonest things are worth looking at; even the stones and weeds, and the most familiar animals. Then in early manhood he is prepared to study men and things in a way to make success easy and sure."

Houdin, the magician, spent a month in cultivating the observing powers in his son. Together they walked rapidly past the windows of a large toy store. Then each would write down the things that he had seen. The boy soon became so expert that one glance at a show window would enable him to write down the names of forty different objects. The boy could easily outdo his father.

The power of observation in the American Indian would put many an educated white man to shame. Returning home, an Indian discovered that his venison, which had been hanging up to dry, had been stolen. After careful observation he started to track the thief through the woods. Meeting a man on the route, he asked him if he had seen a little, old, white man, with a short gun, and with a small bob-tailed dog. The man told him he had met such a man, but was surprised to find that the Indian had not even seen the one he described. He asked the Indian how he could give such a minute description of a man whom he had never seen. "I knew the thief was a little man," said the Indian, "because he rolled up a stone to stand on in order to reach the venison; I knew he was an old man by his short steps; I knew he was a white man by his turning out his toes in walking, which an Indian never does; I knew he had a short gun by the mark it left on the tree

where he had stood it up; I knew the dog was small by his tracks and short steps, and that he had a bob-tail by the mark it left in the dust where he sat."

The poet Longfellow has also dwelt upon the power of observation in the early training of Hiawatha. You will perhaps recall the lines:

"Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them 'Hiawatha's Chickens.'"

The most noted men of every land and age have acquired their fame by carrying into effect ideas suggested by or obtained from observation.

The head of a large commercial firm was once asked why he employed such an ignorant man for a buyer. He replied: "It is true that our buyer cannot spell correctly; but when anything comes within the range of his eyes, he sees all that there is to be seen. He buys over a million dollars' worth a year for us, and I cannot recall any instance when he failed to notice a defect in any line of goods or any feature that would be likely to render them unsaleable." This man's highly developed power of observation was certainly of great value.

Careful observers become accurate thinkers. These are the men that are needed everywhere and by everybody. By observation the scholar gets more out of his books, the traveler more enjoyment from the beauties of nature, and the young person who is quick to read human character avoids companions that would be likely to lead him into the ways of vice and folly, and perhaps cause his life to become a total wreck.—Selected.

It is astonishing how very differently people use their faculty of observation. Two persons will walk into a shop, or through a street, together; the one has scarcely noticed anything, the other is able to tell you almost every detail, as though he had made it a study for a week; and yet each of them had a pair of eyes, and the same opportunities of observation. The fault of the one was not in his eyes, but in his habit of mind; or rather, we should say, in his want of habit.

Questions on the Lesson:

How do you know when a baby knows a person or recognizes an object?

How may a person gain a good store of knowledge by the use of sight?

What does a bright, active eye indicate? a dull, vacant one?

Why are eyes sometimes called "The windows of the soul?"

Why are the eyes like a camera?

How did the magician cultivate the power to observe in his son?

Tell the powers of observation used by the Indian as told in the story?

If you know of other incidents relate them?

What makes a good thinker?

Discuss the aim given for this lesson.

Recite the memory gem.

LESSON TWENTY-THREE.

Hearing and Smelling.

Aim—Wisdom teaches us to do, as well as talk.—Seneca.

Result Desired—That the children will be ready to take better care of the blessings given for enjoyment in this life.

Memory Gem:

Every word of God is pure; He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him.—Proverbs 30: 5.

Suggestive Talk:

We have already seen how important it is to have good eye-sight. It is also desirable to hear well. If we cannot hear, we are in danger from cars, wagons, and fire engines when we are crossing the street. It is very awkward to talk with our friends, if we do not hear readily. People often have to come very close to us or to talk very loud. Repeating what has been said and talking loud is tiresome. Persons who are hard of hearing lose much enjoyment. Not only is it difficult for them to hear their friends, but they often lose pleasure when at lectures, concerts, theaters, and churches.

As our eyes can be tested for seeing, so can our ears be tested for hearing. Many people are slightly hard of hearing in one ear, but not enough so to be annoyed by it. The ears are tested by listening to a ticking watch or to a low whisper at a certain distance.

The ear is a very delicate part of the body. We see only the outer ear. This is merely a trumpet to gather the sound so that we may hear better. Within the head is the most delicate part, called the inner ear. This is the part that is connected with the brain. Between the outer and the inner ear is the middle ear, which is connected with the throat. When we have a cold in the head or throat, it sometimes extends to the middle ear, and we do not hear as well as usual. This deafness gradually goes away. One cold after another may, however, help to make one permanently hard of hearing. A cold never does us any good.

Sometimes children have the ear-ache when they are out in very cold or stormy weather. Their ears may need to be protected. Small children usually wear hoods. Toboggan caps, hoods, and caps with lappets for the ears keep out the cold and the rain. It is not well to wear cotton in the ears regularly. But once in a while, in very stormy weather, it does no harm. Cotton may be used to protect the ears when bathing if the water is very cold.

There are some children who are nearly as unfortunate as the blind children. They are the deaf and dumb. Sometimes a child becomes deaf when very young. Then he cannot hear his friends talk, and so he himself does not learn to talk. We call these children deaf and dumb, although many of them can be taught to speak. They are usually sent to a special school. There great care is taken to teach them to talk and to read their friends lips so that they can tell what is being said. Among themselves they have a deaf and dumb alphabet, and they can talk very rapidly with their fingers.

We hardly know how much we depend upon our ears, and often take little care to keep them well. Children sometimes do harm by pulling one another's ears. Boxing the ears may injure the hearing. Blows on the head and other injuries sometimes harm the ears as well as the eyes. Another bad practice is to shout suddenly in a person's ear. All sudden and loud noises should be avoided whenever it is possible. Sometimes children put hard objects like peas into their ears. The moisture makes the peas swell, grow larger, and become hard to remove. Often it is very painful to have such things taken from the ears, and a physician has to be called. All this is unnecessary trouble. Ointments should not be used in the ear to stop pain. Heat applied on the outside will usually relieve the pain unless a physician is needed.

Smelling is another sense that adds to our enjoyment. A large part of the pleasure obtained from such flowers as sweet peas, heliotropes, roses, and violets comes from their fragrance. The sense of smell helps us to select good food. One of the sure signs of decaying food is a disagreeable odor that should always warn us to be careful. Odors may tell us of other dangers, as impure air, smoke, and gas.

The lining of the nostrils is very delicate. It is by means of this lining that we are able to smell. As we breathe the air through the nostrils, the odors affect the delicate lining.

Some people can smell much more keenly than others. There are animals also that have a very delicate sense of smell. Cats, too, are very quick to smell their food.

Since smelling adds to our happiness in life, we should guard against its injury or its loss. A cold in the head often injures the sense of smell. Sometimes we cannot smell in the least when we have a cold. The sense gradually returns, however, as the cold disappears. Hay fever and catarrh also tend to destroy the sense of smell.

A clean handkerchief is one more sign of a neat girl or boy. We may lend some articles of our clothing if we like, but not the handkerchief which we are using. Like the tooth brush, towel, and comb, it is our personal property.—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson:

Why is good hearing important?

Name as many as you can think of of the blessings enjoyed through the sense of hearing?

How can you test hearing?

What are the most common causes of deafness? (Colds, blows on the head, very loud noises.)

How may we help to protect our hearing?

Name some of the pleasures of smelling?

Name some of the dangers which may be recognized by the sense of smell.

Name some animals who have a keen sense of smell.

Describe the effects of a cold on the sense of smell?

What diseases affect this sense?

What difference will it make in your school work if your hearing is not perfect?

How does a cold in the head affect your ability to study?

Permit the class to relate personal experiences of times when they were unfit for good work. Give causes and cures.

Discuss the aim of this lesson and recite the memory gem.

LESSON TWENTY-FOUR.

Touching and Tasting.

Aim—True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing and to do what is best worth doing.—Humphrey.

Result Desired—Increased appreciation of God's care of His children.

Memory Gem:

A wise man is strong: yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength.—Proverbs 24: 5.

Suggestive Talk:

The Lord created the wonderful earth on which we live. Just think about the magnificent mountains which we see around us; the valleys in which we live; the mighty oceans and rivers of water; the beauties of the trees and flowers; the usefulness of the grains and fruits which supply food for mankind; think of the varieties of animals, birds, fishes, and insects all of which were planned and created by our heavenly Father. But the most wonderful of them all cannot compare to the human being, the last and the greatest of God's creations on this earth. We get used to all these wonders because they are with us every day, but we should think about them enough to be filled with gratitude to our Maker and to try to understand

why we were made, why we are here and what we should do with these wonderful bodies.

The world is a beautiful place in which we live. The Lord has said that all it contains is for our pleasure and profit. But there are certain things, commandments and laws which we must obey if we would get the best out of life, and some of these laws are about the care of the body. It must be kept clean, warmed, fed and have regular periods of rest. In our lessons we have discovered that rest is more than keeping still; part of the time it means work, the right kind of exercise which rests the body.

We should know enough about ourselves to enjoy good health that we may be able to do well the duties of life, and be useful to others instead of being a burden to them. Few people can be happy or very useful if they are not well. Everyone has some work to do in the world; no one is made to be idle. Some have to work with their hands, others with their heads: but no kind of work can be done well unless the body and mind are healthy.

Your heart, your lungs, and your organs of digestion do their work whether you think about them or not. Your arms and legs, lips, tongue, and other members, you can move as you wish; and they do not make these movements unless you wish them to. Something must control and direct the different parts of the body so that they act at the proper time and in the right way. That something is the brain. The brain itself is in the skull, but it is connected with every part of the body by little threadlike nerves. Over these nerves it receives messages from the rest of the body and sends out answers, as we receive and send messages by telegraph or telephone. The brain and the nerves together are called the Nervous System.

You touch your hand to a hot story. At once a message is sent along the nerves from your hand to your brain. Quick as a flash the brain sends a message down the nerves to the muscles of your arm and hand. It makes the muscles contract and so pull your hand away from the hot stove. But this is done so quickly that you say you do it "without thinking."

When, however, you are drawing a picture, your brain guides your hand only as you wish it to. You see the paper and the pencil and the shape you wish to copy; but you do not begin to draw the line until your brain orders the muscles of your hand to move.

The brain keeps a record of news that it gathers. You remember your last lesson, do you not? Why? Because your last lesson is recorded in your brain. The brain's ability to keep such records and to use them when it wishes, we call memory. It is with our brains, also, that we think. The power to think and to reason makes us different from the lower animals.

The brain can receive news of the outside world or of the body itself. It can direct the body how to move and how to take care of itself. It can keep a record of the news it gets and can store it up as memories. It can use these memories over again in different ways so that it can think out new things.

The first time that you tried to braid your own hair or to tie your own necktie, you found it had to do. You had to teach your fingers how to move to make the braid or the bow; but if you have done either of these things often, you are now able to do it nicely, without much thought or care. Why? Because when your brain has given out the same directions to your muscles many times, it can do so again without effort. That is, you do not have to think about what you are doing; you act from habit.

Habits are hard to change. Therefore we should be very careful what habits we form. The more good habits we have, the happier and healthier we can be. We should have habits of getting up at the same time every morning, of eating at the same time every day, of going to bed at the same time every evening. We should have habits of standing well and sitting well. We should have the habit of studying hard, and of doing cheerfully what we know we ought to do.

We exercise our muscles so that our bodies will grow larger and

stronger and be able to move quickly and accurately. So it is with the brain. Unless the brain is exercised in thinking, it will not think accurately or quickly. We go to school not only to learn the facts in our books, but to train our brains to think. We should form habits of attention and of quick and careful thinking, to make our brains strong and useful.

Lack of food and lack of exercise, and especially lack of sleep, harm the brain. When the brain is growing fast, as children's brains are, they should have the best care that can be given them. Children should never have headaches. A headache is the brain's warning that something is wrong.

Alcohol and tobacco affect the nerves and the muscles, so that the brain cannot control them. Moreover, drinking alcohol hurts the brain itself, by breaking down the substance of which the brain is made.—Selected.

While the sense of touch is not as important as seeing and hearing are, yet we learn much by it. We can feel with nearly any part of our bodies, but best with the ends of our fingers.

Did you ever watch a blind person feeling a new object for the first time? The finger tips go carefully over it. We can learn by touching the size of objects whether they are large or small. The shape, too, is easily discovered, whether the corners are square or rounded, and the sides flat or curved. Touching is the best way to tell the temperature of an object. If it is not hot enough to burn the fingers. Then, too, we may tell by feeling what the material is, whether it is leather, silk, fur, feathers, cotton, or wool. The texture of an object can readily be felt, whether rough or smooth, coarse or fine.

Sometimes the sense of touch tells us to keep out of danger. When we feel a cold draft on our necks, we are warned to move. When we are near a hot stove, our sense of feeling tells us to go farther away.

Did you ever think how wonderful the tongue is? Let us see what it does. First, it helps us to talk. We should be able to speak few words without it. Then it is very important in eating. While our teeth do the chewing, the tongue helps to swallow the food. We also taste our food by the help of the tongue. The parts of the tongue that do the work of tasting are so small that we cannot see them.

Did you ever look at your tongue? The doctor looks at it when you are ill, and it helps him to tell what is the trouble. The tongue is very strong, and is mostly muscle. It needs to be strong to do its work. It is attached to a small bone in the throat and extends down farther than we can see. When we are well, it is bright red from pure blood. When we are ill, it may be yellow, and it is sometimes very rough and dry. The tiny tasting parts are at the back of the tongue. For this reason we can taste better at the back of the mouth than on the tip of the tongue.

Tasting, as well as smelling, helps us to choose good food. We immediately put aside food that has turned sour or food that has some unusual taste. Our sense of taste warns us against impure food and poisons that would make us ill. Tasting also adds to our pleasure, for we enjoy a good meal that is well seasoned and nicely cooked. If we could not taste our food, it would all seem alike.—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson:

Review the previous questions on the senses of sight, hearing and smelling.

What is the value of the sense of touch?

How is it a protection from harm?

What are some of the pleasures of touch?

What does touch do for a person who is blind?

Name some of the wonderful things a tongue can do?

How may the tongue be a means of protection?

Name some of the pleasures we enjoy through the tongue?

Discuss the aim for this lesson; recite the memory gem and find its relation to the Word of Wisdom.

FIFTH GRADE.

(Children twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Articles of Faith.**Topic for the Month of June—The Gifts of the Gospel.****Divisions:**

1. The Gift of Tongues and Interpretation of Tongues.
2. Prophecies.
3. Healing.
4. Visions and Dreams.

Note to teachers: The seventh article of faith will be discussed in the lessons for this month, and the many blessings which are enjoyed by the faithful saints should be explained carefully to the class. It should be made very clear that the enjoyment of any blessing is predicated on obedience to certain laws and commandments. The teacher should read carefully all of Lecture 12 of the Articles of Faith, by Talmage. Many opportunities should be given the class to bear testimony of God's goodness.

The teacher should read I Corinthians, 12-13 and 14th chapters.

LESSON TWENTY-ONE.**The Gift of Tongues and Interpretation of Tongues.**

Aim—He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also. — John 14: 12.

Development of Lesson Twenty-one:

Read carefully all that is said about spiritual gifts in Dr. Talmage's Articles of Faith, Lecture 12. Explain carefully to the class. Be prepared to relate the incidents where the gift of tongues were manifested as found in Acts 2: 1-18; 19: 1-6. On page 41 of Scraps of Biography (Faith Promoting Series), will be found an interesting account of prophecy given through the gift of tongue.

The two following accounts of the enjoyment of the gift of tongues should be related.

KARL G. MAESER.

Karl G. Maeser was born in Germany, in his youth he was very studious, and while still a young man, became a very successful teacher.

When he was a boy he heard something about the people known as "Mormons," which made him very anxious to learn more about them, and as he grew to manhood he often wished that he might meet a member of this peculiar Church.

One day he heard that there were "Mormon" missionaries in the town. Mr. Maeser was delighted at the news, and finding out where these men were staying, went to see them. He found Apostle Franklin D. Richards, President William Budge, and Elder William H. Kimball. Mr. Maeser made himself acquainted with the ministers of this new and wonderful religion and invited them to come to his home and tell him about "Mormonism."

The invitation was accepted, and our missionaries were soon explaining the beauties of the gospel to this earnest young teacher, who accepted their teachings with the eagerness of a mind hungry for the truth.

Soon afterwards Mr. Maeser was baptized and all three of the missionaries with some others were present to see the ceremony performed. After the baptism the party started back to the Maeser home. As they walked along, Apostle Richards wished to carry on a conversation with Brother Maeser. Apostle Richards could talk only in the English language, and Brother Maeser only in the German, so President Budge, who understood both, acted as interpreter. They had not been talking very long when Apostle Richards told President Budge that it was not necessary for him to help them any more, because, they understood each other perfectly. It was a very dark evening, and when some others in the party realized that the two men, who each spoke a different language, were able to converse without any help, their feelings were indescribable and they knew it was a divine manifestation.

Brother Maeser told afterwards that when he came up out of the water, he prayed for some manifestation from heaven to strengthen his faith, feeling sure that God would answer his prayer, and how soon and in what a wonderful manner his petition was granted.

Whatever Brother Maeser undertook to do he would put his whole heart and energy into, and now that he was a member of the Church he worked faithfully and earnestly for its promotion. While he remained in the old world he helped in every way possible, and when he came to the West he still continued the good work.

When he reached Utah he naturally turned to school work and as long as he lived he labored for the benefit of the children and young men and women of the Church. Brother Maeser was indeed a friend to the children. Wherever and whenever there were children needing help there was Brother Maeser ready and willing to assist them. He devoted a great deal of his time to the Sunday School and Religion Class work and there are not many stakes in the Church which have not been visited and benefited by the wise instructions of Brother Karl G. Maeser.

The Gift of Interpretation:

Elder Orson M. Rogers, who labored in Grahamstown, Cape Colony, South Africa, wrote the *Millennial Star* the following interesting item of missionary experience: "An incident occurred a few days ago that may prove interesting and faith-promoting to readers. Elder C. P. Rockwood and I have visited a Dutch family once every week for about two months. We talked about many of the principles of the gospel to the lady and her children, but the husband being away on the farm, we did not have the pleasure of talking with him until the occasion of which I write, an occasion which, I am sure, I shall never forget, because the power of God was made manifest in a remarkable manner. As stated, the family is Dutch, but we had always talked in English, as the lady and her children understand and talk that language very well. Very few Boers, however, care to discuss religion in English, and the husband of this family proved no exception. As soon as he was introduced to us he started asking us questions, all in Dutch, about ourselves and our religion. Neither Elder Rockwood nor I understand one Dutch word from another, but on the occasion to which I refer we were blessed with the spirit of interpretation, which enabled us to understand the language. Our host was prejudiced against the Latter-day Saints, and wanted explanations of our beliefs and practices. A sweet influence soon came over us, and we answered his questions just as if he had spoken in our own tongue. When he was speaking directly to me I understood him well, but could not tell one word he said. When he addressed himself to Elder Rockwood I could not understand him at all. Nor could I understand when his daughters or wife tried to interpret. Thus we had the gift of interpretation of tongues, and by thus being blessed we were able to talk on the principles of Mormonism for nearly two hours, removing the prejudice from the gentleman's mind so that we were able to

teach him true doctrine. We spoke to him in English, which he understands, but would not speak. God blessed us and we understood his native tongue. Truly this was a manifestation of one of the spiritual gifts mentioned in I Cor. 12: 10, and we left the house rejoicing in our ever increasing testimony of God's goodness and power."

(Have ready such books as are needed for reference.)

Questions on the Lesson:

Read Luke 9, 1st and 2nd verses.

What is the gospel of Jesus Christ? (Find the answer in the Articles of Faith.)

The Savior lived the gospel which He taught. Tell some incidents from His life which teach us the gospel?

What are the first principles of the gospel?

How did Jesus obey these first principles?

What great test was given to the Savior after He was baptized and confirmed with the gift of the Holy Ghost? (The temptation in the wilderness. Matthew 4, 1st to 11th verses.)

What is the lesson to us in this incident which came to the Savior after He had obeyed the commandments?

After the temptation in the wilderness Jesus began to preach. Then He needed help and chose Peter, Andrew, James and John. They left their work and followed Him. To know His first works among the people read Matthew 4: 23rd and 24th verses.

How long did Jesus continue in this kind of work?

Jesus gave His apostles special directions about preaching the gospel. To know what they were read Mark 16: 15th to 18th verses.

We have the same gospel which Jesus taught. Tell some instances where these gifts have been bestowed?

Discuss the aim of the lesson.

LESSON TWENTY-TWO.

Prophecy.

Aim—All these gifts cometh from God, for the benefit of the children of God.—Doctrine and Covenants, page 193.

Development of Lesson Twenty-two:

Recite Article seven.

Review lesson on tongues and interpretation of tongues.

Read carefully and explain to the class paragraphs 20-22 of Lecture 12 of the Articles of Faith. Relate the following prophecies and their fulfillment: Rachel weeping for her children, Jeremiah 31: 15-17; Matthew 2: 15-18. The betrayal of Jesus, Psalms 41: 9; John 13: 21-26. The prophecy given through Joseph Smith about the war between the North and the South, Doc. and Cov., Section 87, page 304. See any history of the war for an account of the war. For incidents in the history of the Church read The Destruction of a Bridge, from Early Scenes in Church History, page 68. Concerning Mr. Tait from A String of Pearls, page 73. These books are in the Faith Promoting Series.

Questions on the Lesson:

Review carefully the last lesson. Let the members of the class retell some of the incidents which were related, and explain why they are testimonies of the truth of the gospel.

Name the spiritual gifts of the gospel?

What is a prophecy?

What is the value of a prophecy?

How is a prophecy something like this old saying, "To be forewarned is to be forearmed?"

We have heard of some wonderful prophecies which have been fulfilled. Can you think of any which have not been mentioned?

Tell of some great prophecies which are yet to be fulfilled? (The gathering of the Jews in Jerusalem and the second coming of Christ.)

Nearly all the children of the Latter-day Saints have had patriarchal blessings. Let your class tell about them. Perhaps some have been fulfilled. Help the boys and girls to understand that a prophecy for good may receive assistance through the good acts of the individual so blessed.

Discuss the aim of this lesson.

LESSON TWENTY-THREE.

Healing.

Aim—"He sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick."

Development of Lesson Twenty-three:

Recite Article seven.

Review lessons on gifts of the gospel.

Read paragraphs 14-16 in Lecture 12 of the Articles of Faith. Also Matthew 10: 1-8; Mark 3: 13-15; 6: 7-13; Luke 9: 1-6; 10: 9-17; Mark 16: 18, which show how the Lord desired His apostles and seventies to preach the gospel and to heal the sick.

Choose from the life of Christ some of the incidents of healing; and from Church History some of the following: Restoration to life of President Lorenzo Snow as told in Fragments of Experience, page 67. Broken Hip Mended, from Early Scenes in Church History, page 9. Remarkable Healings from Early Scenes in Church History, page 70. Healing among the Indians from A String of Pearls, page 89. The books are all in the Faith-Promoting Series. The following account may be related.

Testimony as to Miraculous Healing:

An anti-"Mormon" paper, published in Salt Lake City, having ridiculed the idea of any person ever being healed in answer to the prayer of faith in this age, and through the laying on of hands of the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Brother Bowen, of Montpelier, sent the following statement of a case in his own experience to the Bear Lake Democrat, from which we copy it:

"I was born in Pembroke, South Wales, in the year A. D. 1820, and at the age of seven years I was put into the coal mines to work at 4 cents per day, where I remained the principal part of the time for forty years. In the winter of 1849, I was employed in a coal mine in Abedare, Glamorgan-shire, South Wales. I went to work on Saturday morning at 4 o'clock. I had been down in the pit about three hours, loading the iron car with coal, when all of a sudden there was a large body of coal broke loose from above, falling a distance of nine feet, which crushed me across the iron car. The men hastened to extricate me from under the mass of coal. When I was taken out I was pronounced dead, but a doctor was summoned, who, however, pronounced my case hopeless. My friends placed me carefully upon an old door and carried me home. All this time I retained my mind, but my speech and my sight were entirely gone. On my way home, which was but a short distance, I overheard the following talk from two unbelievers in our faith, who, assisted by two of our Elders, were carrying me home. Said one unbeliever: 'Now, if you can heal this man, then we will believe in your doctrine.' Said the other: 'He will not live to see the sun set.' When

we arrived at the house they laid me on the floor of the kitchen, my bed being in an upper room, which had to be entered by a narrow, winding stairway. I heard them say that it would not do to take me upstairs, as the turn of the stairs would not admit of the coffin coming down; so it was decided to leave me in the kitchen. Dr. Davis was sent for, and by the time he arrived my bowels were swollen to their utmost capacity. After he had examined me, a friend of mine asked him if there was any show for me to live. 'Not the least chance in the world; his body is broken to pieces,' were the words of Dr. Davis. It was 3 o'clock p. m., before my friends could get an Elder to administer to me in the name of the Lord, for the reason that the police threatened violence to any one who would dare to mock God by attempting to restore that man's life, 'for he is bound to die,' said they. But after making the third attempt to evade the police, Elder William Howell made his way to my room, where he immediately anointed me with oil and prayed for me. Placing his hands upon my head, he blessed me, and commanded me, in the name of Jesus Christ, to arise and walk. I could instantly feel the swelling go down in my body, and I arose, put on my clothes, and walked across the room. The doctor hearing that I was better, came in the evening to see me, and on leaving said he would send me some powders which would keep down inflammation.

"On the following morning, which was Sunday, Dr. Davis again came in to see me; he was greatly surprised to find me sitting up, eating breakfast, and said, 'I knew, if anything could help you, that those powders would which I sent you.' I thanked him and told him if he had any use for them he could find them in the table drawer, as I had not used them at all. He flew mad, and told me I would die of inflammation if I did not take them.

"I walked one mile that day and attended three meetings, and on the following morning, Monday, I resumed work in the mine. Now, Mr. Editor, as I expect shortly to meet a just God, who will judge us all for the words we utter and the deeds we perform while here in the flesh, I solemnly assert that the above statement is simply the truth, from an illiterate coal miner. If it were necessary, I could bring plenty of living witnesses to the above facts.

WILLIAM BOWEN.

ELIZABETH BOWEN, Witness.

Questions on the Lesson:

Review carefully the value of the gift of prophecy. Let members of the class re-tell some of the incidents of prophecy fulfilled.

Read John 3; 16th and 17th verses.

How is love shown from one person to another?

What is a sacrifice?

What sacrifice did God make when He sent His Son to show us how to live the gospel?

What sacrifice did Jesus make in coming to the earth?

His whole life tells one particular thing. What is it?

God loved, Jesus loved. How did Jesus ask His disciples to manifest the same feeling when He told them to go and preach the gospel? Read Mark 16: 15th to 18th verses.

We have the same gospel in our Church. Who was the means of restoring this gospel in our day?

What did the world do to the Prophet Joseph Smith?

The Savior made a prophecy about how the world would treat the Saints who tried to live the gospel, read about it. Matthew 5; 11th and 13th verses.

Have a testimony meeting. Let the class relate instances of healing which have come under their own observation.

LESSON TWENTY-FOUR.

Visions and Dreams.

Aim—Where there is no vision, the people perish.—Proverbs 30: 18.

Development of Lesson Twenty-four:

Review previous lessons on gifts of the gospel.

Recite Article seven.

Read paragraphs 17-19 of Lecture 12 of the Articles of Faith. Choose some of the incidents referred to, to relate to the class.

For examples in Church History be prepared with some of the following, taken from the Faith Promoting Series: Visions and Dreams—Early Scenes in Church History, page 86. A Remarkable Vision—Scraps of Biography, page 20. The Story of a Hat—A String of Pearls, page 71. "Old Prophet Mason," Leaves from My Journal, page 2.

The following vision may be related to the class.

Story: "How the Boy Nephi saw the Mother of Jesus."

Near the eastern shore of the mysterious Red Sea, there lies a little valley that impresses one with its everlasting firmness. It is steadfast and immovable as the earth itself. High mountains hem it on every side. Bold, precipitous cliffs guard the narrow passes by which the valley may be entered. A plunging river-bed enters the valley from eastward by a channel cut through giant cliffs, white on one side and sunburned black on the other. And far away northward and southward, rise strange, towering mountain peaks of red, and black, and green.

But long ago this little valley was notable not merely for its natural strength. It was beautiful and fertile as it was firm and steadfast. Upon the sheer, rough cliffs hung bright caper plants; and under them nestled palms with broad, shining, green fronds. Down the middle of the valley flowed the smiling river, with flowered meadows and green fields on either side. And below, between the valley sides, lay the broad Red Sea, a clear deep blue, flecked with white foam.

Into this firm and fertile valley, one day during the time of Jeremiah, came Lehi, a rich man and a prophet of Jerusalem. For many years Lehi had sought to serve the Lord. The preaching of Jeremiah and the prophets filled his heart with sorrow. For he had faith in the prophecies of God; he knew that they spoke only what God revealed to them. One day Lehi himself prayed to the Lord, that he might be shown more clearly what should happen to Jerusalem. In answer to his prayer he was shown how Jerusalem should in time be destroyed; and he himself was commanded to take his family and go into the wilderness. The Lord God would lead him to a new Land of Promise, where he might rear a nation in the fear of the Lord.

Lehi forsook his lands and his wealth, and with his little family, set out to travel southward into the wilderness. It was a difficult journey to those who had been reared in luxury. It was doubly difficult for those who had not seen the visions of Lehi, and who had no faith in them. To them he was but a visionary man. To them there was utterly no need of this journey so full of sacrifice, into the unpeopled wilderness. It is small wonder, then, that Lehi's eldest sons murmured against him, and that even his wife complained of the hardships she was forced to endure because of his dreams.

One member of the family, however, was true to the inspired father. It was Nephi, a boy about eighteen or nineteen years old. Nephi encouraged his brothers, and tried to inspire them with faith in the word of God; and he helped and upheld his father in the great mission to which the Lord had called him.

After many days, the family reached the valley of strength. They pitched their camp there by the side of the river. Lehi built a simple altar

of stones and made an offering to the Lord. Then he called the name of the river Laman, after his oldest son; and the valley he called Lemuel, after the second son. And turning to his son Laman, Lehi cried, "O that thou mightest be like unto this river, continually running into the fountain of all righteousness." To Lemuel he said, "O that thou mightest be like unto this valley, firm and steadfast, and immovable in keeping the commandments of the Lord." But for Nephi and the youngest son Sam, Lehi had only words of praise. They had not rebelled against their father, but had followed him gladly; and they had believed in all his words.

Now, it happened that, while the family was encamped in the valley of Lemuel, Lehi had a wonderful dream. He seemed to be carried away in the spirit into a very large field. There stood in the midst of the field a beautiful tree bearing delicious fruit. Leading to the beautiful tree was a narrow pathway, guarded by a rod of iron. Far away was a fountain which flowed through the field as a tumultuous stream of filthy water. And beyond the stream, on the other side, appeared a large building, suspended in the air, high above the earth. Countless numbers of people were near the fountain of filthy water. Some of them grasped the iron rod and groped their way through a terrible mist of darkness, which suddenly arose, till they reached the tree and partook of its delicious fruit. But many more were lost in the filthy water, while others assembled in mid-air and pointed with scorn at those who had reached the fruitful tree.

Truly, it was a wonderful dream. Lehi could hardly tell what it meant. To some members of the family it proved, too, to be of little interest. Laman and Lemuel did not care what it meant. Nephi, however, was very much interested. He was very much concerned, too; for he desired earnestly to know the meaning of the things his father had seen. He believed that the Lord could reveal it all to him. Therefore, he prayed to the Lord, and pondered the dream in his heart. One day, as he sat thinking about the wonderful vision, he, too, was carried away in the Spirit. And then it was given to him to see, not only all that his father had seen, but the interpretation of the dream, and much more besides.

When the vision began, Nephi found himself upon a very high mountain, which he had never seen before. Near him stood a heavenly being—his guide.

"Behold," asked the Spirit of him, "what desirest thou?"

And Nephi answered, "I desire to behold the things which my father saw."

Almost immediately his great desire was granted. Nephi looked about; and lo! there was the tree like that which his father had seen. It was large and beautiful—beautiful beyond any other tree he had ever seen. And it was pure white like driven snow. Nephi fairly thrilled with joy and gratitude as he looked upon it, and saw the abundant fruit which it bore.

Then the Spirit asked him again, "What desirest thou?"

And Nephi answered, "I desire to know the interpretation of the vision."

At once the Spirit vanished from before him, so did also the beautiful vision. For a moment Nephi was left utterly alone. Then the panorama of the land of Palestine—his own native land—began slowly to unfold before him. First he saw Jerusalem, where he had lived during most of his life. Then he saw Bethel, and Shiloh, and Schechem, and Samaria and Jezreel—all famed in the history of his people. Then, in his vision, he saw the land of Galilee; and then among the hills of Galilee; the little town of Nazareth. A virgin was walking in the little town as in a dream—a virgin fair and white.

Suddenly, the heavens opened and an angel appeared before the young seer. "Nephi," he said, "dost thou understand the condescension of God?"

"I know that He loveth His children," answered Nephi meekly; "but I do not know the meaning of all things."

Then said the angel to him, "Behold, the virgin whom thou seest is the mother of the Son of God."

Again Nephi looked; but the holy virgin was carried away in the Spirit, and Nephi could see no more. After a little while, however, the angel said again, "Look." Nephi looked, and then he saw the virgin, bearing a little child in her arms.

"Behold the Lamb of God," cried the angel to Nephi, "yea, even the Son of the Eternal Father! Dost thou understand now the meaning of the tree which thy father saw?"

"Yea," answered Nephi, awed by the sublime vision, "it is the love of God, which sheddeth itself abroad in the hearts of the children of men; wherefore it is the most desirable above all things."

"Yea," responded the angel, "and the most joyous to the soul."

Thus it was that Nephi saw in vision the mother of Jesus, and learned that the beautiful tree with delicious fruit was a symbol of the love of God; that the iron rod was the word of God; that the fountain of filthy water was the evil of the world; that the spacious, suspended building, filled with the noise of music and merrymaking, was the temptation of the world. Ever afterwards, when Nephi thought of the beautiful vision, he blessed the steadfast little valley near the Red Sea, where he had seen the mother of Jesus.—From *The Liahona*.

Questions on the Lesson:

Review carefully all that has preceded on the gifts of the Gospel.

Read the aim for this lesson and let the class discuss its meaning.

What happened to the Church of Christ after He and His disciples had left the earth?

What happened to the Nephites after their leaders had gone?

Who has the right to receive visions today to guide the Saints?

What is a vision?

What is a dream?

Did you ever know of a dream which helped anybody? (Let a number respond to this question.)

MARY AND HER LITTLE BROTHER.

Mary had a little brother

Whose hair was very yellow,

And everywhere that Mary went

She took the little fellow.

He went with her to school one day,

It was against the rule

For any children under five

To enter public school.

And so the teacher sent him home,

But still he hung around,

Waiting so impatiently

For the recess bell to sound.

"What makes the little boy her brother?"

The stupid children cried.

"Why, Mary is his sister, dear!"

The wise teacher then replied.

—Selected.





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THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. IX.

JUNE, 1910.

No. 6.

Joseph, the Prophet.

Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah
Jesus anointed that Prophet and Seer,
Blessed to open the last dispensation;
Kings shall extol him and nations revere.

Praise to his memory, he died as a martyr
Honored and blest be his ever great name;
Long shall his blood, which was shed by assassins,
Stain Illinois, while the earth lauds his fame.

Great is his glory, and endless his priesthood;
Ever and ever the keys he will hold;
Faithful and true, he will enter his kingdom,
Crowned in the midst of the Prophets of old.

Hail to the Prophet, ascended to heaven;
Traitors and tyrants now fight him in vain,
Mingling with Gods, he can plan for his brethren;
Death cannot conquer the hero again.

W. W. PHELPS.

THE RIGHT PORT.

The old sailor intended to give the boat away. He had this in mind from the time he began work on the toy in the Nevada desert. He missed the sea and grumbled day after day because he had drifted so high and dry upon land. Fortune had twice favored him upon the desert. Twice the old man located mines that brought him wealth, and twice he lost the wealth. It made him no happier to reflect that the fault was his own. At last, crippled by rheumatism and discouraged, when his greatest comfort was a pipe, the old sailor began the manufacture of a perfect, five-masted sailing vessel. The boat was three feet long, every bit of its construction skillfully done. No undue haste went into the building of that ship. Slowly it grew beneath its maker's hands.

The man liked best to work with no one beside him in the desert store but the cat. Evenings, when miners came in to talk over events of the day, he said little about the boat; scarcely answering questions or taking any notice of admiration openly expressed in regard to his labor of love.

It was a labor of love—that boat. As he whittled the masts and fitted the parts together there was ever in the old sailor's mind the vision of a brown-eyed lad, his only son, who died years before in San Pedro; the little lad who liked to sail wee boats on the broad Pacific, and begged to go with his father on many a long voyage before the time came when he sailed alone to an unknown port. The mother soon followed her child. The sailor was on the China Sea when she died.

Until then he had been a good man. His sister would tell you that; the old sister who lives to this day in one of the quaint habitations on the San Pedro wharves. Her husband makes a good living taking tourists out fishing in his naphtha launch. You may have seen him near the Santa Catalina boat landing. After the death of his wife and child the sailor seemed to have lost his compass. He drank and gambled. Finally, penniless and bitter, he waited on the Nevada desert, nor knew whither he was bound, having missed the way to heaven.

The boat brought back tender memories of days gone by; and as the old sailor whittled masts or sewed canvas sails, he wondered where he might find a small boy who would appreciate the boat. Miners' children admired it, but what could miners' children know of the sea? How the little lad's eyes would have brightened at sight of that boat!

At last it was finished and bedecked with flags and banners, ready for a long voyage. It was called "The Little Lad." Although many wondered about the name, no one asked a question.

One day Willie Evans inquired of the old sailor how much he would take for the boat. The man, gazing at the child with one eye squinted shut, named a fabulous sum—enough to buy a boat in which men might sail the seas. The old sailor disliked Willie Evans, a thoroughly spoiled child. That was why instead of refusing to sell the boat

he named an unreasonable price. Nevertheless, Willie Evans teased and tormented his father until for the sake of peace the man agreed to purchase the boat if it took a copper mine.

Then did Willie Evans brag and make himself more disagreeable than ever among his playmates. As for the old sailor, he puffed away at his pipe and frowned ominously when Mr. Evans, frowning too, demanded the boat.

"You may have her tomorrow," answered the ship builder abruptly after a long pause.

"Tell him I want it now," urged Willie Evans.

"You'll take it tomorrow or not at all," replied the owner. "This boat isn't finished."

That night the old sailor wrote carefully on a sheet of thin paper, "Here's hoping the 'Little Lad' will sail into the right port at last." To this he added his name and address. The note he placed in a tiny bottle, which he cunningly concealed in the hold of the ship. Only a seafaring man or boy would ever discover its hiding place.

In August Willie Evans began to droop under the heat of the desert. His mother straightly took him to a sheltered beach in Southern California. The "Little Lad" went by express in a box. When Willie Evans had been at the beach long enough to become acquainted with other children, he refused to put his boat in the water, because they wished him to do so; that was his only reason.

A week later, Master Richard Pratt arrived from Los Angeles with a boat that rivaled the "Little Lad." Willie Evans and the "Little Lad" attracted no more attention until one afternoon, Willie, jealous of Richard Pratt's popularity, went down to the beach clad in his bathing suit, followed by a man who carried the "Little Lad."

It happened that Richard Pratt had never trusted his boat in the surf, but sailed it in the still lagoon familiar to all who know Playa del Rey, the scene of so many picnics. Willie Evans would listen to neither advice nor reason, but insisted upon having his boat launched in the ocean. The man who did the deed waited on the sands until Willie's mother arrived. Willie was walking on the wharf, towing his boat by a rope, when the rope slipped through his fingers. Willie couldn't swim. Boys who could swim laughed at his distress and in a few moments the "Little Lad" was beyond reach. It so happened that not a boat nor a boatman was available. Thus the "Little Lad" sailed out to sea.

Many days later, a Mexican boy, Tomas Pico, was playing alone on the beach at San Pedro. He was a harbor child, born in a tiny house on a wharf. His father was a fisherman; and if there was ever anything Tomas didn't know about a boat, he asked his father.

Suddenly Tomas shaded his eyes and looked over the sea. There was a boat coming into port, a tiny boat that looked as if it had seen rough weather. Tomas was not a boy to allow such a craft to be thrown by the surf upon the sands. He swam out to meet the prize.

That night every man, woman, and child who lived on the harbor wharf shared with Tomas Pico the pleasure of examining the "Little Lad." Tomas himself discovered the bottle.

A sweet faced old lady, loved by the fisher folk, read the message, then put both hands before her eyes before she said: "It is my brother! We thought him dead long ago!"

She wrote to the old sailor that night, offering him a home. After reading the letter the man remarked slowly, and as if still reading, although his gaze wandered over the desert: "I have found the compass. Maybe, little lad, we shall sail into the right port at last."

Miners wondered what he meant.

That was a year ago. If anyone should suggest to little Tomas that there ever was a time when his sailor friend missed his way on the voyage of life, and failed to sail day by day toward heaven, he wouldn't believe it. The chances are if you did so, he would be too offended to show you the "Little Lad," or allow you to see it floating in the harbor. You might feel in the presence of little Tomas that you had sailed into the wrong port.—Frances Margaret Fox.

THE LITTLE RAIN PROPHET.

"Is that a bird singing, Jack?" little Bess called softly to her brother. It was late afternoon in August; the air was heavy with heat; the ground was dry, the flowers drooping; everything wanted rain.

Bessie stood on the doorstep, and Jack sat by the window reading. He did not hear till she asked again, "Say, Jack, is that a bird?"

"I hear nothing," he said, not lifting his head from his book.

"There," she said, "can't you hear it?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, and coming out he said: "It isn't a bird, but a little tree toad. Perhaps I can show it to you; it's in this tree, I think."

"How can toads get into trees?" she said.

"Hush! wait till he calls again," said her brother. A few seconds, and the soft low trill was repeated.

"There he is!" and Jack pointed to a low limb of the tree, where a little brown patch just the color of the bark could be seen.

"He is a prophet foretelling rain," Jack said. "I wish the trees were full of them."

"I want to see him nearer," Bessie said. So Jack brought a chair, and standing on it, he was able after a few minutes to make the little toad move from the branch to a bit of wood that he held up.

"He is cousin to the toads that hop on the ground," Jack told her, "but his feet are different, for the tips of his toes are expanded

into suckers that cling to the bark of a tree when he wants to climb. He has rather a long name, *Hyla versicolor*."

"How cunning he is!" Bessie said. "Can't you make him talk again?"

"I don't know how," he said as he put the little fellow down on the chair, and went back to his book saying, "It'll pay you if you watch him awhile." So Bessie began to talk to him, but it was not very interesting, for the toad kept silent.

"O Jack, come out quick!" she called after a few minutes. "I'm afraid he's dying! He's all turning white!"

Jack laughed, "I told you it would pay to watch him," and coming out he coaxed the little toad, that was as white as the chair he was on, to move to a large green leaf, where in a little time he began to change his coat from white to green.

"That is the way he hides, for it takes sharp eyes to see him when he is the same color as his resting place," Jack explained. "He is a shy little fellow, and I will put him back on the tree; he will talk to us then, perhaps."

"That's a good name for him, 'versicolor,'" Bessie said.

While they were at supper they heard him call, and another answer him, and Bessie waked in the night, and the rain had come.—Mary A. Wood.

THEIR GIFT.

Upstairs in her little bed Nellie was fast asleep, and downstairs by the fire grandmother and grandfather sat talking. "To think that to-morrow is the dear child's birthday, and we haven't a thing to give her!" said grandmother with tears in her kind eyes.

"It is too bad," said grandfather. "Couldn't we make something for her, even if we haven't the money to buy anything?"

But grandmother looked down at her poor hands, lame and stiff with rheumatism, and shook her head sadly.

"Well, we can pop some corn anyway," said grandfather, "and I'll get it now, so that I won't forget it." As he opened the door of the pantry and reached for the sack of corn, he caught sight of a pan of fine large acorns that Nellie had gathered out under the big oak tree. "I believe I've thought of something, grandmother," he cried with a little chuckle as he gathered up a handful of the acorns.

In another minute his knife was out of his pocket, and he was making one of the acorns into a cunning basket. Then he made a teapot out of a big fat one, using a broom splint to make the spout and handle. Before he went to bed he had made a little tea set—cream pitcher, sugar bowl, cups, saucers and all.

The acorn dishes were neatly arranged on Nellie's plate when she came down to breakfast in the morning, and how her eyes did shine

when she saw them! "They're just the dearest things I ever saw!" she cried.

She played tea party nearly all day, and grandmother laughingly declared that she knew none of them could sleep a wink that night after drinking so many cups of tea; but it didn't seem to make the least bit of difference, and when bedtime came a very sleepy little girl kissed them both good night and said, as she crept into bed, "It's been a lovely birthday!"—L. P. McArroy.

PAYING THE FORFEIT.

It had rained not only one day, but every day for a whole week, and even with all the delights of grandfather's big farmhouse and barn, Katharine began to be homesick. Dick and little Winifred kept happy in spite of the rain, but when one morning Katharine woke up with such an aching tooth that she could eat no breakfast, and her face began to swell with the pain—although she was a brave little girl—the tears wouldn't be kept back any longer, and Katharine cried in good earnest, while Dick and Winifred almost shed tears in sympathy, for sweet, happy Katharine rarely cried.

"I want to go home to see mother," she wailed at last.

"Before I'd cry like a baby just because I had a little toothache," jeered Cousin Fred who had eaten too many griddlecakes for breakfast, and so himself had a pain which made him cross.

"Don't you dare talk like that to my sister," Dick interposed hotly, as he started to follow Katharine who was going in search of grandmother. And little Winifred cast a most indignant look at naughty Fred as she trotted after, with her doll clasped tightly in her arms.

"What rainy-day faces," exclaimed grandfather coming in at that moment. "It's bad enough to have it rain outdoors when I want to be haying, without having storms inside. How's the tooth, little girl?"

"I know what will cure you all," the genial old gentleman went on. "Dick, you go call grandmother, and Aunt Bess, and hunt up Eleanor, and we'll play a real old-fashioned game that your grandmother and I played when we were young."

Grandmother and Aunt Bess came in protesting that they couldn't stop for games right in the middle of a forenoon's work, but, nevertheless, they sat down in their big, kitchen aprons while grandfather explained to the children how the game was played.

"We'll all but one sit round in a circle, and the one that's left over must go on the outside of the circle and drop a handkerchief behind anyone he chooses. Then that person must jump up and try to catch the one who dropped the handkerchief. But if the one who dropped the handkerchief can run round the circle and get into the empty chair before he can be caught, the other one must pay a forfeit."

It was a new game to the children and they took hold of it with a will, and soon the big dining room rang with laughter.

Even Katharine smiled a little, and Fred entirely forgot his griddlecakes as he raced round the circle in pursuit of Dick.

A few minutes later Fred slyly dropped the handkerchief back of Katharine, and though her feet were nimble in spite of the toothache, she entirely failed to catch him and had to pay the forfeit grandfather gave her:

"Kneel to the prettiest,
Bow to the wittiest,
And kiss the one you love best."

Katharine said it over and over to herself as she looked around the circle of smiling faces.

"'Kneel to the prettiest,'" she murmured softly. But she didn't hesitate long, for Aunt Bess with her curly brown hair and pink cheeks was pretty enough to make anybody glad to kneel before her.

"'Bow to the wittiest.'" Well, certainly Fred was the brightest boy she knew when he hadn't eaten too many griddlecakes, so she made a graceful bow to her teasing cousin who reddened with pleasure at the compliment.

"'Kiss the one you love best.'" Katharine chanted to herself and looked from Dick to little Winifred and then from Winifred back to big Brother Dick. Which did she love the better? She couldn't decide and the circle kept laughingly telling her to hurry up.

Just as the puzzled look deepened on her face there was a rustle at the kitchen door and Katharine glanced up to see her mother's dear face looking in. She hesitated no longer. She knew who was the one she loved best, now, and with a wild rush she was in her mother's arms and was showering dozens of kisses on her cheeks.

OBSERVATION.

There is an old Eastern story, or fable, which will serve to illustrate the advantage of the habit of observation.

A dervish was once going alone through one of the deserts of Arabia. A dervish is a man who has given himself up to religious life, and spends his time in praying, fasting, and other devotional exercises. As he journeyed on, he met two merchants, who seemed to be in some sort of trouble.

"You have lost a camel?" said he, to the merchants.

"Indeed we have," they replied.

"He was blind in his right eye, I believe?" said the dervish.

"He was," said the merchants.

"And lame in his left leg?" continued the dervish.

"Yes," answered the merchants joyfully, making sure they should now hear something about their lost camel.

"Had he not lost a front tooth?" inquired the good man.

"He had," both replied.

"He was loaded with wheat on one side—"

"True."

"And with honey on the other."

"Most certainly he was. And now, as you have seen our camel so lately, and marked him so particularly, be so good as to conduct us to him."

"My friends," said the dervish, "I cannot do that, for I have never seen your camel, nor heard of him but from yourselves."

"A pretty story, truly!" said the merchants, "but where are the jewels that formed part of his cargo?"

"I have seen neither your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervish.

On this, believing that he intended to rob them of their treasure, they seized him and hurried him before the *cadi*, or judge.

The judge heard the whole story first from the merchants. He then called upon the prisoner to acknowledge that he had stolen the camel, or to clear himself to the satisfaction of the court.

The dervish then said that he was able to establish his innocence by proving that he knew no more about the camel than any one else might have known by going through the desert with his eyes open. He had noticed, while journeying, certain footprints in the sand, which he knew to be a camel's; and as no human footmarks were seen, he concluded at once that the camel had strayed away.

"But how did you know he was blind in one eye?" said one of the merchants.

"I noticed that the herbage was cropped only on the left side of the road, and therefore judged that he had lost the sight of the right eye."

"But you said he was lame in the left leg," said the other merchant.

"Yes, I thought he might be, because I noticed that the mark he left in the sand with that foot was fainter than the other," replied the dervish.

"But," said the judge, "how could you know he had lost a tooth?"

"When I had become curious about the animal, I looked carefully at the various spots where he had grazed, and found everywhere a little tuft of herbage, uninjured, in the very middle of the bite; and this led me to conclude that he had lost a front tooth."

"As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was wheat on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."—Selected.

HARRY'S RICHES.

One day our little Harry was invited to spend the forenoon with his young playmate, Johnny Carroll. Johnny's mother died when he was a baby, but his father was still living. He was an only child, and he dwelt in a fine house, and on Sundays rode to church in the grandest carriage to be met with in all the country round.

He had a great many toys, and a real watch that would go all day without stopping; and as for candies and cakes, why, the physician who attended the family said that Johnny had enough of such things given him to supply a whole regiment of little boys.

The doctor was apt to be funny, and liked to make droll speeches; but, for all that, he would often shake his head very gravely when he felt his little patient's pulse; then he would look sternly at the big gold watch which he held in his hand as he counted the pulse beats, and would mutter: "Too many good things are bad things for youngsters."

But Johnny was not always sick; and, as I said before, he had many beautiful things. So, of course, this visit promised Master Harry a world of enjoyment. But, alas! when the poor little fellow returned home in the af-

ternoon, his brow was clouded, and he had a dismal look in his blue eyes, and the least bit of a pout on his cherry lips.

Something was wrong, I knew, and at last out it came.

"Mother, Johnny has money in both his pockets."

"Has he, dear?"

"Yes, ma'am; and he says he could get ever so much more if he wanted it."

"Well, now that makes it very pleasant for Johnny," I returned cheerfully, as a reply was evidently expected—"very pleasant; don't you think so?"

"Yes'm, only—"

"Only what, Harry?"

"Why, he has a big popgun, and a watch, and a hobby-horse, and lots of things." And Harry looked up with a disconsolate stare.

"Well, my boy, what of that?"

"Nothing, mother," and the tell-tale tears sprang to his eyes. "only I guess we're very poor, aren't we?"

"No, indeed, Harry, we are very far from being poor; but we are not so rich as Mr. Carroll's family, if that is what you mean."

"Oh, mother!" insisted the little fellow, "I do think we're very poor; anyway I am."

"O Harry!" I exclaimed, reproachfully.

"Yes, ma'am, I am," he sobbed. "I haven't anything at all, scarcely—I mean anything that's worth money—except things to eat and wear, and I'd have to have them, anyway."

"Have to have them?" I echoed, at the same time laying my sewing upon the table, so that I might reason with the young gentleman on this point. "Do you know, my son—"

Just then Uncle Ben looked up from the paper he had been reading.

"Harry," he said solemnly, "you know I'm a doctor, and if you'll give me a chance to try some experiments, you can earn quite a handful of money."

"Can I?" asked Harry, looking up quickly through his tears; "I'd like that ever so much; but what is a 'speriment,' uncle?"

"An experiment," said his uncle, "is a trial, a way of finding out things. If you want to find out what will happen when sugar is put into water, you just try the experiment of putting a lump into this tumbler, so, and you'll find out that the sugar will melt, and the water will become sweet."

"Now for business. I want to find out something about eyes; so, if you'll let me have yours, I'll give you a dollar apiece for them."

"For my eyes!" exclaimed Harry, astonished almost out of his wits.

"Yes, resumed Uncle Ben, quietly, "for your eyes. I'll give you chloroform, so it cannot hurt you in the least, and you shall have a beautiful glass pair for nothing to wear in their place. Come, my boy, a dollar apiece, cash down. What do you say? I'll take them out as quick as a wink."

"Give you my eyes, uncle!" cried Harry, looking wild at the very thought, "for two dollars? I think not!" and the startled little fellow shook his head defiantly.

"Well, five—ten—twenty dollars, then." But Harry shook his head at every offer.

"No, sir! I wouldn't let you have them for a thousand dollars. Why, what could I do without my eyes? I couldn't see mother, nor the baby, nor the flowers, nor the horses, nor anything," added Harry, waxing warm.

"I'll give you two thousand," urged Uncle Ben, taking a roll of bank-notes out of his pocket. Harry, standing at a respectful distance, shouted that he never would do any such thing.

"Very well," continued his uncle, with a serious air, at the same time writing down something in his note-book. "I can't afford to give you more

than two thousand dollars, Harry, so I shall have to do without the eyes; but," he added, "I'll tell you what I will do; I'll give you twenty dollars if you will let me put a few drops out of this bottle into your ears. It won't hurt, but it will make you deaf. I want to try some experiments with deafness, you see. Come, now! Here are the twenty dollars all ready for you."

"Make me deaf!" shouted Harry, without even looking at the gold pieces temptingly displayed upon the table. "I guess you won't do that, either. Why, I couldn't hear a word if I was deaf, could I?"

"Probably not," replied Uncle Ben, dryly. So, of course, Harry refused again. He would never give up his hearing, he said—"not, not for three thousand dollars!"

Uncle Ben made another note in his book, and then came out with a prodigious bid for "a right arm," then "left arm," "hands," "feet," "nose," etc., finally ending with an offer of ten thousand dollars for "mother," and five thousand for the baby.

To all these offers, however, Harry shook his head, his eyes flashing, and exclamations of surprise and indignation bursting from his lips. At last Uncle Ben said he must give up his experiments, for Harry's prices were entirely too high.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the boy, exultingly; and he folded his dimpled arms and looked as if to say, "I'd like to see the man who could pay them!"

"Why, Harry, look here!" exclaimed Uncle Ben, peering into his note-book, "here is a big addition sum; come, help me do it."

Harry looked into the book, and there, sure enough, were all the figures. Uncle Ben read the list aloud: "Eyes, two thousand dollars; ears, three thousand; right arm, two thousand five hundred; and so on, the last two items being ten thousand for mother, and five thousand for the baby.

He added the numbers together, and they amounted in all to thirty-two thousand dollars.

"There, Harry," said Uncle Ben, "don't you think you are foolish not to take up with some of my offers?"

"No, sir, I don't," answered Harry, resolutely.

"Then," said Uncle Ben, "you talk of being poor, and by your own showing you have treasures that you'll not take thirty-two thousand dollars for. What do you say to that?"

Harry didn't know exactly what to say, so he laughed and blushed for a second, and just as a big happy tear came rolling down his cheek, he threw his chubby arms around my neck. "Mother," he whispered, "isn't God good to make everybody so rich!"—Mary Mapes Dodge.

FILIPINO CHILD-SERVANTS.

Mary H. Fee, for several years a teacher in the Philippines, says that in a well-to-do Filipino family of ten or twelve children, there will be a child-servant for every child in the family. These poor little creatures are trained to look after the clothing and room, and to be at the beck and call of another child—often one younger than themselves. They go to school with their little masters and mistresses, carry their books, play with them, and perform every hard or disagreeable task required, and receive a few scraps of food, a little cast-off clothing, and twenty-five cents a year! The poor parents of these children are glad to get them off their hands, and to have the bit of money to spend on themselves. Children are often offered for sale. Miss Fee has known them to be bought for two dollars or two dollars and a half.—Selected.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

MAKES HER HANDS SO RED.

She will not wash the dishes, for
It makes her hands so red;
She will not sweep the parlor floor,
It makes her hands so red;
She will not even dust the chairs,
Nor wash the smallest thing she wears,
Nor help her mother pickling pears;
It makes her hands so red.

She never yet has learned to bake,
It makes her hands so red;
A rug or two she'll never shake,
It makes her hands so red;
She'll read a novel all day long,
Piano play, or sing a song,
With housework, tho' there's something wrong;
It makes her hands so red.

Dear mother has to work, although
It makes her hands so red;
She toils as though she didn't know
It makes her hands so red;
She makes the beds, and dusts the chairs,
And scrubs the floors, and oils the stairs,
It seems nobody thinks or cares
It makes her hands so red.

—Unknown.

HALF-MADE PEOPLE.

I have been surprised and distressed to find how constantly the phrase "half-done" fits into lives. I have for instance just come from a conference with my neighbor, who is wearily struggling with a "half-done" girl who is attempting to earn her board by serving a certain number of hours in a day, while she gives the rest of her time to study.

"I don't know where she will earn it," says my neighbor with a sigh. "Certainly she can't in my house."

When asked whether the girl was unfaithful the reply was:

"Why, she doesn't think she is. She is *slack*; isn't that the word? If I set her to making beds, she leaves the pillows off of one bed, and the spread half tucked in on another. 'Oh, I forgot!' she says good-naturedly when I call her attention to them. 'I thought of something else just then, and went to see to it, and didn't come back.' I guess that about describes her work; she is 'thinking of something else.' When she dusts a room, she is sure to forget the mantel, or a table, or something. And in setting the table for dinner only half the people get knives, and sometimes none of them have any spoons or salt. I am al-

ways having to follow her up and finish what she began ; and I can't do it. I would rather not pretend to have help."

Going up-stairs from this talk with my neighbor, I met a member of my own family, his forehead wrinkled, and complaint in his tone. "I have spent a half hour of valuable time in search of my German dictionary," he said. "Kate borrowed it yesterday, and doesn't know what she did with it. I do ; she let it drop wherever she happened to be when she wanted it no longer ; but unfortunately I don't know where that is."

"Another 'half-made' girl?" I said to myself as I joined in the search. Kate's talent for not knowing where things were, that she had used, was well known to us all ; there was no use in trying to apologize for her. The good-natured indifference which she exhibited with regard to this fault was not the least trying feature of it, but I am inclined to think that this phase of the disease is always in evidence. The persons of whom we are speaking are really only half developed. Those delicate sensibilities which would enable them to understand the trial that their habits are to others have not been developed. They are "slack" in every sense of that expressive word, and are willing to be.

What is to be done about them? It was that question, asked a young pastor, or rather it was his reply, which set me to thinking and finally to trying to tell my thoughts.

"I don't know," he said, a look of anxiety, almost of pain, appearing on his expressive face. "I am troubled about such people. Do you know, I think the habit enters into their religious life? They are only half-way in that also—half consecrated, half-resolved upon overcoming, half-interested in the soul-problems that ought to hold them to earnest work, half-hearted all the time. If they could be *roused*, somehow, to the thought that the Master whom they think they serve is grieved by what they call 'trifles,' wouldn't it help those who really love Him?"

Would it? I leave the question with you.—Pansy.

IMPROVING THE SOUP.

"This soup is not good ; I cannot eat it," said a little girl, as she laid down her spoon.

"Well, then," said her mother, "put it away, and wait till supper-time."

The mother went into the fields to dig weeds, which the little girl had to pick up and put into her basket.

They did this until sunset. Then they went home, and the mother brought out some soup, and put it on the fire to warm. The little girl said :

"This smells so good !" Then she tasted it.

"What nice soup it is !" So she drank it all.

"That is the very soup that you left at noon today. It tastes good now because you have earned your supper by hard work," said her mother.—*Reformed Church Record*.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

ON, BOYS, ON!

When caught in a storm of trouble,
With never a refuge at hand,
Don't falter, my boy, bewildered
Whether to give up or to stand.
Don't turn your back to the tempest,
But face it with grit, like a man;
You'll find yourself, when it is over,
Far stronger than when it began.

Some there are scoff at the folly
Of heroes who battle with fate.
Stamp such, my boy, as but cowards
Whose hearts hold but envy and hate.
Not in the calm of seclusion
Do men win the laurels of life,
But by boldly facing tempests,
And forging their way through the strife!
—George Whirefield D'vys.

AN ARISTOCRATIC POCKETKNIFE.

Did you ever own one of those splendid pocketknives that are fitted out with four keen, steel blades, two big ones and two little ones, with a nail file and a dainty pair of scissors thrown in? If so, I am sure all of the boys have envied you, for such a knife is certainly a fine thing to possess; but what do you suppose they would have felt if some sunny day when a lot of you were gathered together to play mumble-the-peg, you had calmly drawn from your pocket a knife with a hundred blades?

Perhaps you think such a knife exists only in imagination, but that is not so, for there is at least one in the world, and I have seen it, and any of you boys may become its owner whenever you have a paltry one hundred and twenty-five dollars to hand over the counter in exchange.

One dollar and twenty-five cents per blade seems rather high for a knife, doesn't it? But it is probably worth it. It is about four inches long by an inch wide, its silver-tipped, mother-of-pearl sides separated by about two and one-half inches of partitions where the many blades rest when closed.

Made in one of the most famous cutlery works in Europe, it has crossed the ocean to find lodgment at last on a black velvet pad in a shop window in Denver, Colorado. There, like a king amid his courtiers, it rests, surrounded by more ordinary knives of all kinds, from the bowie knives of the cowboys; the sharp, treacherous-looking daggers of the Italians; big, homely, but useful butcher and carving knives; down

through various gradations in size and shape, to the delicate, little, gold-tipped penknives fit only to grace a lady's workbasket.

A hundred blades! It certainly is a good many; and you must naturally wonder what they are. First there are the usual knife blades in perhaps a dozen different sizes, broad and slender, long and short, blunt and pointed. Then numerous blades to assist in making the toilet; nail files, nail-polishers, ear spoons, a tiny mirror, a tiny nail brush, razors, toothpicks, nail scissors with curved ends, besides several pairs of scissors of larger size, tweezers and an adjustable watch key.

For use in eating there is a nutcracker, nut pick, a fruit knife, and corkscrews. For the writing desk, a dear little pencil with adjustable leads, a penholder with a tiny, gold pen, paper-cutter, eraser for ink, and rubber for pencil marks, and a small wheel with sharp points for tracing outlines.

Besides all these fancy implements there is tucked in a diminutive set of tools adapted to almost any emergency. Saws with various-sized teeth; files, grading from a fine rat-tail to a coarse, flat variety; brad awls, gimlets, large and small; screw-drivers of different thicknesses; a nail set and tack-puller, a cunning, little inch rule, and a strong blade, curved at the end, for use in removing small stones, and so forth, from horses' hoofs.

My memory fails to recall the rest of the ingenious and useful appliances that complete the hundred list, each one exquisitely formed and worked up to a high state of polish; almost every instrument that could be made in miniature is included.—Janet Hay.

THE DEPENDABLE BOY.

The boy who is bright and witty,
 The boy who longs for fame,
 The brilliant boy, his teacher's joy,
 And the boy who leads each game—
 Right cordially I greet them,
 And wish them every joy,
 But the warmest part of my boy-loving heart
 I give to the dependable boy.

He may be bright and witty;
 He may be brilliant, too;
 He may lead in the race, with his manly face,
 He may plan great things to do;
 He may have all the gifts and graces,
 But naught can make such joy
 And pride in me as to know that he
 Is a staunch, dependable boy!

—Selected.

PARTIES AND GAMES

UMBRELLA ADMISSION AND DRILL.

For some regular social in the summer time, preferably one on the lawn, ask every one to bring an umbrella. Make the request impressive in the invitations and announcements. It will create much curiosity and start the children asking questions. When the time comes, arrange some kind of exercise that will create merriment; e. g., have all with straight handles stand on one side, those with curved handles on the other. At a given signal ask them to raise their umbrellas, or use them as soldiers do guns in a sort of drill, and see how many can follow it. Play "Simon" says to hold up, point, and lower the closed umbrella, and see how many can do as directed, as they do when playing "thumbs up." March around the yard with all umbrellas raised. Give refreshments free to the two having the largest and the smallest umbrellas. Have an extra favor to give to each one who presents an umbrella on arrival.—Selected.

ANIMAL CRACKERS UTILIZED.

Give out animal crackers to the children. Each one must identify the animal received, and then tell all he knows about it. A story may be made up, or an experience related, or a trait recalled. It may add to the fun if each one goes to the blackboard and draws a reproduction of the owned animal with a free hand. Judges frequently are called in to designate the best.—Selected.

CLOTHES-PIN DOLLS.

Furnish every one with a clothes-pin, and some string, and different colored tissue paper. Announce that all must make a doll, clothed, out of these materials. The boys as well as the girls must attempt the task. There ought, however, to be separate awards for the boys and girls. It will be interesting and amusing to see the result. Taste and skill can both be exhibited.—Selected.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL.

The baby has gone to school; ah, me!
What will the mother do?
With never a call to button or pin,
Or tie a little shoe?
How can she keep herself busy all day
With the little "hindering thing" away?

Another basket to fill with lunch,
Another good-bye to say,
And the mother stands at the door to see
Her baby march away;
And turns with a sigh that is half relief,
And half of something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,
When the children, one by one,
Will go from home out into the world
To battle with life alone,
And not even the baby be left to cheer
The desolate home of that future year.

She picks up garments here and there,
Thrown down in careless haste,
And tries to think how it would seem
If nothing were misplaced;
If the house were always as still as this,
How could she bear the loneliness?

—Selected.

THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

Much of the ill-nature and fretfulness of children is due to weariness and indigestion, and the parent, nurse and all who come in contact with the child in a way disturb its rest or interrupt the natural process of nourishment and growth are responsible for its abnormal condition.

Presuming the child has had proper hereditary and prenatal influences (and this is presuming a great deal) and has entered the world with a goodly degree of strength and vitality and is well-equipped for the voyage of life, let us look to some of the adverse influences that are forced upon it in the outset, then wonder, if we can, why this baby died or became so delicate.

Here is a case briefly stated: The baby has made its advent into the world and begins to breathe. It is very important that it should breathe and the physician and nurse notice particularly that it "gets its breath" all right. This function being duly established the little one is

considered safe in that respect, regardless of the fact that the room is closed, the air foul with the exhalations of the occupants and possibly rife with tobacco smoke—this is the air that fills the lungs of the infant with its first breath and in which it must spend the days of its early infancy at least.

The child is dressed and its breathing further hampered by a bandage pinned tight around its little body. Then the babe is fed. Its little stomach is filled to its utmost capacity with food that is not required. At the end of the meal the child is wrapped in its blanket and snuggled in its bed or in the bed of the mother, in either case so wrapped and covered that a breath of fresh air cannot get to it, even if the room affords such a rare article. The closeness of its quarters and the distention of its stomach have made the little victim decidedly uncomfortable and it frets and cries. It is taken up, jolted and handled and possibly fed again before being treated to paregoric. The drug is given, the nerves deprived of their sensibility and the babe becomes quiet. After a time its forces rally from the narcotic effect of the drug and the child awakes, not rested and refreshed by normal sleep, but fretting and uncomfortable from the foolish treatment it has had. Food is given every time it cries. It cries for water and is given food; it cries for fresh air and is given food; it cries with pain and is given food; it cries with more pain and is given paregoric. Thus things continue day after day. By frequent, persistent and irregular feeding, dosing, etc., through the day and night the digestive organs of the child are irritated, congested and unable to perform their normal functions. The nerves are taxed and weakened. The blood is made impure by surplus food, absence of pure air and too much clothing, which prevents purification through the skin.

If the child outlives its early babyhood it does not yet have a favorable opportunity to live. The same unfavorable conditions continue and others come on apace. Candy, pastry, icecream soda and other destructive abominations are added to the unhygienic dietary and something to eat, something to excite the taste becomes almost constantly in demand. As the child grows older the abnormal appetite and craving for stimulation become worse and worse and there has been laid a substantial foundation for chronic indigestion, nervous disorders and all the ills that human flesh is heir to. Then, too, there has been the excitement of brain and nerve centers by the habitual calling forth of the child's powers in attracting its attention and showing it off. It is made a plaything for the family and friends, and the brain is prematurely developed at the expense of the body. The child becomes, if life continues, a nervous, palefaced adult, a veritable invalid, perhaps or at best, a mere suggestion of a real healthy human specimen.

How different this from the strong, healthy, active living creature that might have developed from this same infant if through childhood and youth it had been placed in circumstances and environments favorable to a healthy growth and normal development of mind and body.

The feeding of the infant is a matter of serious import and should be studied by every person who contemplates maternity and by all who in any capacity have the care of young children. The mother, as she values her own peace and comfort and her child's health and happiness as well, should exercise due care against all irregularities and indiscretions in her own habits of eating while nursing her child. Once in three hours through the day and never in the night is as often as the young child should be fed. After six months of age once in four hours is sufficient, and at two years three times daily is often enough. Even though it be the neighborhood talk that Mrs. So-and-so is starving her baby, the so-called starved baby will have ten chances for life against one in the over-fed baby. The former will be making sound, healthy tissues of its food and keeping the organs in working order, while the over-fed child will be filling up with undigested and non-usable material wearing out the digestive and eliminating organs, and sickness, suffering and death result. The great mortality among young children is due to their unhygienic care and persistent dosing.

Eating between meals is pernicious and even the eating of fruits or nuts so frequently indulged in at odd hours should not be tolerated.

The child should have its own bed, which should be so situated as to give the babe the opportunity to breathe pure air. The child is never too young to be liberally supplied with fresh air. No function is of greater importance than healthful breathing. The clothing should be loose to permit freedom of chest movement. It should also be light in weight and never long enough to interfere with the exercise the baby needs and takes in kicking. The daily bath and outdoor life are indispensable to health. Even in winter the child should be given as much outdoor air and sunshine as possible. Provision should be made, too, for bringing Nature's pure air and sunshine into the house in unstinted measure. When not too hot the sun may shine directly upon the naked body of the child greatly to the advantage of the little one.

Let the first thing that is put into the mouth of the newborn babe be pure warm water, and see that the child is always liberally supplied with pure water. No soothing syrups, patent medicines or drugs of any kind should be given at any time.

Children should be left to grow physically and thus form a basis for their mental powers. It is always injurious to develop the mental faculties prematurely and efforts to do so are often attended with the most serious results. It is especially harmful to precocious children to try to cultivate their "smartness."

Children if fed properly and otherwise rationally treated will be good-natured and happy and will develop into models of manly strength or womanly beauty.—Health Culture.

BOOK DEPARTMENT

WHO ARE YOUR FRIENDS.

This query does not mean, Who are your friends down the street, or in the school, or at some social gathering? But who are your mental and spiritual companions when you are quiet and alone; or, in other words, who are your friends among the books?

Don't you think that books can be our friends—the best of friends? We may go to them, and ask for advice, and encouragement, and good cheer; and they will quietly talk to us, and answer our questions, and point out our mistakes, and show us a better path. That is, good books will do all this; and we should have nothing to do with any other kind.

We are sorry for the individual who has no friends among books; for whom there are no pet volumes, cherished for years, and fragrant with associations of happy days spent in their society. We are sorry for anyone like the lady who said she had "no time for books; it was as much as she could do to read the newspapers and the weekly periodicals." Such a reader must be so friendless, so dependent upon chance acquaintanceships. We need to have real friends among the books, and we need to choose them wisely.

First, then, let us go to the poets. But, perhaps, someone interrupts us here with the objection, "I do not like poetry. I never could make anything out of it." Then, my friend, you ought to set yourself to making something out of it. There will always be a lack in your mental equipment until you learn to like poetry. We should have among our friends tried and true our own American poets—Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, Holmes, and Whittier; also the English poets—Wordsworth, Scott, Browning, and Tennyson. Many of their poems should be read over and over again, and even committed to memory, until they have become parts of our thoughtful-life. For do not fancy that a book that is merely read through *once* be called a friend. You hardly apply this title to a stranger, whom you meet for a passing hour. Your friend is one whom you seek again and again, and learn to know and love. And it is just so with books. We may live in their atmosphere and make them our intimate comrades. Then we ought to have in our cherished circle some first-rate biographies, the lives of great and good men, such as the life of David Livingstone, or the life of John G. Payton, or of Charles Kingsley, or John Wesley, or Phillips Brooks. A thorough study of one such life is an important inspiration that we cannot afford to lose.

And among our favorites should be some histories. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie says: "Every reading man or woman ought to have some book of history at hand, no matter what studies are being pursued." And no boy or girl can make a mistake in reading over and again such works as John R. Green's *History of the English People*, or John L. Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. A great work of history gives us a wide horizon and a far outlook, and keeps us from becoming small in viewpoint.

And we need to know some books of travel and learn about this wonderful world of ours and the people and places beyond the seas. One can stay quietly at home and at the same time be journeying very intelligently in other countries and know almost as much about them as the travelers who actually visit them.

There are wonderful friends waiting to know us, and we shall find them if we seek for them. Our lives need never be dull, or lacking in splendid friendships in this day of many books. And no boy or girl need remain ignorant of the best things if he or she will choose the right sort of friends.

And, remember, there is one Book that is to be ever the best loved among our friends. Better let all the others be forgotten than forget the Bible, God's message to us. No young Christian can become strong and useful without a growing knowledge of the Scriptures. Love your Bible above all other books. Never let a day pass without reading it, if only a few verses. Pray as you read. Mark your favorite passages and commit them to memory. Make yourself a genuine Bible student, and you will be able to say with the psalmist, "O, how love I thy law! It is my meditation all the day. * * * The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." "So shall I keep thy law continually forever and ever."—Selected.

BOOKLESS HOMES.

"It is just as much the duty of the home to feed the mind of a child as to feed its body; to select what is to be read as to select what is to be eaten; to provide good books as good clothing. In the most straitened home there ought to be a few books. * * * Good books, and only good books, ought to be within the reach of every child, and every child ought to form the reading habit before the many diversions of later childhood multiply interest and divide attention. * * * Bookless homes are merely boarding houses for neglected children."—The Outlook.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

ANNUAL CONVENTION

Of the Primary Workers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,
To be held in Salt Lake City, Utah,
June Fourth and Fifth, Nineteen Hundred and Ten.

All Primary workers, stake and local, are urged to be present at this convention.

Louie B. Felt,
May Anderson,
Clara W. Beebe,
General Presidency.

PROGRAM.

Saturday, 10 a. m.—Auditorium, Bishop's Building.

Singing—Prayer—Singing.

Address of Welcome—President Louie B. Felt.

Roll call of stakes.

Reading of Annual Reports.

Music.

Summer Adjournments—Clara W. Beebe.

Discussion. Led by Laura Foster.

Choristers and Organists—Emma Ramsey Morris, Effie H. Mellor.

Discussion. Led by Rebecca Nibley.

Remarks.

Singing—Benediction.

Saturday, 2 p. m.—Auditorium Bishop's Building.

Singing—Prayer—Singing.

The Suggestive Lesson—Frances K. Thommasen.

Discussion. Led by Amy Lyman.

Music.

Libraries in Primary Associations—Ida B. Smith.

Discussion. Led by Edna L. Smith.

Physical Culture—Isabelle S. Ross, Anna Nebeker.

Discussion. Led by Lillie T. Freeze.

Remarks.

Singing—Benediction.

Saturday Evening, Auditorium Bishop's Building.

Reception for Stake Primary workers and escorts.

Sunday, 10 a. m.—Auditorium Bishop's Building.

Testimony meeting.

Sunday, 2 p. m. and 7 p. m.—Tabernacle.

Conjoint services with Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SUMMER.

Some of the officers and some of the children go away for a vacation part of the summer time, but not all the officers and not all the children go

away at one time. Everybody would enjoy a vacation, but usually most of us stay home, and the stay-at-homes are entitled to our consideration.

Let the Primary help those whose circumstances make vacations impossible. Plan the most entertaining kind of programs. Meet out of doors. If the grounds around the ward hall are not convenient, some good people will be willing to permit the use of lawn or orchard.

Have the lesson periods shorter, and introduce games and exercises which will add enjoyment to the session. Have picnics and nice long walks. When you can, gather flowers for the sick or unhappy. The summer season is a good time to prepare for fairs and to give entertainments. The children have plenty of time for practices and rehearsals and there is less danger from colds when an entertainment is given in warm weather.

EXTRA HELP DURING SUMMER.

Many of the school-teachers who are compelled to stay at home during the summer vacation would, if approached properly, give their time and valuable help to the Primary association up to the opening of school in the Fall. It would be a good thing, also, to invite some of the bright girl and boy graduates to accept positions in the organization; they are usually full of energy to be of service to the world, and here is a fine opportunity for them to put into practice some of their ideals.

Perhaps, with some such plan, the regular officers could take a rest at least a part of the summer.

SUMMER ADJOURNMENTS.

The matter of summer adjournments has been carefully considered by the General Board, and also submitted to the two brethren of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, Elders Hyrum M. Smith and George F. Richards, with the following result:

All Primary Associations will be expected to continue throughout the year. No regular adjournments will be recognized. When an association considers it necessary to stop holding its regular sessions it must be because of some condition which makes the closing of the association compulsory.

PREPARATION MEETINGS.

Part of the business of each Preparation Meeting should be a discussion of ways and means to increase the average attendance of irregular members and the enrollment of such children as have not been drawn into the association.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STAKE CONVENTIONS.

Preparation Work:

Stake Boards should hold preparation meetings where every detail of work should be carefully attended to. It is desired that all meetings in charge of Primary workers be a demonstration of good system and management; that they be prompt in beginning, have no unnecessary delays in presenting the program, and close in a reasonable time.

Exercises by Children:

Where groups of children take part on the program care should be taken to have them in place promptly and teachers always sit with them to keep order. In preparing the class work the children should have oppor-

tunities to exercise speaking out clearly and distinctly. The best lessons are without interest if they cannot be heard.

PORTRAIT OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH.

Reproductions of this new portrait of the Prophet Joseph Smith by L. A. Ramsey are now ready. This portrait has been purchased by the Church and now hangs in the Salt Lake Temple, and has been authorized and accepted as the authentic and standard portrait of the Prophet. The Children's Friend has the agency to sell the reproductions at the following low prices: Size 20x24, \$5.00; size 16x20, \$3.50; size 11x14, \$2.00. These are all mounted ready for framing.

The Children's Friend recommends that Primary Associations get a copy of this beautiful picture for use in the association. Hung where it can be seen, it will prove a source of inspiration to children and officers.

THE TEACHER WITHOUT BOOKS.

Professor Earl Barnes, in a lecture delivered at the Froebel Institute, West Kensington, a while ago, had some pointed remarks directed to "The Teacher Without Books." He deprecates the fact that so few teachers can be called readers in their professional lines. He says: "A doctor would not commence to practice if he had not the nucleus of a medical library * * * and he would be certain to take in one or two of the medical journals. Yet it is perfectly possible for a man or woman to start in teaching work without possessing a dozen professional books." All teachers may take his words to heart, Sunday School as well as others. No Primary teacher even can afford to be without what may properly be called a "professional journal." On many a lonely farm, in isolated cabins, away "down South," "up North" and everywhere there are struggling, earnest workers who need the help and sympathy of other workers, such as comes easily and naturally to teachers in cities and large towns, through the many "Unions" and institutes and conventions and other forms of meeting. None of these are available for the remote or pioneer worker. Therefore none so much needs the "professional journal. Through any sacrifice let her provide herself with such a friendly adviser.—Selected.

It is best to disappoint an audience by not speaking than by speaking.

How can we teach the children gentleness,

And mercy to the weak, and reverence

For life, which, in its weakness or excess,

Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence * * *

When by our laws, our actions, and our speech,

We contradict the very things we teach?

—Adapted from "The Birds of Killingworth," lines 1, 5, and 6 altered.

"The head of a college, writing a few years ago of the influences which had formed his character, referred to a lady as his Sunday School teacher: "I do not remember a thing she taught. But her serene faith, her spirit of fairness with a class of boys of growing minds, her patience and gentleness, her never-failing encouragement of us and belief in us, are recalled with gratitude. It was one of the influences that helped strongly to keep alive high ideals of purity, gentleness, faith, amid the unsteady influences of youth."

"Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought.

The simple duty that awaits thy hand

Is God's voice uttering a divine command:

Life's common deeds build all that saints have thought."

RECITATIONS

POLLY'S PIE.

When Mary Ann was cooking once,
Our Polly made a pie;
She took some flour and water
And some butter standing nigh:
And then she took some sugar, 'cause
She says she likes things sweet,
And sprinkled on the rolling board
All that she didn't eat.

She rolled it out a long, long time,
With salt, a little bit;
She dropped it four times on the floor,
And once she stepped on it.
She doesn't think pie-plates of tin
Are pretty, so she took
A small red flower-pot saucer,
Which was better for the cook.

She filled her pie with half a pear,
Two raisins and a date;
Then put it in the oven, and
Forgot it till quite late.
It was not burned, for Mary Ann
Had taken care of that;
So Polly gave a party to
The chickens and the cat.
—Eleanor W. F. Bates.

MISS CONTRARIWISE.

Have you met the lady,
Who is called "Contrariwise?"
Nothing you can do or say,
Is just right within her eyes.

If you say: "It's lovely weather,
And the sun is nice and hot,"
She will say: "It's disagreeable,"
And she's cold, as like as not.

If you say: "The flowers are lovely,
And the birds, all sing so well,"
She will say: "They're very noisy;
Flowers have a horrid smell."
If you tell her that "in sewing,
Thread should go the needle thro',"
She will say: "To put the needle
Thro' the thread's the thing to do."

So it is with this and that thing;
Nothing's quite as it should be.
If you try to see as she sees,
'Tother way 'twould be, she'd see.
So she makes us all unhappy
Be she grownup, be she small
But, I think, the most unhappy
Is Miss Contrariwise of all.
—Margaret Erskine.

A LITTLE HELPER.

Nan heard her father say one day,
There'd be but half a crop of hay.

"We've had no rain for weeks," he said,
"And not a single cloud o'erhead!"

"I s'pose I might help some," thought Nan,
And quickly took the sprinkling can,

And to the hayfield off she sped—
To help as best she could, she said.

And there, for very near an hour,
Nan watered weed and stalk and flower.

And father kissed his little lass
When he espied her in the grass.

"You did," he said, "the best you could—
The secret, dear, of doing good."
—Selected.

THREE LITTLE PUSSY CATS.

Three little pussy cats, invited out to tea,
Cried: "Mother, let us go, oh, do! for good we'll surely be.
We'll wear our bibs, and hold our things as you have shown us how—
Spoons in right paws, cups in left, and make a pretty bow.
We'll always say, 'Yes, if you please,' and 'Only half of that.'"
"Then go, my darling children," said the happy Mother Cat.
The three little pussy cats went out that night to tea,
Their heads were smooth and glossy, their tails were swinging free.
They held their things as they had learned, and tried to be polite,
With snowy bibs beneath their chins, they were a pretty sight.
But, alas for manners beaut'ful and coats as soft as silk!
The moment that the little kits were asked to take some milk,
They dropped their spoons, forgot to bow, and oh, what do you think?
They put their noses in the cups and all began to drink!
Yes, every naughty little kit set up a MEOW for more,
Then knocked the tea cups over and scampered through the door.
—Selected.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

The evening breezes gently blow,
 The sun sinks in the west,
 Then all the little flowers that grow,
 Just nod themselves to rest.

The little stars come twinkling bright,
 The great moon shines above;
 Then angels guard them through the night
 To show our Maker's love.

—Sibyl Strong Phillips.

LITTLE WILLIE'S HEARING.

1.

Sometimes w'en I am playin' with some fellers 'at I knows,
 My ma she comes to call me, 'cause she wants me, I surpose,
 An' then she calls in this way: "Willie! Willie dear! Williec-e-ee!"
 An' you'd be surprised to notice how dretful deaf I be;
 An' the fellers 'at are playin' they keeps mos' orful still,
 W'ile they tell me, jus' in whispers: "Your ma is callin', Bill;"
 But my hearin' don't git better, so fur as I can see,
 W'ile my ma stan's there a-callin': "Willie, Willie dear! Williec-e-ee!"

2.

An' soon my ma gives it up, an' says: Well, I'll allow
 It's mighty cur'us w'ere that boy has got to, anyhow;"
 An' then I keep on playin' just the way I did before—
 I know if she was wantin' much she'd call to me some more.
 An' surty soon she comes agin, an' says: "Willie! Williec-e-ee!"
 But then my hearin's jus' as hard as w'at it useter be.
 If a feller has good judgment, an' uses it that way,
 He can almos' allers manage to git consid'ble play.

3.

But, jus' w'ile I am playin', an' prob'ly I am "it,"
 They's somethin' diff'rent happens, an' I have to up an' git,
 Fer my pa comes to the doorway, an' he interrup's our glee;
 He jus' says, "William Henry!" but that's enough fer me.
 You'd be surprised to notice how quickly I can hear
 W'en my pa says, "William Henry!" but never, "Willie dear!"
 Fer, though my hearin's middlin' bad to hear the voice of ma,
 It's apt to show improvement w'en the callin' comes from pa.
 —Alfred J. Waterhouse.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF JULY.

Use your influence against the use of fireworks!

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

LESSON TWENTY-FIVE.

Loyalty.

Memory Gem:

I love the name of Washington,
I love my country, too.
I love the flag, the dear old flag,
Of red, and white, and blue."

Development of Lesson Twenty-five.

If possible have some small flags and play marching games. Sing songs suitable for the Fourth of July.

Look in back numbers of the Children's Friend and have ready some incidents from life of George Washington.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "Protected by the Flag."

In a little red house on a Massachusetts hillside a family of children spent the summer, and I want to tell you a pretty story about them. One day when they were crossing the meadow behind the house a bird flew up near the path. They began to look, and in the midst of the tall grass at the foot of the meadow-sweet bush they found a nest with tiny eggs. It was the home of a pair of vesper sparrows. After their discovery the children watched the nest every day, but were so careful not to disturb the mother bird that she lost her fear and allowed them to come quietly within a few feet of her.

But early in July a party of haymakers appeared. The children were in distress. They ran to the house in tears to tell how the mowers would spoil the nest and kill the birds.

But He who is the Father of sparrows as well as of children was watching it all. Into the minds of the children he flashed a thought. With a shout they rushed forth to the men to beg them to spare the nest.

"But how shall we know where it is?"

"We will mark the spot," said the children.

"All right," was the reply.

From the house the children brought a little flag, such as is used to mark the graves of veterans, and planted it beside the meadow-sweet bush.

On came the mowing-machine. The next swath would bring destruction, perhaps death, to the brooding mother. But at sight of the flag the driver reined his horses aside. He was too patriotic to molest even a bird's home which was under the protection of the United States government.—Sabbath Visitor.

LESSON TWENTY-SIX.**Obedience.****Memory Gem:**

"Jesus, help the little child
To dare to do the right,
Remembering that every act
Is in my Father's sight."

Review of Lesson Twenty-five.

Talk about what was done on the Fourth. Review stories and memory gem.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Twenty-six.

Recite memory gem. Talk about Jesus, how He helped His parents and was obedient to them. To be polite is right. To be kind is right. Explain some of the ways in which parents are kind to their children. How to be kind to one another, etc. Relate some incident from the life of Christ to illustrate kindness and obedience.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "Why Father's Dinner Was Late."

"Now, be careful," cautioned mother, as she handed Clara and Fritz a basket covered with a dainty napkin. Don't cross the tracks in front of a train or an engine."

Father was very busy that day at the factory trying to finish some doors for a new house, and he had asked mother to send his dinner down by the children.

Clara and Fritz promised to be careful, and they went down the street playing, "The Boat Came Loaded With." They were as far as "H" when they came to the tracks.

"The boat came loaded with apples, apes, bears, bugs—"

"Stop!" Clara cried suddenly, and she pulled back on her side of the basket. "You are forgetting what mother said. Don't cross the tracks in front of an engine or a train," she reminded him.

Fritz looked up quickly, and, sure enough, there was a monster engine. "Let's sit on the edge of the walk and wait until it goes away," he suggested.

The game went on to the end, but the engine stayed.

"I nope father's dinner will not get cold," said Clara anxiously as they started a new game.

They did not know that father had looked out of the shop door twice to see if they were coming. The third time he stepped out on the walk, and caught sight of a familiar straw hat and some short brown curls. He looked again to make sure, and then started in the direction of the hat and the curls.

"Why don't you come on with my dinner?" he asked when he was within calling distance. There was an annoyance in the tone, for he thought the children had stopped to play.

The children started in surprise. "Mother said not to cross in front of an engine," and Clara pointed to the one on the track. "We are waiting for it to go on."

Then father laughed and laughed, while the children looked at him in astonishment. "That engine won't run over you," he said, wiping his eyes. "There is no fire in it and nobody to run it. That kind of an engine is called

a 'dead' engine. I guess I should have starved if you had waited until it moved on." He lifted Clara and Fritz up to look at the "dead" engine, and they laughed, too.

Father laughed again that evening as he told mother. "I waited two hours for my dinner," he finished.

"The children did just as they were told, anyway, and that was the important thing," said mother.—Sarah N. McCreery.

LESSON TWENTY-SEVEN.

Seeing the Best.

Memory Gem:

"Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling face,
In the glass you'll meet a smile."

Review Lesson Twenty-six.

Recite memory gem from last lesson. Let the children tell you about the things they do during the day. If they remember just what mother and father says to them. Review story of "Father's Dinner."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Twenty-seven.

Talk about the beautiful world, trees, flowers, etc. Pleasant homes; nice rooms for the Primary, etc. Review poem on front page of May number of the Children's Friend. Use memory gem.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "Leonard's New Way of Seeing Things."

It was the first time since they could remember that Leonard and Jessie had paid a visit to grandfather and grandmother.

"Isn't it a lovely, big, old house!" said Jessie, as she stood warming herself before the fireplace.

"Not half so fine as Fred's grandfather's house," said Leonard critically.

"Hot biscuits and honey! Oh, goody!" cried Jessie, when they went into the dining room for supper. Leonard did not say anything, but he looked at the big dish of creamed potatoes and at the dish of cold meat, and presently he whispered to Jessie: "My mother always has lots more than this for company."

Jessie did not reply, but she thought pityingly, "I think he's tired, and no one who is tired enjoys things."

Jessie found all sorts of delightful things to do the next day, but Leonard saw so many things that were not so nice as some people he knew had, and was so busy picking flaws in everything he saw, that he did not have a pleasant day at all.

"Poor little boy!" sighed grandmother, after he had gone to bed. "His heart is so full of selfishness that he cannot see the happy side of anything; but dear little Jessie sees the good in everything and everybody."

The next afternoon she came into the sitting room with something in her hand. She held it up and said, "Do you know what this is?"

"A piece of stone," answered both children together.

"Look at it through this," she said, handing it and a small magnifying glass to Jessie.

Jessie put her eye down close to the glass and looked through at the stone, and then she cried, "Oh, how lovely! Look, Leonard!"

Leonard put his eye down to the glass and looked. "Why, it isn't a stone at all; it's lots and lots of tiny shells!" And so it was, hundreds of the tiniest shells, fastened together, looking like a piece of gray stone until you saw it through the glass.

Then the children looked at other stones that grandmother had, and the glass showed them all sorts of wonderful things about them.

At last grandmother said: "My little glass helped you to find out that an ugly, old stone was beautiful if you saw it the right way. A great many of the things about us are just like that. They look common and ugly till God puts His love into our hearts, and shows us the lovely things that we could not see before."

"What did she mean, anyway?" asked Leonard, after grandmother had gone out.

Jessie thought a minute and then she said, slowly, "She told us this morning, you know, that God's love is in everything, and that we can find it if we look for it, and I think she meant that now."

"Oh!" was all that Leonard said, but a little later when grandfather brought in a letter for him and he started to say, "Why didn't mother write a longer one?" he stopped and said instead, "Mother's good to write to me when she's so busy."

Grandmother's pleased smile said plainly, "You've begun using your heart's magnifying glass, I see," and Leonard felt happy.

He soon found that it always made him happier to look at things in the new way, and he decided to try never to go back to the old way again.
—Elizabeth Donovan.

LESSON TWENTY-EIGHT.

Kindness.

Memory Gem:

"Children, do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?"

Review Lesson Twenty-seven.

Children are very apt to acquire the habit of fault-finding and of being dissatisfied with their lot in life. Use the last lesson to help the children to appreciate the good things which they enjoy every day.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Twenty-eight.

Talk about water, what we use it for. How plants, trees, animals, birds, fishes, etc., need it. Where does it come from? Be sure to tell about the snow, how it falls in winter and is packed tight in the mountains until the warm summer sun melts it and sends it down for the blessing of so many people and things. Speak of God's goodness in this arrangement. Use memory gem and talk about how children should be kind and helpful.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "A Legend of the Great Dipper."

The faces of the stars shone so brightly one night, that the Earth chil-

dren thought the Lady Moon was telling a pretty story. And so she was; and this is the story.

The Great Dipper, my dear children, which you so love to form, has a deep meaning which you are not to forget as long as the stars shine.

In another world than ours, continued the Lady Moon, there was once a great trouble and sorrow. No; it was not in the earth world. My dear, she said to a tiny star who always asked questions; it was not in the heaven world either, but in another far away world, where many children lived. For some good reason, the people and children, the animals, and every living thing, were suffering great thirst; no water, nor dew, nor drop of moisture could they find anywhere.

It was very horrible and the people were very near death.

A little child of that world went out alone in the dry, dark night, carrying a small tin dipper, and prayed very earnestly for just that little cup of water; and when she lifted the cup, it was brimming with clear, cold water, which would not spill though she ran rapidly, her hand trembling with faintness; for she did not taste the water having prayed for another's need. As she ran, she stumbled and fell for she was very weak; and when feeling about, trying to rise, she touched a little dog that seemed to be dying of thirst, and the good child poured a few drops of the precious water into the palm of her hand and the dog lapped it. He seemed as much refreshed as if he had drank from a river.

The child could not see what happened to her cup; but we saw and sang for joy. The cup turned to silver and grew large, the water having not become less, but more by her giving.

She hurried on to give the water to one who was quite unable to come to meet her,—her own dear mamma, who took the water eagerly, as one in a deadly fever of thirst, but without putting it to her lips, for she heard just then a weak moan, which came from her faithful servant who tried to raise her mistress' head, but found she had not the strength. The mother pressed the dipper into the hands of the maid, and bade her drink, feeling her own life so wasted that one little cup of water could not renew it. And neither maid servant nor mistress noticed that the dipper changed from silver to gold and grew larger than before.

The good servant was about to give each member of the family one spoonful of the precious water when a Stranger entered, dressed in a costume unknown in that country, and speaking in a strange tongue, but showing the same signs of thirst and distress as themselves. The maid servant said, "Sacred are the needs of the Stranger in a strange land," and pressed the dipper to the parched lips of the fainting man.

The the great wonder was wrought! and the golden dipper flashed forth incrustated with the most precious diamonds, containing a fountain of gushing water, which supplied the thirsting nation as freely and as surely as it had quenched the thirst of the little dog.

And the Stranger stood before them a glorious and radiant Being; and as he faded from their sight, a voice was heard to proclaim:

"Blessed is he that giveth a cup of water in my name."

And the possession of a dipper blazing with diamonds is in that country a sure badge of royalty, for no one can buy or receive them as gifts, nor can fathers bequeath them to children.

Each child is given a tin dipper at its birth, and only by purely unselfish acts can the diamond one be wrought.

Some of the foolish people have not yet learned its secret, and they go about trying to exchange their tin for silver by doing kind things. Sometimes they accuse the Father of all very bitterly because they grow old possessing only the tin dipper, for the secret of the exchange can no more be told than the beautiful sparkling diamonds can be purchased.

Sometimes there are great surprises, when people give up the hope of such a possession and forget themselves; for they often find the cast away

tin dippers bearing evidence in silver, gold, or even diamonds, that they have become royal, but by that time they may have no vanity because of their fortune. ~~Only~~ modest, thankful, brave, happy feelings possess the owners of diamond dippers.—Selected.

Use your influence against the use of fireworks!

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Lord's Prayer.

Topic for the Month of July—"Give us this Day our Daily Bread."

Divisions:

1. Food and Drink.
2. Helpfulness.
3. Service for Others.
4. Unselfishness.

LESSON TWENTY-FIVE.

Food and Drink.

Aim—God gives every bird its food, but He does not throw it into the nest.—J. G. Holland.

Result Desired—A strengthening of the feeling that when blessings are asked for it is right to work for them.

Suggestions:

Read the lessons on this topic which were given last year and use from them such parts as will add to the interest and value of the lessons this month. The Children's Friend, volume 8. August number, page 334.

The main aim for the month will be founded on this thought "The Lord helps those who help themselves."

The prayer says, "Give us this day our daily bread." Explain that daily bread means more than bread, it means all the supplies which are necessary for the preservation of life. Go into some of the details of the labor necessary to make sure of food and drink. Make clear the thought that back of man's labor stands the providence of God, how without His mercy all that man might do would be useless. Relate the story of Noah. How the Lord preserved him and his family. Emphasize the thought of the years of labor necessary on the part of Noah to be ready for the blessing which the Lord had promised.

Memory Gem:

"I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a helping world there'll be."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "Little Servants."

"Oh, what an untidy room! Skip about little ones, and set it in order."

"I don't like to tidy rooms," said Elsie, with a pucker on her pretty forehead, as she turned the pieces of her dissected map this way and that.

"I think it must be ever so nice to keep plenty of servants," said Ruth.

"Yes, indeed," said Bessie, "just like Mrs. Marshall."

Elsie brought a pout to her lips to keep company with the pucker in her forehead, and looked as doleful as a little girl whose face seemed made rather for smiles than frowns could look.

"Do you think you would be happier with nothing to do?" asked mamma.

"Yes, I'm sure I should," said Elsie.

"And I," said Ruth.

"But," said Bessie thoughtfully, "I don't know. Mrs. Marshall never looks half so nice and pleasant as mamma, and she says her servants bother her all the time. Do you think they'd bother you, mamma, if you kept them?"

"I don't know, dear. I never tried keeping more than one, except these little bits of ones here," pinching Elsie's cheeks and giving Ruth's head a pat; "and as they are not always willing little servants, perhaps they bother me."

"It's a shame," said Bessie, running to kiss her mother. "I do love to do things for you, mamma. Hurry, girls; let's see how quick we can be!"

And the little maids flew about until the room was in good order.

"But," said Elsie, as mamma settled herself to some sewing, and the three gathered around her for a talk, "I was reading the other day about the little king of Spain—he's only a baby, you know, mamma, and yet he's a king! And he has ever and ever so many servants—all for just himself."

"I once knew some little girls who kept a great many servants."

"Tell us about them, please, mamma. How old were they?"

"Well, about as old as Elsie and Ruth and Bessie."

"How many did they have?"

"You can count up as I go on. There were two bright-looking ones, always dressed alike, in blue, brown, or gray. Their duty was to keep on the watch for what ought to be done."

"Didn't they ever do anything themselves?"

"Not much but that. It seemed to keep them busy if they attended to their duties; but sometimes they were negligent, and then of course the work of all the other servants was thrown into confusion."

"I'm sure it was little enough to do," said Bessie.

"Then there were two more, whose business it was to listen to what their mistress's mother or teacher told them, and let her know what it was."

"It seems to me," said Ruth, laughing, "they must have been a lazy set, so many to do so little. Any more, mamma?"

"Two more, always dressed in red, who told what the others heard." "It took a long time to get to it, I think," said Bessie.

"When these had settled upon anything to be done," went on mamma, "there were a pair of lovely little fellows, always wearing dark, stout clothing, who carried the little girls to where their work was to be done."

"Oh, oh!" laughed Elsie, "what a queer set you are telling us of, mamma. Were the little girls lame?"

"I hope they did their work well when they got to it, after all that fuss," said Ruth.

"They surely ought to have done so," mamma said; "for they had no less than ten little servants to do it for them."

"Now, mamma, do tell us what you mean," said Elsie.

"I mean," said mamma, "that little Blue Eyes and Brown Eyes and Gray Eyes ought always to be on the lookout for anything to be done for those whom they love."

"Oh, I see! And ears to listen!" cried Bessie, greatly amused at mamma's fancy.

"And dear little lips," said mamma, kissing the pair which chanced to be nearest, "which cannot only talk about duties to be done, but can lighten and brighten every duty for themselves and for others by their smiles and merry chatter."

"And feet to walk and run with," said Bessie.

"And fingers. Dear me, just think of all the servants," said Elsie. "I should think they would quarrel once in a while."

"Yes," said Bessie, "supposing the eyes saw something to do, and the ears heard somebody tell about it, and the feet shouldn't want to go to it, and the hands shouldn't want to do it!"

"That would depend what kind of little mistress they had," said mamma. "If she wanted to do right, she would be sure to keep all her little servants in good order. And they need a good deal of training."

"Yes, I guess they do," said little Ruth, holding up her chubby hands. "They have to learn to put on a thimble, and to thread a needle, and to sew."

"And to sweep, and dust, and to pick up things," said Bessie.

"And to write, and make figures, and play on the piano."

"And there are things they have to learn not to do," said mamma, with a significant smile; "not to meddle with things that don't belong to them; not to idle when they ought to be busy; not to do carelessly or negligently the work which ought to be done well."

"Oh, dear!" said Bessie, with a little sigh, "so many things to do, and so many things not to do."

"Yes, so many," said mamma. "But if the heart which moves all these little servants is a loving, faithful heart, always striving to do faithfully whatever comes in its way, there need be no fear of its not succeeding.—Sydney Dayre.

LESSON TWENTY-SIX.

Helpfulness.

Aim—God has so ordered that men, being in need of each other, should learn to love each other, and bear each other's burdens.—Sala.

Result Desired—The thought developed that in our prayer we remember others as well as ourselves.

Suggestions:

Review the previous lesson. Recite the Lord's Prayer, then talk with the children about the meaning of "our" and "us." Use the Golden Rule to emphasize your thought. Relate briefly the story of Joseph, how he came to be a ruler in Egypt. When his father and family were in need they went to Egypt and found plenty. They had asked the Lord for their daily bread and the Lord provided it for them. Remember your point is the preparation on the part of individuals and the forces of nature to get the food ready. People and things are constantly working out the answer to our prayers.

Memory Gem:

"Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day,
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "The 'Wake-up' Story."

The sun was up and the breeze was blowing, and the five chicks and four geese and three rabbits and two kitties and one little dog were just as noisy and lively as they knew how to be.

They were all watching for Baby Ray to appear at the window, but he was still fast asleep in his little white bed, while mamma was making ready the things he would need when he should wake up.

First, she went along the orchard path as far as the old wooden pump,

and said: "Good Pump, will you give me some nice, clear water for the baby's bath?"

And the pump was willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.

Then she went a little farther on the path, and stopped at the wood-pile, and said: "Good Chips, the pump has given me nice, clear water for dear little Ray; will you come and warm the water and cook his food?"

And the chips were willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
And the clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and to cook his food.

So mamma went on until she came to the barn, and then said: "Good Cow, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the wood-pile has given me clean, white chips for dear little Ray; will you give me warm, rich milk?"

And the cow was willing.

Then she said to the top-knot hen that was scratching in the straw: "Good Biddy, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the wood-pile has given me clean, white chips, and the cow has given me warm, rich milk for dear little Ray; will you give me a new laid egg?"

And the hen was willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
The clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and to cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright,
And the top-knot Biddy an egg new and white.

Then mamma went on until she came to the orchard, and said to a Red June apple tree: "Good Tree, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the wood-pile has given me, clean white chips, and the cow has given me warm, rich milk, and the hen has given me a new-laid egg for dear little Ray; will you give me a pretty red apple?"

And the tree was willing.

So mamma took the apple and the egg and the milk and the chips and the water to the house, and there was Baby Ray in his nightgown looking out of the window.

And she kissed him and bathed him and dressed him, and while she brushed and curled his soft, brown hair, she told him the "Wake-Up" story that I am telling you:

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
The clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and to cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright,
And the top-knot Biddy an egg new and white.
And the tree gave an apple so round and so red,
For dear little Ray who was just out of bed.

—Eudora Bumstead.

LESSON TWENTY-SEVEN.

Service for Others.

Aim—Helping some one else is the secret of happiness.—Booker T. Washington.

Result Desired—Unselfishness developed by services given for others.

Suggestions:

Review last lesson. Recite the Lord's Prayer. Let the children tell you how they remember others in the prayer. Tell briefly the story of Moses emphasizing the thought that he always asked God to help him to help others.

Memory Gem:

"Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "Do What You Can."

There was once a farmer who had a large field of corn; he ploughed it and planted the corn, and harrowed and weeded it with great care, and on his field he depended for the chief support of his family. But after he had worked hard, he saw the crop begin to wither and droop for rain, and he began to have fears for his crop. He felt very sad, and went over every day to look at his corn, and see if there was any hope of rain.

One day he stood looking at the sky, and almost in despair, two little raindrops up in the clouds over his head saw him, and one said to the other:

"Look at that farmer; I feel sorry for him, he has taken so much pains with his field of corn, and now it is drying up; I wish I could do him some good."

"Yes," said the other, "but you are only a little raindrop; what can you do? You can't even wet one hillock."

"Well," said the first, "to be sure I can't do much, but I can cheer the farmer a little at any rate, and I am resolved to do my best; I'll try. I'll go to the field to show my good will, if I can do no more; and so here I go."

The first raindrop had no sooner started for the field than the second one said:

"Well, if you are going, I believe I will go, too; here I come." And down went the raindrops—one came pat on the farmer's nose, and one fell on a stalk of corn. "Dear me," said the farmer, putting his finger to his nose, what's that? A raindrop! where did that come from? I do believe we shall have a shower."

By this time a great many raindrops had come together to hear what their companions were talking about, and when they saw them going to cheer the farmer and water the corn, one said: "If you are going on such an errand, I'll go, too," and down he came. "And I," said another, "and I," and so on, till a whole shower came, and the corn was watered, and it grew and ripened—all because the first little raindrop determined to do what it could.—Selected.

LESSON TWENTY-EIGHT.

Unselfishness.

Aim—None have so pleasant a time as they who in earnest seek their bread.—Thoreau.

Result Desired—The thought established in the minds of the children

"that all who would eat, must work." That when we ask the Lord to provide our daily bread we mean that we are willing to do our part in providing it.

Suggestions:

Review the three previous lessons, referring briefly to the work of nature and man in the growth and preparation of food and drink. Let the children help you to retell briefly the stories of Noah, Joseph and Moses to develop the thought that the Lord helps them who help themselves, and that the happiest are those who help others as well as themselves.

Memory Gem:

"God helps them that helps themselves."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "Mrs. Flyaway."

Once upon a time there lived in a big, brown house a very dainty little lady. They called her Mrs. Flyaway because she never wanted to stay at home.

The little person looked as if she had been polished, for she was very black and very shiny. She had two tiny, gauzy wings and six legs, so that she could walk quite fast for her size. She was very small, indeed—not half an inch long.

In fact, she was an ant and lived in an ant-hill.

A great many other ants lived in this same house—almost as many ants as there are leaves on a tree—so that you could not count them.

The brown house stood in the middle of a beautiful green field and above it was an elm tree through which the wind sang all day and all night, so you see it was a very pleasant place to live in.

Perhaps the brown house wouldn't have seemed big to a boy or girl, but it was grand indeed for the little ants, and they were very proud of it, because they had built it all themselves. It doesn't seem possible that little ants could build a house, does it? But I will tell you how they did it.

Of course they had to begin with something very small, so they chose a blade of grass. Think of beginning to build a house with a blade of grass!

This blade of grass was standing very straight and stiff under the elm tree, and one little ant who was a mason said, "I will make some mortar, and then with it I will cover the blade of grass to make a stout pillar. This will be the beginning of our house." He found some soft earth and sticky clay with which he mixed a little water and tiniest bits of grass and wood. He kneaded this with his feet until it was a thick plaster, which he stuck on the blade of grass. Of course it took him a long time to cover the whole grass blade, but he worked hard and was very patient.

When the other ant masons saw what he was doing, they all went to work with a will and did just the same to other blades of grass.

The big Sun looked down and smiled on them when he saw how hard they worked. "I will help them," he said; and smiling more brightly than ever he baked their pillars hard and dry.

When the pillars were done the ants built arches across them, back and front, right and left, over and over, until a roof was stretched across. The good-natured Sun smiled down once more and then the roof also became hard and dry and strong.

Day after day the busy ants worked. They made more pillars above the first ones, and threw more arches over them until they had built a house big enough for all to live in. It had long, winding passages everywhere under the arches, and tiny little rooms opening into the passages. Over all this they put a covering of earth, with oh! so many doors and windows in it; and then the house was done.

One morning little Mrs. Flyaway went hastily out of one of the doors.

Naughty Mrs. Flyaway! She was going to run away. She wanted to see that beautiful green world that lay all about.

She had not got very far when three or four other ants went tumbling out of the doors and windows and ran as fast as they could after her.

These little ants were not quite as pretty as Mrs. Flyaway; they had not lovely gauzy wings. They were very patient and industrious, however, and worked hard all day for the Flyaways (there were other Flyaways besides the one we know); and working hard for other people is much better than being only beautiful to look at, isn't it?

You see three kinds of ants lived in this one house. There were the Mr. Flyaways, who had four wings and were very grand, the Mrs. Flyaways who had two wings, and the dear little workers who hadn't any wings at all.

When the worker ants caught up to Mrs. Flyaway, one of them said, breathing very hard through the breathing pores in his sides, "O, my dear friend, what a run so early in the morning! You must come right back home. Why, what would we poor workers do, if we let the Flyaways leave us?"

"Yes," said another, "pretty soon you will have some little baby ants, and we have made room for them in the big, brown house. If you don't stay there you will have no home for them." So, coaxing and teasing, they got Mrs. Flyaway back to the house.

But their troubles were not over then, for either this Mrs. Flyaway or some other was always trying to run away. The workers were more than busy keeping them at home and finding enough food for them.

One beautiful day, in spite of all their care, Mrs. Flyaway was lost. They had just given up searching for her, when who should come running toward home but that dear little lady herself.

"Come," she cried in great excitement. "Come! See what I have."

They all ran after her as fast as possible, and what do you think she showed them, carefully hidden under a leaf? Twenty little eggs!

"See!" said Mrs. Flyaway joyously, "my little baby ants will come out of these eggs."

Mrs. Flyaway might have been called Mrs. Stay-at-home after this, for, would you believe it? she never wanted to run away any more! She just felt like staying at home and watching those eggs day and night. So she took off her pretty little wings and laid them aside, knowing that she wouldn't need them any more.

"Yours will be the first babies this year," said somebody.

"They won't be babies at all if we aren't careful," said one experienced old ant.

The little mother looked very anxious.

"We must get them in out of the dew," the same ant ended, "those tender little eggs cannot stand the cool, damp night air." At this the ants went to work, and before the sun went down the eggs were all in the brown house.

Everybody was up early next morning to take the eggs out again and spread them in the sunshine. At noon time the eggs had to be changed again and put under a plantain leaf because the sun grew too warm. You can imagine all this kept them very busy, morning, noon and night.

One morning when Mrs. Flyaway woke up, she felt something moving. she looked down, expecting to see a little ant. But what do you think had come out of the eggs instead? Twenty little grubs—little fat things with no legs and no wings. Mrs. Flyaway was very much surprised at first and a little disappointed, but she soon grew to think they were the most beautiful babies a mother ever possessed.

Oh! how much they did eat. Why, it took twenty workers besides their proud mother to find enough honey-dew for them to eat, and to protect them from heat and cold.

The grubs were not to be grubs always. Before many days passed they spun themselves silky cocoons, rolled themselves up tight and went to

sleep, looking like twenty little barlycorns. They slept so many days that their mother became quite anxious. "Isn't it time to wake them?" she said.

"Just about time," said a little worker. "You know we will have to cut open the cocoons. The babies will not be able to get out unless we do." Now the ants who attended to this did not have any scissors or knives, but they had something which answered just as well. Teeth? No, but mandibles—parts of their mouths which they use for all such work. With these mandibles the ants cut a hole in each cocoon.

You would never guess what came out of these cocoons! Grubs do you think? No, indeed. Twenty little full-fledged ants—some Flyaways and some workers—came out, rubbing their eyes and yawning.

"Well," exclaimed their mother in the wildest excitement, "those babies have caused me continued surprise ever since I first saw the eggs, but this is the greatest surprise of all."—Ada Cook.

Use your influence against the use of fireworks!

THIRD GRADE.

(Children eight and nine years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Ten Commandments.

Topic for the Month of July—Mothers.

Divisions:

1. Mother's Heroism.
2. Mother's Wisdom.
3. Mother's Sacrifice.
4. Mother's Faith.

LESSON TWENTY-FIVE.

Mother's Heroism.

Aim—"The very essence of love, of nobleness, of greatness, is to be willing to suffer for the good of others."

Result Desired—That the children will recognize that mothers are heroines and not accept them as ordinary events of daily life.

Development of Lesson Twenty-five.

Recite the fifth commandment. Review the lessons on Fathers. Let the children tell how mothers make sacrifices for their children. Relate the story of the heroism of the mother of Moses (Exodus 2: 13th chapter). The sacrifices made by the mother of Samson to give her child a strong, healthy body (Judges 13: 13-14).

Memory Gem:

God bless our mothers tender,
And bless dear father, too;
Oh, make us fond and helpful,
And keeps us kind and true."

Two Burglar Stories.

A very touching story is told of a widow who was one night nursing her sick child, when, hearing a noise in the next room, she stepped in and found the gas lit, and two burglars engaged in forcing open the bureau. The one thought of the poor woman's heart was that the men might awaken and

terrify her sick child. One of the ruffians held a pistol to her head, and said that they knew she had just received her money, and that they meant to have it. "Don't make any noise, please. The money is in my room, where the child is lying sick. Come with me, and you shall have it; but for heaven's sake, men, don't frighten my child. It will kill her. She is very ill." The robbers accompanied the mother to the door of the sick-room. She held up an entreating hand that they should come no farther, but then a weak voice cried out: "Mamma! where is mamma? I want a drink." "I'm coming, darling. Mamma is here," she answered, with a cheerful voice. The mother gave her child a drink, and then brought out her little roll of money, which was to have lasted her a month, and the loss of which would leave her poor indeed. She looked at her child, and then stepped back into the hall with her money. But the robbers were not there. The front door was ajar, and she heard a voice at the gate, "It's the last time I'm going to do a job of this kind, Bill. It isn't to my taste." She reached out the money all the same, saying, "Here is the money. Thank you for not disturbing my child."

"Keep it, ma'am. I hope the little kid will get well. Good-night, ma'am."

I have heard another burglar story, the counterpart of this, where a little girl saved her sick mother from the awful shock and disquietude of a burglar's entrance. She was a sweet, innocent little thing, and, hearing a noise in the night, she fearlessly came downstairs and found the dining-room window wide open, and a man in the room. She asked the man what he wanted. The burglar, who must have had a touch of humor, answered that he was a nobleman, and that his favorite way of coming into a house was by the window in preference to the door. He would be very glad if she would let him have the loan of the family plate. The child said that he must be very quiet, because her mamma was ill, but she would get him what she could. She brought him all the silver that she knew of, but particularly begged him to spare her little cup and spoon, which he accordingly did. The man was afterwards discovered and convicted. When he was in prison he begged very hard that he might have an interview with the child, and the parents, knowing that the man had not acted so badly as he might have done, took the child to see him in prison. He was, perhaps, as much affected by her innocent prattle as by a considerable number of chaplain's discourses. Some time afterwards a present was sent to the child through the "nobleman" who preferred the window as a means of ingress and egress.—All the Year Round.

LESSON TWENTY-SIX.

Mother's Wisdom.

Aim—The dignity, the grandeur, the tenderness, the everlasting and divine significance of motherhood.—DeWitt Talmage.

Result Desired—That the children will realize more keenly that the mother is the wisest counselor and friend.

Development of Lesson Twenty-six.

Review stories of the mothers of Moses and Samson with the two burglar stories. Let the children tell you of instances where they have received good advice and help from their mothers. Relate the instance of Hannah putting her son Samuel into the temple. Emphasize the sacrifice in the giving up of her son and the wisdom in putting him where he would receive the best training to be a servant of the Lord (I Samuel 1: 20-28). Tell also how the little coat was made (I Samuel 2: 19).

In back numbers of the Friend will be found many interesting stories

and poems about mothers which may be used in connection with the lessons for this month.

Memory Gem:

"Even I, a little child,
May help some one to-day,
I can make my parents glad
If quickly I obey."

Story, "Fearless and Honest."

A Scotch lad landed at Castle Garden, the brightest yet the loneliest passenger on an emigrant ship. He was barely fourteen and had not a friend in America, and only a sovereign in his pocket.

"Well, Sandy," said a fellow-passenger, who had befriended him during their voyage from Glasgow, "don't you wish you were safe now with your mother in the Old Country?"

"No," said the boy; "I promised her when I left that I would be fearless and honest. I have her fortune to make as well as my own, and I must have good courage."

"Well, laddie, what can you do?" asked a kind voice behind him.

"I can be loyal and true to anybody who will give me something to do," was the quick response.

A well-known lawyer, whose experience with applicants for clerkship in his office had been unfavorable, had taken a stroll down Broadway to ascertain whether he could find a boy to his liking. A canny Scotchman himself, he had noticed the arrival of a Glasgow steamer, and fancied that he might be able to get a trustworthy clerk from his own country. Sandy's fearless face caught his eye. The honest ring in Sandy's voice touched his faithful Scotch heart.

"Tell me your story," he said, kindly.

It was soon told. Sandy's mother had been left a widow with little money and a child to bring up. She had worked for him as long as she could, but when her health failed, she had bought his passage to America and given him what little money she could spare.

"Go and make your fortune," she had said. "Be fearless and honest, and don't forget your mother, who cannot work for you any longer."

Sandy's patron engaged him as an office boy.

"I'll give you a chance," he said, "to show what there is in you. Write to your mother today that you have found a friend who will stand by you as long as you are fearless and honest."

Sandy became a favorite at once in the office. Clients seldom left the office without pausing to have a word with him. He attended night school and became an expert penman and accountant. He was promoted until he was his patron's confidential clerk.

After sharing his earnings with his mother, he went back to Scotland and brought her back with him.

"You have made my fortune," he said, "and I cannot have luck without you."

He was right. When he had studied law and began to practice at the bar, his fearlessness commanded respect and his honesty inspired confidence. Juries liked to hear him speak. They instinctively trusted him. His mother had impressed her high courage and sincerity upon him. His success was mainly her work.—Selected.

Story, "Mother's Jewels."

A Campanian lady, who was very rich, and still fonder of pomp and show, after having displayed, in a visit she made, her diamonds, pearls, and richest jewels, earnestly desired Cornelia, the illustrious, mother of the

Gracchi, to let her see her jewels also. Cornelia dexterously turned the conversation to another subject, to wait the return of her sons, who were gone to the public schools. When they returned, and entered their mother's apartment, she said to the Campanian lady, pointing to them with her hand. "These are my jewels, and the only ornaments I admire."—L. M. Stretch.

LESSON TWENTY-SEVEN.

Mother's Sacrifice.

Aim—No joy in nature is so sublimely affecting as the joy of a mother at the good fortune of her child.—Richter.

Result Desired—A desire aroused to make some return for the many sacrifices which a mother is constantly making for her children.

Development of Lesson Twenty-seven.

Recitation of the fifth commandment. Review the meaning of the commandment and the promise it offers. Review briefly preceding lessons on mothers. Relate the instance where Solomon honored a mother (1 Kings 11-19). Tell what you can about Lucy Smith, the mother of the Prophet Joseph Smith. See Church History or The Children's Friend, volume 2, page 22. Let the children relate instances of sacrifices made by mothers. Help the class to understand that mothers enjoy good times and pretty things as well as children do and that it is not right to let them always give up for their children.

Memory Gem:

"Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

The One Who Came First.

"Dear Mother Mine:

"I have made some definite arrangements for my vacation, to which, I hope, you will not object. Marion Alverson has asked me to spend it with her. Of course, I told her I could not give her the whole of it, for I knew that you couldn't spare me, nor I you, mother dear. But I said I would see if you would be willing to have me go to her after two weeks at home. That would give us a nice visit together.

"There would be so many good things in it, as you will see, yourself—all the things in a great city. I always have longed to be in a city. It would mean much more than the summer school we have sometimes talked about. Please write and tell me what you think. How I am longing to see you! This letter-writing gets to be such a weariness when we are so soon to be face to face."

Margaret's mother dropped the letter with a hard pain at her heart. She had been looking forward to this vacation as a real comfort time with her one daughter. The absence had been so long-drawn-out since the first going away to school. She had forced herself to endure the prospect of the long years of separation, during which she was thankfully taking advantage of an aunt's offer to give Margaret a home while she took a university course. But the vacations, mother had believed, would be all her own, and here was this outside influence already cruelly cutting in between them and her. She could not say "No." She would not let herself spoil the poor little time which was to be given her by allowing her sore feeling to show itself.

Margaret came, full of the joy of young life filled with pleasant things, past, and to come. How lovely it was to live! She could have wished that mother—poor mother!—might not wear that sad look between the times when she made merry with the three—two younger boys delighting in their sister's home-coming.

"Now, I must be busy, mother. I haven't done much in the way of fix-

ing and mending, all this time. It has been books, books. But I've had it in my mind. Now I should be fussing up your neckwear and trimming over your bonnets. I am glad you have that pretty piece of material for a wrapper—just the thing for you. That must be made up, if everything else has to wait."

"There seems to be plenty to do for you," said her mother.

"Yes," admitted Margaret, with a half sigh. "I did hope I could have a new dressing robe, but with a little careful cleaning and a bit of lace added, the old one will do very well."

"Don't you plan for too much sewing, Margaret," clamored the lively boys. "There must be the day over by Eagle Rock, that we haven't missed for years. And there will be the Old Settlers' picnic—some of those good, old souls—that used to know father, you know," Jack's voice dropped, "would feel as if something was lost out of their year unless we three youngsters lined up before them on that day."

"And Mrs. Grant will be sure to carry Margaret off after it for a night," grumbled Archie.

The days flew fast, and the necessary crowding in of twice-too-many things soon made them a burden rather than a delight. In the nervous pressure of duty and pleasure, Margaret was one day rather impatiently saying to herself: "I do wish mother would not take that miserable wrapper so hard. It isn't a bit like her."

As a matter of fact, the heliotrope wrapper had been looming up in a way which might have been comical had it not been so teasing just at this busy time. First, mother had decided against the plain pattern she had bought, and exchanged it for a more fancy one. When cut and basted, something did not suit her and there was much ripping and rearranging. And—how could mother be so particular about the trimming for it—getting something better than was at all necessary, and more of it?

But the last bit of annoyance came in the matching of the ribbon. It could not be done in the small town. Margaret suggested that white would go very well, but nothing but a match would do for mother, and it had to be sent away for. And on one of the last afternoons of Margaret's stay, mother declined to ride with a friend in order to take time for some specially intricate arrangement of the ribbon.

"You go without me, dear," she said. "I really enjoy this kind of work, you know, and I shall have time to begin the packing of your trunk after I have done."

Late in the afternoon, Margaret came home and, not finding mother in the sewing room, went to look for her upstairs. As she expected, she was busy about Margaret's preparations for the journey, and the young girl, quietly approaching the door, paused at sight of mother's face as she bent over the trunk.

The "sad look" was having full sway now, that there was no one to see. And there were surely tears in mother's eyes as she bent low, carefully settling something in the very bottom of the trunk. A host of thoughts crowded on Margaret as her eyes remained fixed on the dear face. How young, still, it was, although lined with much sorrow!

"We girls sometimes get into a way of thinking that older people do not care for the things that we care for; going, and learning, and having good times. I wonder if it is so. I don't believe it is. I don't believe that in twenty years, more or less, I shall feel like stepping aside and letting all the pleasant things pass by me. Why shouldn't mother like pleasant things? Would she if I—gave myself a little more to the securing of them for her? I don't. Are these my years of blessed opportunity, and might a day come in which I should see that I had let it slip? If the Lord has put a promise with only the one commandment, it must be that he holds father and mother first."

"Is that you, dear?" mother looked up with a suddenly changed expres-

sion. "I have packed in these things you will not need at first. I will finish tomorrow. Don't you do it, for I would rather have all your time. Are you coming down?"

"Yes, very soon." She waited to lay one or two more things in the trunk, then stopped suddenly at sight of a bit of lace sticking up in a corner. She turned aside some daintily spread tissue paper and—yes, there it was, that wrapper!—laid there for a surprise when she should be far away.

She gazed at it for a minute, then with a murmur, "That settles it," turned to her writing desk and wrote a hasty letter.

Mother looked up in surprise as Margaret came down with her hat on.

"I thought you were going to stay with me."

"I positively have to go out for a little, mother."

The evening was almost gone when she came back, flushed and excited at something of which she did not tell. And in the morning she went out again. As the hours slowly passed, mother's heart sank heavier with the thought:

"I believed she would spend this last day with me."

"I've had a busy day," said Margaret, coming in late.

"I have finished the packing," said mother, "so come and sit down with me."

"Plenty of time for that," she said, putting her arms about her mother. "Mother, dear, I've made a change of plans, change of purpose—yes, change of heart, I believe. I've written to tell Marion she must excuse me; that she is very dear, but that my mother comes first. I've settled all about the going to the summer school—you and I—what fun it will be for us! I have arranged for the boys to join the camping party while we are there. And mother, dearest and best, after this you are going to have the first right in your own daughter."—Sidney Dayre.

George Washington.

General Washington, when quite young, was about to go to sea as a midshipman; everything was arranged, the vessel lay opposite his father's house, the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw the tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said nothing to her, but he saw that she would be distressed if he went, and perhaps never be happy again. He just turned round to the servant, and said, "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back. I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with this decision, and said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the children who honor their parents, and I believe He will bless you."—Selected

LESSON TWENTY-EIGHT.

Mother's Faith.

Aim—"Faith is the root of all good works."

Result Desired—Reverence and respect established for all mothers.

Development of Lesson Twenty-eight.

Review of previous lessons. Recitation of Fifth Commandment. Relate the story of the Shunamite Woman (2 Kings, 4th chapter); of the Widow's Oil (1 Kings 17: 10-24). Let the children tell of instances when they have been sick or in trouble and how the mother's faith helped them.

Memory Gem:

Mothers are our best friends.

Story, "The Righteous Never Forsaken."

It was Saturday night, and the widow of the Pine Cottage sat by her blazing faggots, with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring, by listening to the artlessness of their prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year, her own feeble hands had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter, no friend to whom to apply, in all the wide, unfriendly world around. The mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways is above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now, too, midwinter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared amid the bounding pines, and rocked her puny mansion.

The last herring smoked upon the coals before her; it was the only article of food she possessed, and no wonder her forlorn, desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the anxieties of a mother, when she looked upon her children; and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart-swells of despair to rise, even though she knew that He whose promise is to the widow and to the orphan can not forget His word. Providence had many years before taken from her her eldest son, who went from his forest home to try his fortune on the high seas, since which she had heard no note of tidings of him; and in latter time, by hand of death, she had been deprived of the companion and staff of her earthly pilgrimage in the person of her husband. Yet to this hour she had been upborne; she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost an opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

The indolent may well bear with poverty while the ability to gain sustenance remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart not wrung. The most desolate in populous cities may hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eyes on misery. But the industrious mother of helpless and dependent children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. And such a one was the widow of Pine Cottage; but as she bent over the fire, and took up the last scant remnant of food to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

The smoked herring was scarcely laid upon the table when a gentle rap at the door, and loud barking of a dog, attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveler, in tattered garments, and apparently indifferent health, entered and begged a lodging and a mouthful of food. Said he: "It is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread." The widow's heart bled anew as under a fresh complication of distresses; for her sympathies lingered not around her fireside. She hesitated not, even now; rest, and share of all she had, she proffered to the stranger. "We shall not be forsaken," said she, "or suffer deeper for an act of charity."

The traveler drew near the board; but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes toward heaven with astonishment. "And is this all your store?" said he; "and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? then never saw I charity before! But, madam," said he, continuing, "do you not wrong your children by giving a part of your last mouthful to a stranger?" "Ah!" said the poor widow, and the teardrops gushed into her eyes as she

said it, "I have a darling boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless heaven has taken him away, and I only act toward you as I would that others should act toward him. God, who sent manna from heaven, can provide for us as he did for Israel; and how should I this night offend him, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and he should have provided for him a home, even poor as this, were I to turn you unrelieved away."

The widow ended, and the stranger, springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms: "God indeed has provided your son a home, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress—my mother! oh, my mother!"

It was her long-lost son, returned to her bosom from the Indies. He had chosen that disguise that he might the more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy. That humble residence in the forest was exchanged for one comfortable and indeed beautiful, in the valley; and the widow lived long with her dutiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty and in the delightful employments of virtue; and at this day the passer-by is pointed to the willow that spreads its branches above her grave.—*New York Spectator.*

Story, "Garfield and His Mother."

When General James A. Garfield was inaugurated President of the United States, he insisted that his aged mother should be at his side when he took the accustomed oath and delivered his inaugural address. As soon as he had been invested with the powers of the high office he turned to his mother and kissed her. And when, a few months later, the bullet of the assassin had laid him on a bed of great suffering, his mother, then necessarily at a distance, was often in his thoughts, and loving, comforting messages he often sent to her. The last letter which he ever wrote was to her.—Thayer's "The Way to Succeed."

Use your influence against the use of fireworks!

FOURTH GRADE.

(Children ten and eleven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Word of Wisdom.
Topic for the Month of July—Self Control.

Divisions:

1. Self-Control.
2. Table Manners.
3. Anger.
4. Cheerfulness.

LESSON TWENTY-FIVE.

Self-Control.

Aim—It is the mind that makes the body rich.—Shakspeare.

Result Desired—That the children will recognize that they themselves must be partly responsible for what they are.

Memory Gem:

He that ruleth his spirit is stronger than he that taketh a city.—

Suggestive Talk:

What is the meaning of the word "control?" Of the word "self?" Self means the heart, the mind, the will and the body, does it not? What, then, is the meaning of the word "self-control?" The self-controlled or self-possessed person is one who owns and orders his own heart, mind, will and body and does not let them order him. Self-control means making one's self do the right or necessary thing.

One of the most important habits to acquire and fix is self-control. It is an every day necessity. It is more important than arithmetic or grammar or history, because it will be needed every hour, and the lessons just mentioned may not.

In olden times the teachers compared the senses to horses, well or ill-trained. Suppose we then think of our thoughts, emotions, tempers, words, actions and appetites as horses. Have we mastered them or are they untrained and liable to run away, or get the better of us any time?"

Our success in life will depend much upon our being able to control perfectly those "steeds." Self-control means the same thing as courage. Self-control means patience, too: patience to wait for what we want—until the right time.

How do people act who lack self-control? They are apt to eat and drink what they like, greedily, without thinking of the effect of gluttony upon the body, and the injury to the health. They oversleep as well as overeat. They neglect their work when they do not feel like working. They say whatever comes into their heads no matter how rude or unkind it may be. They insist on having their own way regardless of the rights or wishes of others. They give way to their tempers, when anything occurs that does not please them. They move about noisily or clumsily or lazily, regardless of the annoyance they cause others by so doing. They are noisy when others wish to be quiet. They interrupt others who are talking. They let their minds dwell upon bad thoughts so often that these thoughts show in their faces. They do just what they feel like doing, in all matters, whether it is the right thing to do or not.

There is an old saying that "What is bad for the hive is bad for the bees." Is this true? Does it not make one selfish to think only of his own pleasure or comfort and be regardless of others? If he is permitted to do this is it not injuring him as well as others? When he is asked to do a thing he ought to do and refuses because it is disagreeable or hard to do, he is making himself weak. It is necessary often to make ourselves do things that are disagreeable in order to gain in self-control, and to be sure that one is master over one's self.

We are obliged to exercise self-control in doing everything that is worth while. All work grows tiresome and hard at times, and often it is only by forcing ourselves to work that we can accomplish what we set out to do. Patience and diligence and courage are needed in everything and in exercising these we exercise self-control.

A gentleman who was interested in studying the bad effects of a lack of self-control once visited the insane asylums and found that the greater number of patients there had been only children who had been selfishly indulged and allowed to have their own way. There had been no brothers or sisters for them to give up to, and they had not been taught to control their tempers, or actions or appetites. When they grew older and left home they found that they could not have their own way always; other people would not yield to them or overlook their faulty ways as father and mother had done. They had not learned to exercise self-control when young and found it impossible when grown. The result was weakened minds and bodies and wrecked lives, due to lack of self-control.

Many insane people did not lose their minds as a result of anger or temper, but of lack of control of the appetite, or intemperance. They poisoned themselves with drink, or tobacco in some form, usually the cigarette.

I have heard boys and girls wish that they might be kings or queens in order that they might possess a kingdom and rule over or control others. They did not know that they had each of them a kingdom, over which they ruled or neglected to rule. Do you know where or what this kingdom is? This kingdom is within ourselves. It is their own spirit, or heart.

"The heart is the greatest of battlefields." Whoever rules his own heart or spirit rules a kingdom.

The wisest man that ever lived (what was his name?) once said "He that ruleth his spirit is stronger than he that taketh a city."

Louisa M. Alcott, who has written so much of interest to young people, once spoke of her mind as a kingdom, and of her efforts at self-control as "ruling my kingdom." She did not find it easy. When thirteen years of age she put her struggles and thoughts on this matter in a poem, entitled "My Kingdom," which we will have read to the class.—Selected.

A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,
And very hard the task I find
Of governing it well.

For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, and never tire
Of trying to be good?

How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?

I do not ask for any crown,
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.

—Louisa M. Alcott.

Questions on the Lesson:

What are some of the things people do who lack self-control?

Is it unpleasant to have such people about?

What do you think of a person who to give himself pleasure will give others annoyance, trouble or unhappiness?

When people do not control themselves, how may others help them?

How does the law act to help people who have but little self-control?

How may parents help boys and girls to have good control over themselves?

Why do you prefer to have your own way?

If you should have your own way all the time, what kind of grown-up person would you be? (Consider with the class the results of undirected eating, sleeping, clothing, schooling, attendance at Church, etc.)

When is it proper for you to have your own way?

Name some people whom you think had learned the lesson of self-control so thoroughly that they became of great service in the world?

How would you consider the Word of Wisdom to be a lesson in self-control?

If you keep the Word of Wisdom what effect will it have on your ability to cultivate self-control?

LESSON TWENTY-SIX.

Table Manners.

Aim—The noblest task is to command "one's self."

Result Desired—Gratitude expressed in cheerfulness at the table.

Memory Gem:

For manners are not idle, but the fruit of loyal natures and of noble minds.—Tennyson.

Suggestive Talk:

Did you ever hear of laws of health? We cannot have health unless we obey the laws of health. Obedience is certainly the key to the door of the house of health. One of the laws of the body is the demand for food. We must have obedience to this law if we would keep good health; and it must be prompt obedience. We should eat promptly and regularly—at the same time every day if possible, and not spoil or lose out good health by eating at all hours and piecing between meals. We must obey the law of temperance, and not over-eat. Intemperance in eating is almost as bad for us as intemperance in drinking.

The laws of health demand that we should be cheerful and free from worry and irritation while eating. We must eat cheerfully, as well as regularly—that is, we must be in a cheerful, pleasant frame of mind when we eat. If we break this law we are sure to suffer for it. The food we eat does not digest so well, if we eat when we are angry or worried or disturbed or sad. One should never speak of disagreeable things at the table or allow oneself to argue or dispute about any matter while eating. One should never tell another a piece of bad news or speak of sickness or disease or sorrow or death or tragedy at the table. All these things keep one from being cheerful and interfere with the digestion, which affects the health. If you have been accustomed to bringing any disagreements to the table or speaking of unpleasant incidents or of newspaper horrors while eating, try to break yourself of the habit and make of each meal-time the pleasantest hour of the day. You may not realize just now how often you break this law of health, unless you watch yourself for a week or more and keep count of the unpleasant things that you say before you realize what you are doing.

I know a certain school girl who had the bad habit of bringing all her troubles to the table with her and spoiling the meal-hours for the other members of the family as well as herself. She would dispute or argue with her brothers and sisters at this time or complain of their behavior at school or of something that they had done to annoy her. If she had been kept after school to finish neglected work, she complained of the teacher's injustice and meanness. If she had heard a disagreeable thing said about a playmate or neighbor she was sure to repeat that. If she had read an account of some horrible accident or tragedy, she spoke of that. If she was feeling unwell, and she often did, she was sure to tell about it at this time.

Her mother had tried to break her of the habit, but it seemed to do no good. One day Jessie asked for two dollars to spend for a certain purpose,

and instead of giving it to her, her mother placed the amount in dimes and five cent pieces in a vase on the center of the dining room table.

"This will be yours at the end of the month, Jessie," she said, "if you will control your tongue long enough to eat and permit the others to eat in a cheerful, pleasant way, without one disagreeable remark. Try to tell pleasant things that will give us pleasure, and funny stories that will make us laugh, instead of causing us to worry. But I shall take out a coin from the vase every time you quarrel or dispute or argue with anyone at the table, or complain about anyone or criticise anyone or speak of disease or disaster or any disagreeable or distressing subject." "Oh, I can stop it if I really want to," said Jessie. "It will be easy. The money is mine already." But at the first meal that followed she forgot twice, and two coins came out of the vase, and during the first week one or two coins came out almost every meal. The first time this occurred, Jessie laughed lightly, and said, "Well, that's only twice I forgot. You won't catch me again." But with each succeeding failure she grew more concerned and distressed at her forgetfulness. At the end of six days a dollar was gone from the contents of the vase. During the meal that followed she forgot again, and as another coin was removed by her mother, she burst into tears and left the table. In the days that followed she made the greatest struggle of her life, but at the end of the month less than a half-dollar remained. But she had gained more than the worth of many dollars in self-control and soon improved in health.—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson:

Review the revelation on the Word of Wisdom by questions which will develop the thought that the Lord showed great kindness as well as wisdom in giving this message to His people.

To preserve life and health it is necessary to eat and drink. How do animals, birds, fishes, etc., find their food and drink?

What is the great difference between what these creatures use for food and drink and that used by the human family?

Name some of the necessary implements used in the preparation of food?

What is the difference in the manner in which civilized and uncivilized people eat?

Describe a table set for dinner.

Why is the plan of having a family sit together at meal-time a good one?

Why is it right for everyone to be ready when a meal is prepared?

What should be the appearance of people at meal-time in regard to clothes, face, hands and hair?

Can you think of habits which some people have which makes it very disagreeable to sit near them when they eat?

It is not our duty to make others behave. But we can do something for ourselves. What do you think about it?

What effect does trouble or worry have upon your appetite?

If something goes wrong when you are eating, does it affect the quantity you eat?

When you go to a party or are out on a picnic what kind of an appetite do you have?

Why do you think being happy has any effect on your appetite and ability to digest your food?

In what way would selfishness and unselfishness affect your happiness while eating?

LESSON TWENTY-SEVEN.

Anger.

Aim—To endure and pardon is the wisdom of life.—Mohammed.

Result Desired—That the children will understand that unkind emotions affect the health of the body and the mind.

Memory Gem:

"He who ruleth well his heart
And keeps his temper down,
Acts a wiser, better part,
Than he who takes a town."

Suggestive Talk:

What is anger? Resentment? What do we mean when we say that a person has a temper or a bad temper? First of all it means weakness and fear: it shows a lack of self-control, a lack of consideration for others, a lack of kindly feeling and a lack of good sense and judgment.

How do people usually show anger, or resentment, or, as we sometimes say, temper? Do they show it by their looks as well as their words and actions? Who has ever observed carefully an angry person? How did he act? How did he talk? Was he pleasant to look at? How did he look? The face changes usually, growing very red or white or purple; the eyes blaze; the voice grows higher and sometimes trembles or grows thick and husky; the limbs tremble or shake; the appetite fails and it is difficult to eat or sleep or work for some time afterward. Sometimes the person under the influence of anger becomes too weak to stand, or very sick. Sometimes he falls in a fit or bursts a blood vessel or goes insane.

Why should anger cause such a change in the appearance and actions of a person? Because anger acts as a poison or causes the formation of a poison that goes all through the body, just as does the poison from the bite of a snake or bee or poisonous insect. Scientists tell us that the poison or venom of snakes is generated or caused by anger or fear, and for self-protection; that it is rapidly collected in a special receptacle and from there discharged at the object of its anger or fear; that the same process takes place in the human body but that we have no special organ to receive it, and so it disperses in the blood, acting as a poison to us, instead of the person against whom it is directed. This shows that we are not meant to protect ourselves as the snake does, by forming poison in our bodies or by indulging in anger that causes this poison to form. Is it not foolish to allow or cause poison to collect in our bodies, when it poisons us and makes us suffer? This anger poison is the only means or weapon of defense the snake, bee or insect has. They use it because they are afraid. We can scarcely blame them for using it when they feel their lives or property in danger. But this is not true of human beings. An exhibition of anger will not protect us.

Angry or resentful evil thought shows itself not only on the face and body, but in the breath, the mouth and in the perspiration. When the breath of a very angry person is caught in a glass tube it is found to be dark brown in color and so poisonous that it will kill if given to an animal.

When anger shows even in the drops of perspiration that stand on the body it shows that this poisonous feeling goes through and affects every part of the body. What can we do to protect ourselves from this injurious emotion or feeling? Will exercising perfect self-control prevent it? Do we ever see resentment shown in the school room? When a child fails to control himself or make himself mind, or fails to make himself to his work and the teacher or some one else has to compel him to do what he should, does he ever show resentment? Is this reasonable? No one wishes to control him. It is only because he will not control himself that others do it for him. And he asks them to do so by his actions just as

plainly as if he said in words, "I need and want some one to control me. I am too weak to do it myself." Children do not often get more than they ask for either by their words or actions. There seems no need for resentment, or harboring a grudge because one gets what one asks for.

If John says or shows that he wants or needs a pencil to use in preparing a written lesson, the teacher gives it to him; sometimes he does not need to ask for it. If the teacher sees the need she gives the pencil to him without waiting for him to ask her for it. John thanks her and gets to work at once.

Perhaps a little later John shows by his actions that he needs to be controlled. Instead of looking for work he begins to look for trouble. And he gets it. The punishment he gets he has worked for and asked for by his actions as plainly as he asked for a pencil. Yet instead of thanking the teacher he shows resentment. Is this reasonable? The teacher would not give him attention or punishment if he had not asked for it. Why should he be angry or resentful? Do you ever show this unreasonable anger or resentment at school or at home? If so stop and think about the reason. If it is for punishment received, have you not asked for this punishment and earned it by your actions? Then is there any reason for resentment on your part?

If your anger is caused by some unkind or unjust act on the part of another, why should you do yourself a second hurt, by allowing your anger to form which will poison your body and perhaps make you sick as well as unhappy? Anger is always a sign of fear or weakness. Self-control is a sign of courage and strength.

Have you never seen a little dog rush at a big one, with a great show of anger, barking noisily as if hoping to impress the strong dog with his strength and courage, and thus frighten him away. The big dog looks at the little one with wonder, or seemingly with silent contempt, or pays no attention to him whatever, not even taking the trouble to speak to him, in dog fashion. He realizes that the tiny dog is no match for him in strength and not worth his notice.

Have you never seen one school boy fly at another in great rage and in a noisy blustering manner threaten all sorts of punishment, and the other instead of losing his head or self-control, simply smile in amusement, and turn away or walk away without a word. He knew he was quite able to defend himself; was sure of his strength, so he did not need to make a great show of it to a boy who was weaker than he. He did not feel that it was worth his while to become angry, or frighten the other.

You should refuse to allow yourself to grow irritable or angry in order to protect your own health. Sometimes others torment or tease you in order to see you get excited or disturbed. It amuses them, just as it does to torment a cat or dog.

If you took such teasing in silence, without any change of face, or voice, or manner, it would soon cease.

How many times a day do you allow yourself to show anger or resentment or even irritation? If you are not well or strong perhaps this weakness has something to do with your failure to exercise self-control in this matter of the temper. Watch yourself to see.

It is a good plan to carry a pocket pin cushion, and every time you lose your temper or self-control to put a pin in the cushion. At the end of each day or week examine your pin cushion account and see how you stand. Does it show improved self-control or continued weakness? Will you ever attain self-control if you shun these occasions of practicing it?

Would an angry person ever like to have his picture taken? Why not? Would he be ashamed of his picture? Why? Because an exhibition of anger or temper is an exhibition of weakness and ugliness and no one likes to be thought weak, or pictured as weak or ugly.

Do people ever conceal their anger, but harbor a grudge or silent resentment against those who they think have injured them in some way? Do you? I want to read you a sort article about resentment by Annie Payson Call, who has written so many helpful things to enable us to secure and keep perfect health. This is what she says: "Resentment is like hot, smoky fog. It lies low until we have gone to work to clean it out, but, until then it is always there, and only needs a little whiff of suggestion to bring it up in all its murkiness, so that it befores the whole brain. Some one innocently finds fault with us. Up comes the resentment. In less than an instant our brains are hot and foggy and our nerves quivering. The more we deserve the criticism the quicker the resentment rises and the fiercer it is.

"Perhaps some one says something that is harsh or rude and ill-mannered, something is even cruel and unkind and before we know it we are so immersed in that hot smoky fog that we have no clear judgment as to how to answer or how to meet such an attack with quiet dignity.

"Good judgment and resentment can not live in the same person at the same time. * * * * *

"I can refuse to act or speak or to think from resentful feeling merely because such action, speech or thought may interfere with my own selfish advantage, because it would put me at a disadvantage with other men; or I can refuse to act, speak or think from resentment because resentment is in itself an evil thing, which I hate, and because I love the quiet power for real use to others, which is its opposite and which comes by overruling it.

"In the first case I have only pushed my resentment into the background with my self-will, and it is sure to assert itself some other time and poison me in some way or another; in the second place, I am gradually freeing myself from it altogether.

"Resentment befores the brain and fatigues the nervous system.

"Resentment, being only a form of weak excitement, can never do any good; but, on the contrary, does a great deal of harm. It keeps our brains in a chronic state of irritation; it upsets our digestion and makes our bodies ill; it is a frequent cause of dyspepsia; it interferes with our best work in life; it warps our characters and taints our souls.

"The main thing in the way of getting rid of it is the fact that most of us do not want to find ourselves out. If we did and would set to work in earnest we would soon be surprised at the discovery of resentment in odd corners of our minds that we had not suspected. Then, if we began to form the habit of never allowing the feeling of resentment to control us, it would not be long before we would feel relief in the brain, nerves, and body, and would be heartily grateful for the strong, wise kindness which properly belongs in its place."—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson:

Explain how you feel when you are angry? (Go into details on this question asking how anger affects the heart, eyes, tongue, muscles, nerves etc.) Why is it a good plan to count ten before you speak when you are angry?

How do animals express anger?

What is the difference between us and the animal world if, when we get angry we express it either by fighting or growling?

The Lord has given us greater intelligence than the animals. Tell us why? Read Genesis 1: 26. (Have Bible ready.)

Discuss with the class the following statement: Conquer thyself. Till thou hast done this, thou art a slave; for it is almost as well to be subjected to another's appetite as to thine own.

Name some foods and drinks which are mentioned in the Word of Wisdom that affect our ability to have control over ourselves?

What do people sometimes use as a stimulant? (Discuss effects of tea and coffee.)

Have you ever seen a person who was used to drinking tea or coffee?

How do they feel if they are compelled to go without their stimulants?

How about their dispositions?

How would they be liable to act if angry?

What are the two stimulants which are positively forbidden in the Word of Wisdom?

Discuss the effects on people who use liquors and tobacco.

LESSON TWENTY-EIGHT.

Cheerfulness.

Aim—Excellence in any department can be attained only by the labor of a lifetime. It is not purchased at a lesser price.—Johnson.

Result Desired—That the children will be helped to understand the close relationship between the mind and the body.

Memory Gem:

Cheerfulness is an off shoot of goodness and wisdom.—Bovee.

Suggestive Talk:

Here are some lines worth thinking about:

"'Tis easy enough to be pleasant,
When life flows along like a song;
But the man worth while is the one that will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

"For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praise of the earth
Is the smile that comes through the tears."

Mrs. Alden says that she believes in trying to keep the corners of the mouth turned up and although it may sometimes be hard, yet it is always a help to try.

Cheerfulness is said to assist the digestion and so promote good health, and for this reason it pays to be cheerful. The Bible says: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

A great man, Dr. Johnson, said that it was worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.

If being cheerful and sunny tempered makes life pleasanter for others, ought one not to make the effort for their sake? Every one likes cheer and sunshine, indoors and out. Every one likes a sunshiner. James Whitcomb Riley, our cheerful poet, says:—

"It's the songs ye sing and the smile ye wear
That's a-making the sunshine everywhere."

This kind of sunshine does not depend upon the weather but upon ourselves, the sunshine we make by our faces and actions. Try to keep the sunshine playing round those who need it. The world needs sunshine gives more than it needs statesman, or inventor, or authors, or generals. They are needed everywhere.

"Let it always be possible for others to turn to you for cheeriness and brightness and know that they can depend upon you as a sure source.

"Your position will be on a vantage ground from which no one can turn you, a tilting yard where good looks do not enter the lists against you and if they do you are well armed against all comers. As a dear old clergy-

man once said, 'Let your brightness and cheeriness be like the sweet, ever-flowing musical ripple of some woodland brook.' Cheeriness is the sweetener in many an otherwise dull and gloomy household, making the home life a thing of different caliber. It is an atmosphere altogether different from affection and love, this brightening ray, and the happy possessor of this gladdening power may well congratulate herself on the good gift bestowed."

"A young girl boarded one of the Broadway cars one very rainy day. She seated herself in the middle of the car, paid her fare, and after a glance around at the various expressions of worry, ill-temper and care on the faces of those about her, she settled herself comfortably back in her seat and began to gaze smilingly out of the window. At first only one or two noticed her cheerful expression, and they turned unconsciously and followed her eyes to see what there was outside that amused and pleased her so much, but saw nothing but the gray skies and the downpour of rain. The curiosity of these few, however, attracted the attention of the other passengers to the smiling, happy girl, and they seemed to be forced to smile, too, out of sympathy. As the car rolled along, the girl's smile perceptibly broadened into a silent laugh, as though at some extraordinary happy thought, and the pleased expression on the faces of her small audience deepened also. Finally the girl signaled to the conductor, arose and left the car. As she waded through the puddles in the street, still smiling, the wind overheard her say: 'Well, I wondered if I could cheer them up, and I did.'"

Try this experiment yourself, not only on the street cars but in school and at home. Good cheer is catching.

What are the duties or work of the Sunshiner? First, to think pleasant, cheerful thoughts; second, to look pleasant and cheerful; third, to speak pleasantly and cheerfully; fourth, to act and do things to make other people cheerful. Thoughts, looks, words and acts are contagious, or "catching," as mumps or measles; only in place of giving disease, as with the mumps and measles, we give health. Health is catching, too, if we are cheerful and "sunshiny."

Then, isn't it worth while to be a Sunshiner? How shall we begin? First, adopt the Sunshiner's motto: "Pass it on." That means to pass on something we have had and enjoyed, or has given us pleasure. Have you not some school or story books you have outgrown? There are many children who have no books at all. Could you not "pass these on?" Are there not story papers or magazines in your home, up in the attic perhaps, that you are not using? Could these not be passed on? Have you not a little armchair, or a sled, or some toys, or playthings you have outgrown and laid aside?

When you go home this afternoon make a tour of the house from cellar to garret. See what you can find to pass on. Talk it over with your mother. Make a list of these things, and try to find the people who need those things to make them more cheerful and comfortable and happy. When you have passed these on, visit your friends, who are not Sunshiners, first the friends of your own age and see if they have not things they would like to "pass on." Tell them how to do it. Next, visit your grown-up friends who have not children in their homes and tell them what you are doing. They will be sure to help. And try to find people to send these "Sunshine" gifts to. Ask your friends to tell you of any they know, sick, or poor, or blind, or lonely, or those needing sunshine in any way, shape, or form.

Here is a beautiful poem I wish to give you. It is true, every word of it. This is what it says,—

"Half the happiness in living
Comes from willing-hearted giving,
Comes from sharing all our pleasures,
From dividing all our treasures.

And the other half is loving
 All things tame and all thing roving;
 Loving skies, too, and the mountains,
 Woods and waters, fields and fountains.
 So each good child should be sowing
 Love seeds while his life is growing;
 For all happiness in living
 Comes from loving and from giving."

We have talked about the part that refers to the happiness, the sunshine that comes to us and to others from our loving and our giving, "from sharing all our pleasures, and dividing up our treasures."

But the other part that says, "And the other half is loving all things tame and all things roving; loving skies, too, and the mountains, woods and waters, fields and fountains." Do we do this? How are we showing love for the "tame and wild things roving?" Are we making the life of any creature unhappy? Are we sharing our good things with them or are we neglecting even those in our own home—the bird, the pigeon, the cat, or the dog?

Now the last part, about "loving skies, too, and the mountains, woods and waters, fields and fountains." Do you do this? Perhaps we have not cared for these things and the mild and tame creatures in the out-door world. It is one reason why we have not been cheerful and happy. We need the out of door sunshine, out of door life and interests and out of door work and play to keep us well and cheerful. Children need this even more than grown-up people.

"Education is meant to make us appreciate the things that are beautiful in nature. A person is never educated until he is able to go into the swamps and woods and see something that is beautiful in the trees and shrubs there. is able to see something beautiful in the grass and flowers that surround him; is, in short, able to see something beautiful, elevating and inspiring in everything that God has created."

Not only should education enable us to see the beauty in these objects which God has put about us, but it is meant to influence us to bring beautiful objects about us.

Education is meant to give that culture, that refinement, that taste which will make us deal truthfully with our fellow-men, and will make us see what is beautiful, elevating and inspiring in what God has created. Text books, and lessons, with all their contents, are not an end, but a means to an end, a means to help us get the highest, the best, the purest and the most beautiful things out of life.—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson:

Review those given in three previous lessons.

FIFTH GRADE.

(Children twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Articles of Faith.
Topic for the Month of July—The Bible.

Divisions:

1. Genesis.
2. Moses to David.
3. Solomon to Daniel.
4. The New Testament.

Suggestions:

The eighth Article of Faith expresses the belief of the Latter-day Saints in the divine authenticity of the Bible and the Book of Mormon. Dr. Talmage in his lectures on this subject substantiates this claim. A careful reading of Lecture 13 will be of great value to the teachers. The aim of the lessons for this month will be to arouse an interest in the reading of the Bible. It is the greatest and the best book that has ever been written and in it may be found the most interesting matter that has ever been read.

Senator Albert J. Beveridge has written a book entitled, *The Bible as Good Reading*, and it is suggested that each teacher read this book before presenting any of the lessons for this month. It is believed that much good may be accomplished through reading at least some of the book to the class. If it is impossible to borrow or purchase this book it may be obtained at this office for fifty cents.

The class should be asked to read the incidents given, at home, and come to meeting prepared to relate them. Where opportunity offers some discussion may be had on interesting parts of the lessons. The Children of the Bible Series will be found helpful in the preparation of these lessons.

LESSON TWENTY-FIVE.

Genesis.

Aim—There is no book like the Bible for excellent wisdom and use.—Sir M. Hale.

Development of Lesson Twenty-five.

(The class should have at least one week's notice in which to prepare for the lesson.)

To avoid repetition the incidents and references will be given in their order. The members appointed should relate the incident or incidents, after which the teacher should discuss briefly with the class the points of interest. In case of failure of any of the class the teacher should be familiar enough with the stories to carry on the lesson.

The story of the Creation. Genesis 1-2 chapters.

Noah and the Flood. Genesis 6-8 chapters.

The Trial of Abraham's Faith. Genesis 22: 1-18.

Rebekah at the Well. Genesis 24.

Leah and Rachel. Genesis 29: 1-30.

Joseph the Dreamer. Genesis 37: 1-26.

Sold into Egypt. Genesis 37: 27-36.

Dreams of the Butler and Baker. Genesis 40: 1-23.

Joseph interprets Pharaoh's Dreams. Genesis 41.

How Joseph blessed his Family. Genesis 42-46 chapters.

LESSON TWENTY-SIX.

Moses to David.

Aim—The Bible is one of the greatest blessings bestowed by God on the children of men.—Locke.

Development of Lesson Twenty-six.

Moses rescued from the River. Exodus 2: 1-10.

Relate briefly how Moses succeeded in getting the Israelites out of Egypt. Exodus 3-14.

Feeding the people with Manna. Exodus 16.

Samson's Riddle. Exodus 14: 5-18.

Relate briefly the story of Ruth. Book of Ruth.

Incidents from life of Samuel:

The Lord's call, I Samuel, 3rd chapter.
Chooses a king, I Samuel 16: 1-13.

Incidents from life of David:

David and Goliath, I Samuel, chapter 17.
Is made a king, II Samuel 2: 11.

LESSON TWENTY-SEVEN.

Solomon to David.

Aim—The scriptures teach us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying.—Flavel.

Development of Lesson Twenty-seven.**Incidents from life of Solomon:**

Becomes king of Israel, I Kings 1: 11-48.
Splendid palace, I Kings 10: 5-12.
Visited by the Queen of Sheba, I Kings 10: 1-13; II Chronicles 9: 1-12
The two mothers, I Kings 3: 16-28.

Incidents from life of Elijah:

Fed by ravens, I Kings 17: 1-7. Miracle of oil and restoration of life of widow's son. I Kings 17: 8-16. Rain from heaven, I Kings, 18: 24-38. The translation, II Kings 2: 1-15; 3: 11.

Incidents from life of Elisha:

Dividing the river Jordan, II Kings 2: 14. Purifying the water, II Kings 2: 19-22. The Shunammite woman, II Kings 4: 18-37. Causing iron to float, II Kings 6: 6.

Story of Esther. Book of Esther.
Story of Job. Book of Job.

Incidents from life of David:

As a Jewish captive, Daniel 1st chapter.
Nebuchadnezzar's dream, Daniel 2nd chapter.
Cast into the Lion's den, Daniel 6th chapter.

LESSON TWENTY-EIGHT.

The New Testament.

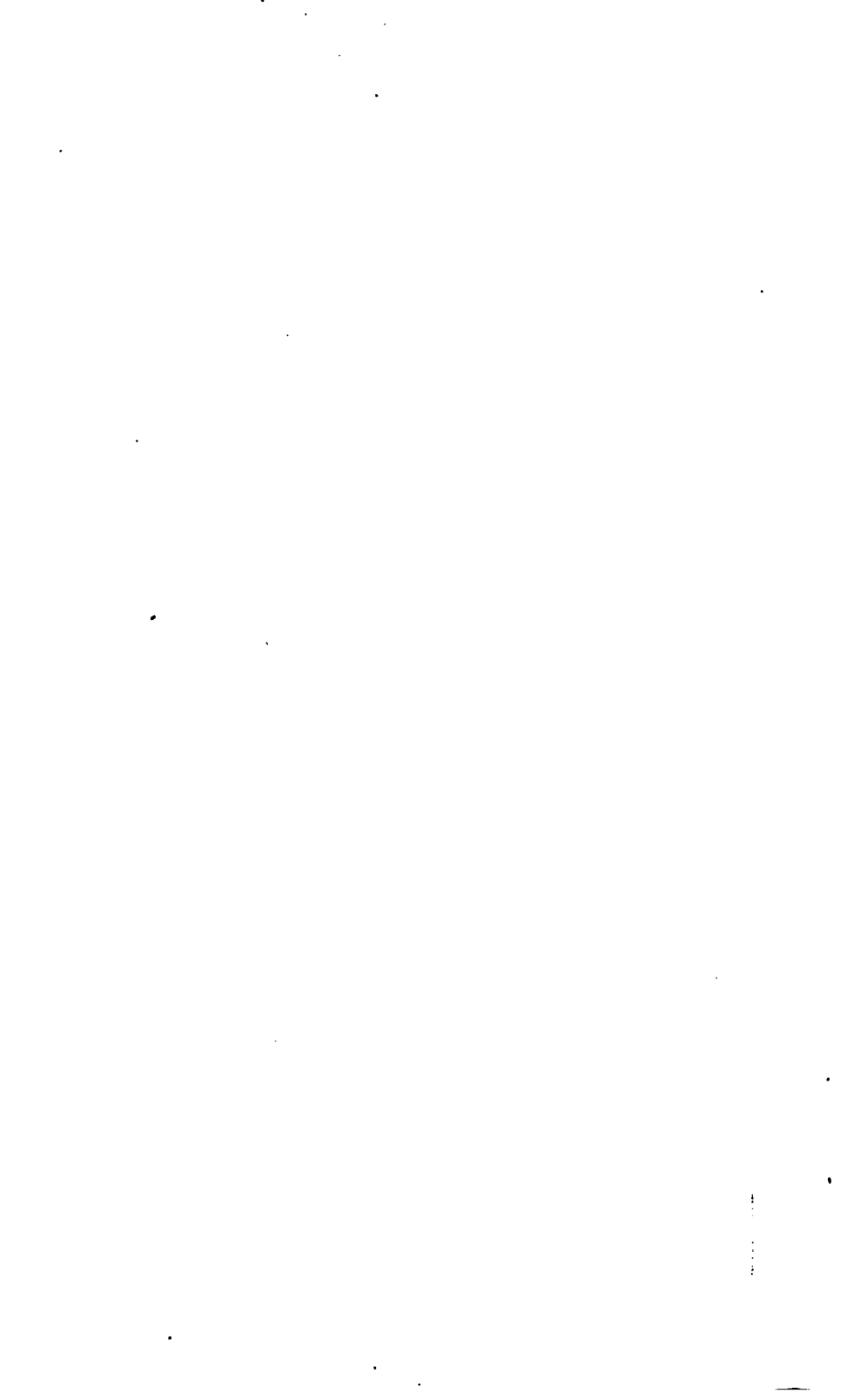
Aim—In this little book (the New Testament), is contained all the wisdom of the world.—Ewald.

Development of Lesson Twenty-eight.

Relate the story of the birth of Christ, Matthew 1st chapter.
Relate story of the birth of St. John. Luke 1: 11-66.

Instances from Life of Christ:

The first miracle, John 2: 1-12.
Cleansing the Temple, John 2: 13-16.
Miracle at Pool of Bethesda, John 5th chapter.
The draught of fishes, Matthew 4: 18-22.
Healing the man with the palsy, Mark 2: 1-12.
Raises from the dead the widow's son, Luke 7: 11-17.
Stills the tempest, Matthew 8: 18-27.
Feeding five thousand, Matthew 14: 13-21.
Walks on the sea, John 6: 15-21.
The Last Supper, Mark 14: 12-26.
The Resurrection John 20: 1-18.





A HELPING HAND.

Renouf, 1849.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. IX.

JULY, 1910.

No. 7.

EPHRAIM'S BOYS AND THE FOURTH,

A crunching of wheels and loud "Whoa, there, Buck and Blossom! Watch 'em, Rover!" and then a big, good-natured looking man in blue overalls and high boots strode into the dingy store at Pine Flat.

"Got any lemons?" he asked.

"N-no, I don't think so," answered the storekeeper, looking first at the shelf of canned goods and extracts, and then at the one above, which contained dry goods and notions. "We did have some a while back, but I reckon—no, here's one now," reaching behind the lines and drawing out a small, wrinkled lemon which had shrunk to about one-half its usual size. "Pears like it's been hidin' specially for you, for I know I've shook my head to as many as three calls for lemons in the last ten days. Cur'ous how folks call for things just when they're out."

The big man looked at the yellow waif dubiously, and then slipped it into his pocket.

"It'll not go far," he remarked, "but mebbe if it's cut into small bits it'll give a sort o' idea o' lemonade. Now, what you got to make a celebration out of? Ye see," genially, "tomorrow's the Fourth, an' I've got three boys to home who are big enough to be patriotic."

The storekeeper's eyes searched the two shelves with apparent diligence, then they conveyed a listless apology across the counter.

"We didn't get fireworks in this time on account o' the risk," the owner explained, defensively. "Last year we had a package of torpeders left over, that wouldn't sell."

"All right," laughed the big man; "'tisin't likely it'll be any good after bein' wet, and fireworks are dangerous anyhow. But what can ye do for a flag—a rousin' big one?"

This time the storekeeper's gaze did not even seek the shelves.

"Never had one in the store," he declared.

"Nothin' to make one of?"

"No."

The big man's eyes traveled inquiringly over the goods.

"Take down that piece o' Turkey-red caliker," he ordered at length. "'Tisin't the right shade, but it'll have to do. No, more'n that," as the storekeeper measured off a piece and looked at him, questioningly. "Twice as much—four times as much. I want it big enough for three boys, an' to cover the whole day. Now, some of that white stuff to

cut into stars and stripes. An' say," as a triumphant climax, "wrap up all them eatin's you got in the show case There's ten sticks o' hoarhound an' cinnamon, a tumbler full o' peanuts an' a small box o' figs. I'll take them all."

As he left the store, two or three loungers looked at each other, approvingly.

"Them boys o' his are jest bound to have a good time," one of them observed.

"Not more so 'n he," declared another; "Ephraim's jest as much a boy as they."

That morning the three boys were standing in front of their home, discussing the possibilities of the morrow.

"Father's sure to bring us back something," said Ted, the youngest, confidently. He always does."

"Of course, we all know that," retorted Seth, the oldest, impatiently, "but we're getting' big enough to work up a surprise for father, 'stead of his always havin' to do it for us. Say, boys, what'd you say to the bee tree? You know we're 'most out o' honey an' father's 'lowin' to take a day off."

"Good! Just the thing!" they cried, eagerly, and scampered toward the house in search of the necessary tools and implements. They have never been off on such an expedition by themselves, but their father was a noted bee man, and they had accompanied him so often that they felt perfectly competent to undertake the work by themselves. There was no question about the identity of the tree to which Seth referred. They had found it several weeks before, and indications had said that it was well stored with honey.

"I wouldn't wonder if we got as many's eight or ten bucketfuls," cried Ted, as he trudged along under the weight of two buckets and an ax. "Father did, the last time, and our trees' as big as his."

"That's what's troubling me," said Tom, the second boy, gravely. "The tree's too big. However we're going to chop it down, I don't see."

The country was sparsely settled and the first half mile was through a heavy growth of chestnuts and oaks. Then the way became more open, and they began to pass an occasional farmhouse and fields that were fenced in. Suddenly Tom stopped with an exclamation of surprise. "Just look at Brown's big pasture," he cried. It's chock full o' cattle. Where'd they all come from?"

"Likely some drover put 'em in there to rest over night," said Seth. "You know lots of 'em pass through here." Then he sprang forward with a great rattling of tin buckets. "Part o' the fence is down. Hurry! They'll be out if you don't stop 'em, an' then they'll run all over the country an' get lost an' do no end o' harm."

But when they came to the fence, they found that not only were three or four lengths down, but that there were no rails to replace the damage. Seth looked about in dismay. No house was in sight, and nobody but themselves to be seen.

"Huh! here's a go," he grumbled. "Whatever was cattle left in

such a place for?" Then his quick eyes saw a small opening in the fence on the opposite side, and he understood. "They wa'n't put in here at all," he said, "but in the big pasture on the other side; an' now they've broke through and came into this."

"Can't we drive them back?" asked Ted, anxiously.

"What, a hundred wild cattle racing around like that? No, indeed! they're scared at strange faces, an' would scatter round an' half of them get out. All we can do is to stand in this opening an' shake our buckets till the owner comes. The rattlin' an' bangin' will keep 'em scared back. Quick! here comes some now. You get on that side, Tom, an' I'll stay in the middle. Ted, keep close to the fence, so you kin run if they come too near. Now bang your kettles an' keep hollerin.' Hey! whoop! hooray! Get back there!"

For the first half hour there was considerable fun mingled with the excitement of keeping the cattle back; after that the duty became monotonous. But the half hour became an hour, and the hour, two hours, and the two hours lengthened into the afternoon, and still the owner did not come. When he finally appeared the sun was sinking low down behind the chestnut trees.

The boys were hungry and tired, and the first intimation they had of his coming was an angry:

"Hey, there! what are you doing with my cattle, you young scoundrels?"

"It's Thompson, the drover from down the country," exclaimed Tom, fearfully. "Him we threw stones at once, an' who was goin' to lick us. Let's run."

But Seth looked at the long line of cattle in front and shook his head.

"If we go, some o' them is bound to get out," he answered. "Thompson's men aren't with him, an' he can't look out for 'em alone. No, we'll stay an' help what we can."

"Now, explain yourselves, you scamps!" panted Thompson, as he caught Seth by the shoulders and swung him around. Then, recognizing him for the first time, he raised his cane and brought it down sharply across the boy's shoulders. "Fire stones at me, will you? Let out my cattle, will you?" and again the cane rose into the air and came down again with an ugly swish. "How'd you like that, an' that?"

"Better look out for your cattle!" remonstrated Seth, angry at the treatment he was receiving, but still keenly alive to the cattle he had been watching for the last ten or twelve hours.

It was indeed time, for the wild animals, hearing no longer the din of the buckets, and perceiving a momentary break in the line which had been guarding them, made a sudden, tumultuous rush forward. Thompson sprang before them with upraised cane, and Seth went promptly to his assistance with two of the rattling tin buckets; but Tom and Ted, angry at the scene they had just beheld, thrust their hands deep into their pockets and walked sullenly behind the shelter of the fence.

Thompson was familiar with cattle, however, and it required but a few minutes to turn them back into the pasture. Then he whirled toward Seth, but with more of doubt on his face than anger.

"You did that well," he commended, heartily. "Most boys would have run away. Maybe I've made a mistake, after all. Come, what you got to say?"

Seth explained in a few words and Thompson listened with the last of his anger fading into an expression of chagrin and regret.

"Too bad about the caning," he commented. Then a grin of appreciation broadened his face. "But I owed it to you, after all, you remember, so we're square on that. Now, we've got this cattle business to settle up. From seven o'clock this morning, you say. Whew!" His hands went down into his pockets and they could hear the tinkling of coins. Then his hands came out, suddenly. "You boys like fire-works?" he asked, brusquely.

Their faces answered him.

"Good! Then I'll fit you out all right. You see, it's just this way: I expected to be at home tomorrow; but my cattle gave out, so I've had to stop and rest them. Now, I can't get back until after the Fourth. I've had a good season, and was counting on a big celebration for the whole village. When I came through the city I bought flags, lemons for lemonade, candy, peanuts, and such good stuff—three whole barrells.

"Now, they're no good to me, and I haven't any time to waste selling them. You've done me a good turn today, and likely saved me considerable money; so if you'll come up to the farmhouse where I'm stopping, you shall have the whole kit, and welcome—or no, better than that, I'll bring it down to you in the wagon. Just tell me where you live. And say, have you any folks who'll help fire them off—grown-up folks, I mean?"

"Father'll help," cried Ted, his resentment all gone. "He'll think it lots of fun. Folks say he's the biggest boy of us all."

"Good for him! Give him my compliments, and say I'd like to join him in the game of clearing the stuff off. And say," as another thought struck him, "why don't you invite the whole neighborhood to the celebration? There isn't enough of that sort going on out here in the woods to keep folks sociable."

As the boys went hilariously toward home, Ted suddenly dropped his kettle and threw himself upon his hands and danced about recklessly with his feet in the air.

"Father'll be so tickled!" he cried, ecstatically, "an' he's so big he'll have more tickle than we little fellers; isn't that so, boys?"

And the boys nodded an energetic affirmation.—Selected.

SALLY AND POLLY'S PLAY-HOUSE.

Sally and Polly were spending the summer vacation with their grandparents on a farm, and the woods were the sisters' play-ground. At the edge of the woods was their play-house. Their grandfather

had driven four stakes—about five feet long—in the ground, and made a roof of boards and hemlock boughs; three sides were open, but the fourth side was enclosed. A number of shelves were nailed up on this side to hold the cooking utensils and dishes. Although three sides were not enclosed, the bushes grew so near that they made a wall, and a convenient place to hang the dolls' clothing. Every morning the first thing the sisters did was to look about and see what havoc the chipmunks, squirrels, skunks, and birds had made with yesterday's mud-pies and meal-cakes. Everything was in confusion. The little wild animals had run over the shelves, scrabbling off the dishes in their haste to get the good things.

"I do declare!" Sally said, "I'd like to know what bird or animal licks this blue dish every night. Yesterday I made a dozen meal-cakes, and this morning there's not one left. Such extravagance! I can't stand it."

"Do you s'pose our dolls get up in the night and eat things?" Polly asked, looking at the dolls asleep in their beds.

"I'm sure I don't know," Sally answered, brushing off the shelves with a chicken's wing.

"I'll ask them," said Polly, lifting the dolls one by one out of bed.

"Alice, did you eat the cakes?" Polly said to a large rag-doll.

Alice looked very innocent, so she was seated on the grass to gaze at the sun.

Four china dolls—Daisy, Amy, Lorie, and Emma Louise—were each asked in turn if she had eaten the cakes, but the dolls looked Sally and Polly straight in the face without winking, so the sisters knew that they were innocent.

After the sisters had dressed the dolls, Sally swept out the playhouse, and Polly went to the barn for meal. When she came back with a pan of meal, she went to the brook for water; then the sisters rolled up their sleeves and commenced making round little cakes out of the meal.

"Don't you think it a good plan to ask Grandmother to tea this afternoon?" Polly asked, placing a pan of cakes in the sun to bake.

"Why, yes," Sally said; "she hasn't taken tea with us this summer."

"That's what I was thinking, and Grandmother loves to go out to tea," Polly said, as she scooped up some dust outside of the playhouse.

"That's so," Sally answered, sticking white geese-feathers round the edge of a mud-pie.

"We'll ask her when we go to dinner," said Polly, scalloping the edge of a mud-pie.

"But don't you think we ought to have something better to eat than meal-cakes and mud-pies, if Grandmother is coming to tea? For you know she is awfully particular about her eating," Sally said, standing with her arms akimbo.

"That's so. I wonder if you and I will be so particular when we are grandmas, and not want to make mud-pies," Sally said, sighing.

"No, I don't think we'll ever get too old to make mud-pies. I'm

sure of it," Polly asserted, admiring a mud-pie which she held in her hand.

"I'm going to the house after some flour," Sally said, starting on a run toward the house.

"Children!" Polly called to the dolls, "don't tear your dresses on the bushes, and be sure not to get any grass-stains on your clothes."

"I've got something," Sally called, swinging a pail around her head. "I've got some flour and soda, and I'm going to make bread. And then, you know, we ought to have pie, so I got some ham-grease for shortening, 'cause I couldn't find the lard, without asking Grandmother, and we want it all a surprise to her."

"Oh, how nice! I'll go to the orchard for the apples," Polly said, hanging her dish-towel on the bushes.

Sally made the bread, and Polly made the pie; then they stole into the house, and when their Grandma was not looking, they put the bread and pie into the oven.

"What'll we have for tea?" Sally said. "Grandmother won't enjoy herself unless she has her tea."

Polly suggested: "Let's pick some dandelions and soak them in water. I have heard somewhere that they make excellent tea."

"Are you making believe or in earnest," Sally asked, seriously.

"Oh! both," Polly said, hesitatingly.

"Well, it sounds good to drink anyway. And I'm sure it will be better than pine-needles soaked in water, for they are so bitter," Sally said.

"Yes, dandelions are much better, and they make the water such a nice color," Polly said, starting off to pick the dandelions.

When the sisters were called to dinner, they found the bread and pie done to a turn. Their Grandmother saw them take something out of the oven, but she paid no attention.

Grandmother accepted the invitation to take tea at the play-house in the woods, saying she would be there about three o'clock.

"Do come early," Polly urged, "for we want a nice, long visit, and our children go to bed quite early."

"Bring your knitting," Sally suggested, "for we may be quite a while getting tea ready."

"Very well," grandmother answered.

Sally and Polly skipped over to the play-house, and commenced dressing their dolls in their very best dresses; then they placed them in a row on a board against the bushes.

"Be good children and don't make a noise. Little children should be seen and not heard when their grandmother comes to tea," Sally cautioned the row of dolls.

"Yes, please be good, and you shall have some of the apple-pie for your tea," Polly said, admiring her humble little apple-pie.

When grandmother arrived, Sally and Polly were sitting primly in the play-house.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Parks," Sally and Polly said, rising to shake hands.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Greenwood. Good-afternoon, Mrs. Sunflower," grandmother said, greeting her little hostesses.

Grandmother was so tall that she was obliged to stoop as she entered the play-house.

"I hope you are well," Sally said, handing her a turkey-feather fan.

"Quite well, quite well," she answered. "And how is your family?"

"Alice has the mumps, and Lorie has an abscess, and Amy has a toothache, and Daisy has the chilblains, and Emma Louise is the only one that's well," Sally said, heaving a deep sigh.

"How sad," grandmother said. "You must have a great deal of trouble with them at night."

"Yes, we do. Don't we?" Sally said to Polly.

"Oh, yes; there's no end of trouble in this world," Polly answered, fanning herself vigorously with her apron.

The sisters noticed their grandmother smile, so in a few minutes they asked to be excused to see about tea. They set a little table in the center of the play-house, and passed the eatables around. Grandmother and the dolls each had a plate in her lap. When grandmother tasted the bread she suggested that it had a trifle too much soda in it.

"Oh, no," Sally assured her, "that is a new way of making bread."

"How's the pie?" Polly inquired.

"Very good, very good," grandmother answered, "but it tastes a little of ham-grease."

"Yes, that's new, too," Polly said.

"We have some fresh meal-cakes and mud-pies; but, perhaps, you don't eat them," Sally said, displaying her terrestrial pastry.

"I've eaten so much; you'll have to excuse me," Grandmother Parks said, rising to go.

"And our dandelion tea, won't you try it?" Polly said. "It's made after a new recipe."

"It looks very good," Grandmother answered; "you might put some in a cup and I'll take it home with me."

"Don't go so soon," the sisters urged. But Grandmother said that she must go, for it was milking-time.

"Do come again, soon," Polly said, bowing to her guest.

"Yes, do," Sally said, bowing.

"Yes, I will, thank you," Grandmother said, looking back and smiling at her hostesses.

When their Grandmother had gone, Sally and Polly sat down and congratulated themselves on the success of the tea-party.

"I'm certain I never saw any one enjoy bread as Grandmother did my bread," Sally said, smoothing the folds of her apron.

"And my pie. Did you ever see any one eat pie as Grandmother did? I thought there wouldn't be enough left for the dolls," Polly said, smiling with great satisfaction.

"It was success, truly," said Sally. "And I think we are just as good cooks as our Grandmother, and I know she thinks so, too."

The sisters put their dolls to bed, cautioning them not to cry, for there was nothing in the dark that would hurt them. They left the dishes on the table, and ran down to the hay-field to ride home on a load of hay.

In the night when Sally and Polly were in bed, squirrels, chipmunks, and skunks took possession of their play-house. They climbed upon the table and upon the shelves, eating up every crumb that was left of the tea-party.

It would have pleased the sisters if they could have seen the merry party of four-footed guests enjoying the remnant of the bread and apple-pie, and all the meal-cakes.

The dolls in their beds never closed their eyes, but stared at the little thieves making themselves at home in the play-house. Sometimes the squirrels scampered rudely over the dolls' faces, but the dolls did not resent their rudeness, nor did they tell Sally and Polly the next morning who licked the dishes clean.—Charlotte Curtis Smith.

TIM HOLBROOK'S CREDENTIALS.

When Tim Holbrook's name was proposed for membership at a regular meeting of the Rosetown Athletic Association his friends felt sure that he would be elected without a dissenting vote; but before the ballot was taken, Roy Brown, the first vice-president of the Association and captain of the ball team, arose and said; "Of course, fellows, you can do as you please about it; but, for my part, I'm certainly not in favor of admitting strangers into our Association. This fellow Holbrook may be all right—and no doubt he is—but he's a stranger here and we don't know anything about him; and so I'm not in favor of admitting him until he produces the proper credentials."

Now, this argument seemed so plausible that Brown's speech carried the day, much to the disappointment of Tim's friends, but greatly to the delight of Brown, whose real reason, however, for opposing Tim was a mean spirit of jealousy, due to the fact that the new boy was becoming entirely too popular in the community.

The next item of business was the arranging of a ball game for the Fourth of July picnic. As the game was to be one of the principal features of the program, it was deemed important to get an opposing club worthy of the occasion. Rosetown had won too easily last year.

At last, after much discussion, Dan Green suggested the Millers-town club.

"They're not in this county," objected Ralph Jones.

"I know they're not," replied Dan, "but we've talked over every club in the county and none of them suits us."

The discussion then became general. Some of the members favored Dan's proposition, but most of them opposed it.

Finally Brown arose and said: "Fellows, I'm heartily in favor of Dan's idea. We all know how those Millerstown fellows kept blowing all last summer about being the champions of their county, and kept saying how anxious they were for a chance to wallop us. Now, I think it's time for us to take some of the blow out of them so I say, let's challenge them."

Again Brown's speech carried the day, and again he sat down immensely pleased with himself. Twice that evening he had demonstrated his leadership.

Thenceforth Rosetown prepared in earnest for the celebration. The players spent much time in practicing for the contest with Millerstown, which had quickly accepted the challenge; and many close games came off between the first and the second teams.

Having been invited by the captain of the second team and having obtained his employer's consent, Tim played regularly on this team. This angered Brown, and he lost no chance of snubbing "the errand boy," as he patronizingly called Tim. But even then there were no actual collisions between the rivals, for Tim usually pretended not to notice Brown's conduct.

Once, however, when some one asked him why he was working so hard in the game, he answered with a grin, "O, I'm trying to work up my credentials for Captain Brown."

Brown flew in a rage at this, and had he been certain of his ability to do so, he would have made Tim eat his words right then and there; but, fearing that Tim might prove a hard customer to handle, he wisely concluded to let the matter pass, mentally resolving, however, that he would settle that "errand boy" some day, for daring to poke fun at him.

On the other hand, the remark greatly pleased some of the boys, many of whom were secretly chafing under the sway of the autocrat; and, after that, every time Tim made a good play, some one would sing out: "Good for Holbrook. He'll win his credentials yet."

In this way the days passed quickly by. A week before the Fourth Captain Brown announced the players for the day. Of course Tim's name was not on the list. Moreover, when two or three of the players most anxious for victory, suggested that he ought to play, Brown exclaimed, hotly: "O, very well, if you think so; but, if he plays, I won't."

That settled it, for no one could think of playing without Brown, who was one of the best men on the team and their pitcher as well.

At last the day came and all Rosetown turned out to enjoy the picnic. In the forenoon there were parades, foot races, songs, speeches, and band music. Then, after a hearty feast in the large grove near the town, the crowd moved off to the ball ground a mile distant.

Here the rival teams were soon engaged in their warming-up practice; and here a great surprise awaited the Rosetown people and players, for among those who stepped forth dressed in the Millerstown gray was Tim Holbrook.

How that could be he did not stop to explain, but it had happened in this way. During his vacation of the preceding summer he had

worked in Millerstown and had played on the team there; and this year Captain King had written to him asking him whether he was going to play with Rosetown. "If you are not," King had concluded, "can't you play with us?"

After some hesitation Tim had accepted the invitation, with the request that King would say nothing about it till the game began. King had heeded Tim's wish, and Millerstown had not known of the arrangement until this moment. That it pleased them, however, was evident from their cheering, which was so loud that Tim felt nervous and embarrassed.

But this feeling quickly left him when he heard Captain Brown say sarcastically, "H'm, so the errand boy is going to play with them, is he? Well, I'll take the starch out of him today. He'll never reach first base once."

Promptly at two-thirty the gong sounded and the umpire shouted, "Play ball!"

From the very first the contest was an exciting one, for both clubs were determined to win. Captain Brown's pitching was superb, and not a Millerstown man got past second base in six innings. The gray pitcher also did good work; and in these innings only two blue uniforms reached third, and neither of them scored. So, as may be imagined, the crowd kept getting more and more enthused.

But in the seventh inning Millerstown got busy. Captain King led off with a single; the next man sacrificed him to second; the third man beat out a bunt and King reached third; the fourth man struck out; the next man got his base on balls; and then, with the bases full and two out, Tim came to the bat. Thus far he had, indeed, "never reached first base once;" but now he must make a hit. He would!

With the crowd shouting, some, "Holbrook! Holbrook!" and others, "Brown! Brown!" the rivals faced each other defiantly.

Tim swung hard at the first ball pitched, but missed it. and Rosetown cheered as the umpire called out, "Strike one!"

"Ball one!" was the next cry and Millerstown rejoiced.

"Strike two!" and again Rosetown exulted.

"Ball two!" and both sides quieted down in a fervor of expectancy.

"Ball three!" and both sides broke loose.

"Steady up, Brown, steady up!" bawled Rosetown. "Put it straight over, Brown! Put it straight over! He couldn't hit a bass drum! Put it straight over!"

"Take a walk, Tim! Take a walk!" shouted Millerstown. "He can't put it over! And, if he does, hit it over the fence, old man! Hit it over the fence!"

For a breathless moment the rivals waited. Then Brown swung all his strength and weight on his arm, and the ball shot forward. Tim's bat flashed to meet it and the sphere went whizzing far out into left field. Without pausing to see whether it would light foul or fair, Tim went racing around the bases, chasing the other runners ahead of him.

"Fair ball!" 'shouted the umpire as the leather dropped inside the foul line by a yard.

Amid the frantic cheers of the three hundred Millerstown rooters, three gray uniforms crossed the plate, while Tim by a great slide landed safe on third.

The next batter struck out, but Millerstown cared little for that. "Three runs to the good! Three runs to the good!" they kept shouting with great enthusiasm, believing that the game was as good as won.

But the Rosetown boys were no quitters. Indeed, they went into the game with greater vim than ever; and in their half of the inning they scored a run by good, hard hitting. Then, in the eighth inning, after the grays had gone out in order, the blues batted in another run. Hereupon the Rosetown rooters took heart. Their boys might win yet.

The same idea was evidently disturbing Captain King, for twice during this inning he held a consultation with his pitcher; and, when his men came in to bat, he called Tim aside and told him to warm up his arm while the others were batting. This time five men faced Brown, but no runs came in.

As their boys came in for their last turn with the willow, the Rosetown rooters met them with loud cries for a ninth inning finish that would win the game. Dan Green, the first man up, responded to their cries by sending a safety over first base. Ralph Jones followed with another single into left field on which Dan reached second, though the play was a close one.

Evidently the gray pitcher was in distress; and without a protest he gladly gave up his position and marched off into right field, followed by the dismal groans of the rooters, while Tim, running the gauntlet of catcalls and sarcasms, came in to try his arm. The hubbub increased, for Rosetown ingenuity left nothing undone to rattle the new pitcher. But Tim managed to keep cool and struck out the first two men, but a fumble by the catcher allowed both Dan and Ralph to move up a base.

Then came the climax of the contest, for, at this critical moment when a good single would win the day for Rosetown, Captain Brown confidently stepped to the bat. He was thinking, "Here's a chance to get back at him and I'm going to improve it."

With all his strength Tim sped the ball over the plate. With all his might Brown swung his bat and caught the leather full and square. Like a bullet, the ball whizzed straight at Tim, who, having no time either to joke or to jump aside, instinctively threw forward his gloved hand to save himself. A sharp, stinging pain shot through his hand and up his arm. Dazed and faint, he staggered and almost fell. Then a great shout from the crowd recalled him to his senses.

There, somehow, was the ball clutched in his aching hand. Brown was out; the game was over; Millerstown had won; and the gray rooters were swarming into the field; but, instead of waiting for their demonstrations, Tim hurried off to the dressing room.

Now that the excitement was over, somehow he felt much dejected and wished that he had not played at all. True, Brown had not treated

him right and had deserved to be punished and all that; but now, with his bitter feelings gone, Tim could not persuade himself that his own motive had been right. Indeed, as he walked slowly away to his boarding place, avoiding the crowd, he kept thinking, "After all, revenge is a mighty poor thing and leaves such a bitter taste in one's own mouth that I'll never seek for it again; and, if I knew anything I could do to make friends with Brown, I'd do it tonight."

In the meantime Brown was doing some thinking also, which resulted in his hunting up the president of the Athletic Association and saying to him: "Smith, I wish you'd call a meeting of the Association for this evening before the fireworks begin. I've something to say."

Smith agreed to do so and quickly passed the word among the members, many of whom shook their heads at the summons. They felt sure that trouble was brewing. But this very thought brought out a large attendance. After Smith had called the meeting to order, he said, "We'll now listen to Captain Brown."

Brown arose and went forward. Then turning to the expectant crowd, he said nervously, "Well, fellows, we got beat today and I'm to blame for it."

His manner in saying this roused up the loyalty of the Association; and cries of "No! no! Brown, you did your best," interrupted him.

"Well, maybe I did," he continued. "Anyhow, it's mighty kind of you to say so. But I know that I am to blame, for it was my—I might just as well tell the truth, though it's mighty hard to do it—it was my meanness that kept Holbrook from playing with us, and he won the game for the other fellows today."

With this he paused, but no one broke the silence. Indeed, no one knew just what to say. The Association had heard many speeches from Roy Brown, but none like this.

Brown continued: "We can't remedy what's past; but we can try to make things right for the future; and so I want to propose Holbrook's name for membership. I don't know whether he'll care to join us after the mean way I've treated him, but, anyhow, we can show our good will. What do you think about it?"

What they thought about it was made clear by their loud shout of approval. Tim was immediately elected a member by acclamation.

"And now," said Brown who never did things by halves, "if you're willing, I'll hunt him up and tell him what we've done."

A half hour later all Rosetown and its guests were cheering at the sight of the former enemies walking arm in arm along the streets of the village. Since that night the boys have been warm friends and have had many a hearty laugh together over the way Tim won his credentials.—J. A. Lyons.

MRS. NATURE AND THE MAGIC BROOM.

"The end," Mrs. Nature announced, as she closed the red covered volume she had just completed. "The story, like all other things, has

turned out just as I wanted it to. Then with a quick glance around the room, her keen eyes rested upon some cob webs hanging far down from the sky-like ceiling of the pretty sitting room. Immediately she went for a broom, with which to remove them.

Mrs. Nature was a short and chubby little lady, and the handle of her broom being an extra short one, she was unable to reach the eye-sore objects. Putting the broom down by her side, in a very disappointed voice, she said, "I wish I had a magic broom, whose handle would lengthen or shorten at my command." No sooner had she spoken these words than the dear little fairy, Imagination, appeared at her side, and looking up into her face with a smile, said, "Dear Mrs. Nature, I have come to tell you how to change your broom into a magic one." Then putting the short handled broom in Mrs. Nature's right hand, she continued: "Swing the broom above your head three times, and as you swing it, repeat these words, 'Useless broom, idle broom, extend thy handle the length of this room.'" As Mrs. Nature followed out the instructions of the fairy, she was delighted to see the handle of the broom gradually grow longer and longer, until it reached the full length of the room. "Now," said the little fairy, "There is one thing I wish to warn you about, Never put the magic broom out of your hands, without first repeating these words, 'Magic broom, useful broom, I pray thee thy natural length assume.' If you fail to remember this, the magic broom will immediately fly into space and will travel at such speed that it will be impossible to capture it, and the long handle flying so wildly through space may do considerable damage." The grateful Mrs. Nature assured the kind little fairy that she would remember the warning, and when the fairy, with a smile, departed, she at once set out, to removing the troublesome cob webs. As she went from room to room, carefully sweeping each ceiling, she was suddenly startled by a terrible crash from her noisy child, Thunder, who she was in constant fear would meet some awful fate by his terrible explosions. Dropping her broom, she started off to see what had happened to her child, but the broom had no sooner fallen from her hand than it started off flying past her with great speed. In her great fright and excitement she cried out, "Magic broom, useful broom, extend thy handle the length of this room." The utterance of these words only increased her fright, for the handle of the broom grew longer and longer, and it traveled faster and faster. As she stood trembling and lamenting, the little fairy, Imagination, again appeared at her side, this time looking very angry. But as she listened to poor Mrs. Nature's pleadings and regrets, her manner changed, and she said, "I am not going to punish you, as I intended to do, but henceforth you shall not be able to remove the cob webs from your ceiling, and your magic broom shall continue to fly through space."

And so it happened that the cob webs became very numerous on Mrs. Nature's ceiling, but they were no longer an eye-sore to her, for they shone with great brightness, and were known by all as beautiful stars. And the long-handled magic broom continued to fly through space, and when it was observed by astronomers it was given the name

of comet, and Mrs. Nature, as she gazed with admiration upon it, said, "It, like all other things, has turned out just as I wanted it to."—*Elnora Kotter* (Blind Student from Institute for Deaf and Blind, Ogden, Utah).

FAITH.

An incident related by a local elder, S. T. Blue, to the children in Primary. He is a Lamanite of the noblest type.

"While working in the timber about fifteen years ago, a large tree fell upon me in such a way as to crush my right leg, breaking it in several places.

"Three doctors decided it must be amputated. I refused to submit to the operation, for I had faith that God would heal my limb. After seven weeks I was enabled to move about on crutches and went with my wife to fish one afternoon. In some way I fell and again broke it in the same places. My whole leg and foot turned black, and it was evident to all who saw me that blood poisoning had set in and that an operation seemed my only chance for life.

"I continued praying to God my Father, never once doubting that He was the great Physician and could heal all afflictions if He saw fit to do so. Two Mormon elders called upon us one day. At my request they administered to me, and I was made whole and able to walk to meeting. For this I give my Father all praise and bear my testimony that the Gospel is restored with gifts and blessings for those who seek to do his will and keep His commandments."

THE BETTER WAY.

"We can not, of course, all be handsome,
And it's hard for us all to be good;
We are sure now and then to be lonely,
And don't always do as we should.
To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful is much harder still;
But at least we can always be pleasant,
If we make up our minds that we will.

"And it pays every time to be kindly,
Although you feel worried and blue;
If you smile at the world and look cheerful,
The world will soon smile back at you.
So try to brace up and look pleasant,
No matter how long you are down;
Good humor is always contagious;
You banish your friends when you frown."

—Christian Record.

A single instrument out of tune can spoil all the music that ever was played by an orchestra. So a single boy or girl out of tune, either in class or at home, can spoil all the pleasure and comfort of both. Let us "tune up" and keep in tune, if we really want to add to the world's music.—Selected.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

LIFE.

The period of life is brief,
'Tis the red of the red rose leaf,
'Tis the gold of the sunset sky,
'Tis the flight of a bird on high.
But one may fill the space
With such an infinite grace,
That the red will tinge all time,
And the gold through the ages shine;
And the bird fly swift and straight
To the portal of God's own gate.

—From Kindergarten Magazine.

THE ART OF BEING AGREEABLE.

The Man had never met Elizabeth, so I took him to call upon her. "I'm so glad to see you both! It is so good of you to come," she said, as she shook hands with us.

The call was pleasant. The Man, who detests calls, came away reluctantly. "She is the sort of woman a man marries," he said, on the way home. "How do you suppose she does it?"

"Does what?"

"How do you suppose she manages to make herself so extremely attractive without being in the least beautiful?"

"It's her secret," I said, "but I'm going to try to find it out."

So the next day I went to see Elizabeth. She saw me coming and met me at the steps. "How perfectly lovely to have you again today!" she cried, as she held out both hands to me.

"I have come to ask you a very personal question, Elizabeth."

"Take this easy chair. Want a fan? Now, what is the question?"

"Why are you the most attractive woman I know?" I asked.

"You silly thing, I'm not!"

"You certainly are, and I've come to beg you to tell me the secret. Will you?"

"What a question!"

I apologized.

"Don't," she laughed—"don't apologize. If I have a secret you are perfectly welcome to it, you know that. "And," reflectively, "maybe I have a secret, and I don't mind telling you the least little bit—really, I don't. You know, dear, I haven't any brains."

I tried to stop her.

"Oh, everybody knows that. I have no brains to speak of, no talent, no good looks, no figure. So," she pressed the tips of her fingers to-

gether and leaned back in her chair, "I had to do something to be **any** body. When I was wondering what on earth that something was to be, I happened to meet the most charming woman I ever knew. She **was** a Southerner. She had brains, education, talent; she had traveled, **she** was beautiful. You can imagine how she made me feel."

Elizabeth shook a cluster of sweet peas from the jar of blossoms at her side, smelling them daintily.

"When I knew her better I told her how absolutely worthless **she** made me feel. She laid her hand on my shoulder and said, 'Elizabeth, no matter what you know or do not know, no matter what you can do or cannot do, you have it in you to be agreeable. Cultivate the art of being agreeable and you can get along without brains, beauty, or money.'" Elizabeth tossed the flowers away. "I wonder if that is what you mean by my secret."

"Yes," I said, "thank you."

"You are welcome," she said, and she meant it. "Oh, must you go?"

On my way home I tried to remember one curt, rude, ungracious, irritable, or vulgar word from Elizabeth's lips; I tried to recall an unpleasant or an unkind word or look. I could not. Elizabeth had certainly mastered her art. "If being agreeable made Elizabeth what she is," I thought, "there is hope for some of the rest of us." And I told the Man Elizabeth's secret.—Elmie Warner Mallory, in the Circle.

NO SECRETS FROM MOTHER.

The moment a girl has a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dare not let mother read, or has a friend of whom her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have.

The fewer secrets there lie in the hearts of women the better. It is almost a test of purity. She who has none of her own is best and happiest. In girlhood, hide nothing from your mother; do nothing that, if discovered by your father, would make you blush. Have no mysteries whatever. Tell those about you where you go and what you do. Those who have the right to know, we mean, of course.

The girl who frankly says to her mother, "I have been there. I met so-and-so. Such and such remarks were made, and this and that was done," will be certain of receiving good advice and sympathy. If all was right, no fault will be found. If the mother knows, out of great experience, that something was improper or unsuitable, she will, if she is a good mother, kindly advise against its repetition.

It is when mothers discover that their girls are hiding things from them, that they rebuke and scold. Innocent faults are always pardoned by a kind parent. You may not know, girls, just what is right, just what is wrong yet. You cannot be blamed for making little mistakes; but you will not be likely to do anything so very wrong, if from the first, you have no secrets from your mother.—H. L. Hastings.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

A HELPING HAND.

Reach out a helping hand, my boy,
Whene'er you find it's needed.
And you shall feel the thrill of joy
That comes from duty heeded.
There is no happiness so sweet
As that you give another;
Where'er you turn, the chance you'll meet,
For all the world's your brother.

Reach out a helping hand to him
Who sinks beneath some burden;
And comfort him whose eyes are dim,
Who sees no goal nor guerdon.
So many souls are seeking light,
So many hearts are weary!
They need a hand to lead aright,
They need a message cheery.

Reach out a helping hand today,
Nor bide a vague tomorrow;
You'll find a brother on your way,
Bowed down beneath some sorrow.
Be strong, my boy, to help the weak,
Be swift to lift the falling.
And, like your Master, go and seek
Where dire distress is calling!

—Antony E. Anderson.

TWO BOYS WHO MEANT BUSINESS.

"A TRUE STORY."

James Hackett was not in need of additional help, but something about the latest applicant compelled his attention.

"So you want work?" he said, after a moment's thought.

"Yes, sir," came the quick and decisive reply from the lips of the applicant.

"It strikes me that you're pretty young for a lumbermill man." Mr. Hackett could not refrain from smiling at the thought.

"I'm eleven, sir, and if you will give me a chance, I will show you that I can work."

Mr. Hackett was evidently in good humor, for he called the foreman, and told him to give the boy something to do. Thus it was that John Arola gave the first evidence of the character which should some day make him a power in the State of Washington. His mother was dead, and his father was away in the woods, thus leaving John and his

brother Carl, aged thirteen years, to fight their battles with the world. One day the foreman of the mill said to Mr. Hackett, "That's a bright boy you turned over to me."

"Good," said Mr. Hackett. "Raise his wages to a dollar a day."

"He is worth it," replied the foreman.

John was elated at the turn of affairs, but to the surprise of Mr. Hackett he requested permission for his brother Carl to take his place at the mill.

"If he is like you, it will be all right," said Mr. Hackett.

"Indeed, sir, he is just as good a worker as I am," said John, and his face lighted with a look of pride.

Here was loyalty unadulterated.

Carl went to work. He gave satisfaction. John disappeared, and in the rush of business Mr. Hackett forgot to inquire about him until one day he chanced to meet Carl.

"Where is John," asked Mr. Hackett.

"Oh," said Carl, "he is attending school."

This was a new phase of the case, and Mr. Hackett became intensely interested in the two boys, who were not only anxious to earn their own living, but who were also planning to acquire an education. By inquiring he learned that the boys were living in a tumble-down "shack," and the one who worked in the mill earned money enough to keep both supplied with food and clothes while the younger one attended school. Out of school hours John did the housework and cooked the meals. Everything about the old "shack" was tidy. Here was honest effort, youthful independence, and happiness. A few days later Carl requested for himself a short vacation.

"What for?" asked Mr. Hackett.

"Well," said Carl in a burst of youthful confidence, "John and I are building a house."

"You may have your vacation," was all that Mr. Hackett said, but he did a lot of thinking; and before he went home that night, he instructed the foreman to see that Carl's salary went on just the same. In due time John and Carl completed their "mansion."

It had two rooms and the same number of doors and windows. The roof is well shingled. Carl has returned to work in the mill, and John continues to attend school when not engaged in household duties. In the evening the two lads study and read. They are happy in their independence.—Selected.

A BOY CAN

A boy can make the world more pure
By kindly word and deed;
As blossoms call for nature's light,
So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure
By lips kept ever clean;

Silence can influence shed as sure
As speech—oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more true
By an exalted aim.
Let one a given end pursue,
Others will seek the same.

Full simple things, indeed, these three,
Thus stated in my rhyme;
Yet, what, dear lad, could greater be—
What grander, more sublime?
—The Crusader.

RUNNING ERRANDS.

A boy told his father that he wanted to grow up to be a great man.
“Good!” said his father. “Begin by running mother’s errands.”

It makes the best training in the world—just plain errand-running.
Most of the great men of the world began as errand boys. It gave them
a chance to show how well they could be trusted.—Mayflower.

Being punctual means being on time. The railway train leaving
the station at seven o’clock does not wait for the dilatory boy who ar-
rives five minutes after seven.

Don’t be afraid that the fellows will laugh if you decline a dare. It
is often braver to say “No,” and refuse the doing of a foolish thing
than to say “Yes,” lest the boys shall make fun of you.

THE LITTLE SCHOLAR’S CHOICE.

“Though I were sleepy as a cat,”
The little scholar said,
“I would not care to take a nap
In any river’s bed.

“And though I were so starved
I scarce had strength to stand,
I’d beg through all the vally ere
I sought a table land.

“But, oh, what jolly times I’d have!
I’d play and never stop,
If I could only take a string
And spin a mountain top.”
—Selected.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

A MITE SONG.

Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny;
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon
And some toys—they were not new;
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy, too.

Only some outgrown garments—
They were all I had to spare;
But they'll help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small.
What doth He think of His children
When they never give at all?
—Little Worker.

What Ella Wheeler Wilcox says:

"Mothers, talk to your daughters; teachers, talk to your children upon this important theme—the rights of the dependent to our consideration and care.

"Before you teach little girls music or dancing or showy accomplishments, teach them that it is ignoble and vulgar to dock horses, to cage wild birds or animals, whom God intended for freedom; to shoot any live thing for sport, or to neglect any creature dependent upon us.

"Do not be satisfied with saying this once—say it every day of every year in some way or manner, and illustrate it until the child shall know and feel the truth of it. For only in this way—and not by resolutions—can the world be bettered."

THE BAD BOY.

Extract from a lecture delivered by Dr. Jas. T. Hughes of Toronto, Canada, at the Utah State Teachers' Convention:

"I like bad boys. We should remember that the boy should never be told of his badness. The condition should be regarded as a temporary one.

There are transition periods in the moral as well as the physical growth of the child. The period of adolescence is a critical time in the life of the boy or the girl, and yet adults lay down the same iron rules for the guidance of these children, who are often passing through the most trying times of their lives, as for men and women.

"If, because of his errors, we call the boy bad, he accepts the statement and frequently goes wrong. He is instead of bad a great machine out of order, and it is the place of the teacher and of the parent to set that machine right, that it may make harmony instead of discord the rest of the time.

"Badness is often a matter of heredity—more often a matter of physical ailment. Frequently the boy needs a physician, and what he gets is punishment. He needs love and sympathy more than any other child. He needs especially the love of the teacher, where he has not the home love and influence.

"The teacher always decides the character of the class. The boys and girls who have been called bad in the class are frequently the strongest in the whole school. They are strong sometimes to rebel against bad treatment. They are strong in courage to defy even the teacher with all his physical and official force.

"The same qualities which make a boy bad will make the boy good if turned in the right direction. The will power should never be broken. Neither should the courage of a girl or boy be broken. Better have them fall from the heights to which they climb and break either arms or legs than to break their courage.

"The dull boy is often dull through lack of proper care. He may lack food or he may have too much food. The sulky boy may be so from a physical cause, but sulkiness cannot be cured by shaking. Cheertulness and contentment cannot be put into a boy with the lash, as Squeers would have done with poor Mobs.

"The best cure for sulkiness is proper nutrition and play. Avoid antagonism with the sulky child. Women are much better in dealing with this trouble than men. Above all, believe in the boy. Blessed is the man or woman who puts faith in a boy. Don't be formal and ceremonial.

"The best male teacher is the one who remembers his own boyhood. A man with the head of a man and the heart of a boy is the man who can lift the bad boy up. Cultivate the boy's love, and love him yourself, and you may lift him as high as your sympathy goes. Dickens said, 'Do justice and honor to the nature of the child.'

"It is a hard matter to do justice and still harder to do honor, and Dickens lived in a time when love and reverence for the child were more rare than they are today. Yet Dickens loved and revered the child as a work of God. The child is ever the center of the universe, and when Christ put the child in the midst of the multitude, he loved and revered the child.

"Among the many erroneous ideas held by adults as to the child is the thought that he loves to do wrong rather than to do right. The real truth is that the child loves to do. The child loves to do better than he loves his mother. It would be better that the child should lose his mother than that he should lose the power to do. The great purpose of life is to do, and the trouble with the child is that he has not been given the right opportunity to do the right. The right materials have not been supplied, and as he must do, he must be a transformer, he will do the wrong.

"It is only wrong because misdirected. All evil is misused good; the tendency to destruction misapplied. The child will not destroy if he can construct. The same propensity which leads to the one leads to the other. The highest good, if prevented, leads to the lowest evils. Love is the greatest good in the world and yet when prevented it leads to the lowest and most

degraded of all evils. Let the child have the joy of work and useful work. Let him feel that he is a part of the home and of society, and he no longer seeks to destroy, but to upbuild.

"The idea that boys are indolent is another erroneous one. A boy with all his faculties is never lazy. He may not want to do the work you have planned for him, but he will work, he must work. He will not follow your plan for play any better than your plan for work. He wants to follow his own plan. That is right. Every element of power which the child will need in future years, comes out to some extent in play.

"The theory that the boy is a natural rebel is untrue. Any boy will submit to rules where he sees their justice or application as witness the countless rules in games.

"Obedience is naturally where interest leads, but before obedience must come respect, and the respect of the child for the teacher is equal to that of the teacher for the child. The child's nature should receive justice and honor. In all the evolution toward freedom, in all the sweet notes made by the march against tyranny, there is no sound of the chains dropping, not from the bodies of slaves, but from the souls of the children.

"We should teach the children self-reverence. There has been too much of the 'worm' kind of Christianity. The miserable worms of which we used to hear in the pulpit were not fit for the work of their master. We are God's servants, and as such are worthy of reverence and honor. We should respect the rights of the child and appreciate his every effort. One ounce of appreciation is worth a thousand pounds of criticism. There is no boy so coated with 'bad' that there is no access to his good. Cultivate in him a belief in himself, and a consciousness of power, and then look for the best."

HELPING THE TEACHER.

"It is up-hill work for the teacher when he must contend against adverse home influences. He should visit the residence of each parent and seek to make him feel the greatness and significance of the work being done in behalf of immortal souls, emphasizing the truth that if the character built is to be a noble and worthy one a foundation must be laid in youth. The parent who opposes the efforts of a consecrated, level-headed, warm-hearted teacher would be a strange father or mother indeed."

MOTHER SHOULD KNOW.

That a constant threatening of punishment never carried out and the making of promises that are never performed, destroys a child's faith in its parents.

That the habit of making a greater favorite of one child than another is disastrous and leads to much family unhappiness.

That all children should not be punished alike, but that their individuality should be studied and correction administered suited to each.

That if good manners are not taught at home they will not be practiced abroad.—The Standard.

This applies to the teacher as well as to the mother and father.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

THE BASKET.

Into the basket of thy day
Put each good thing and each thing gay
That thou canst find along thy way.

Neglect no joy, however small,
And it shall verily befall,
Thy day can scarcely hold them all.

Within the basket of thy day
Let nothing evil find its way,
And let no frets and worries stay.

So shall each day be brave and fair,
Holding of joy its happy share
And finding blessings everywhere.
—Priscilla Leonard.

Partial Report of the Proceedings of the Eighth Annual Convention of
the Primary Workers of the Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints held in Salt Lake City, Utah,
June 4 and 5, 1910.

SUMMER ADJOURNMENTS.

Clara Woodruff Beebe.

Under the changing social conditions of the last half century, many new factors have developed that serve as evil influences of suggestion and temptation. The public resorts and dance halls, with their indiscriminate patronage; the cheap moving picture and vulgar vaudeville shows; the open counter displays of merchandise and articles to eat; the selling of newspapers on the streets; the railway tracks, cars, and shops, with their coal, brass, and other constantly tempting possibilities of theft; the congestion of population, bringing hundreds and even thousands of children within one district; the increasing property values of city real estate and the high cost of living which are ever restricting the size of yards and gardens and giving the city child idleness, where the country child gets some employment; the increasing social and religious duties of parents which tend to take them away from the watchful care of their own children—all such conditions as these are new influences in present day life, which enlarge the responsibility of both parents and teachers in the training of the child.

While the child in the country has some little employment in the summer time, still he then has greater temptation, more time for idleness and fewer opportunities for moral instruction than at any other season. Those who are not acquainted with the facts can hardly believe the prevalence of wrong doing.

An investigator recently declared that among witnesses in court, three

out of every five persons perjure themselves. Merchants find from their direct experience that at least twenty-five per cent of the people are dishonest under business obligations. Criminal statistics show that crime is increasing faster than the population.

Judge Lindsay of the Juvenile Court of Denver, who is perhaps the most noted and successful Juvenile Court worker in the United States, makes the following statements:

"Juvenile delinquency pertains to all children, for all children are delinquent at some time or other. * * Ninety-five per cent of children who are dealt with as delinquents (by the Juvenile Courts) are no different from the ordinary child, but are such because their environment is different."

Last year 3,592 children were dealt with by Juvenile Court officers in the State of Utah. During the last two years over 2,000 children have been taken to the Juvenile Court in Salt Lake County alone; and these figures represent only a small per cent of the actual offenders, because they are only those who were caught.

It is astonishing how many juvenile offenders are within the age when they should belong to the Primary Association. Travis, backed by the authority of Judge Lindsay of Denver, is the authority for saying that twenty per cent of city boys are arrested between the ages of ten and sixteen. Cady, after averaging all available data, concludes that the average age of the delinquent child is fourteen years.

Last year nearly half the juvenile offenders in the State of Utah were under the age of fourteen years, and in Salt Lake County fifty per cent, or fully one-half, of the boys in the Juvenile Court were under fourteen years of age.

Krafft-Ebbing, Ellis, and other investigators in criminology, have "shown that offenses tend to rise with the thermometer." "Most rebellions have taken place in the hot months," says Travis.

In a leading Western city, at a play-grounds meeting, the judge of the Juvenile Court is quoted as saying: "When the public schools close for vacation my business begins to pick up." This is naturally to be expected, especially in city life, for idleness, with nothing to do but play, is well recognized as one of the most prolific causes for wrong-doing. Does this not clearly show that there is more need for the Primary Association to meet in the summer than in the winter time?

I can say, unquestionably and positively, that one single experience would alone convince every Primary worker in the Church of the need of continuing our work of moral uplift throughout the summer months. That experience would be to do as I have had the privilege of doing—looking over the records of our Juvenile Court and, with consequent blushing shame, observing the great number of children who come from the homes of Latter-day Saint families.

Another experience which I have had would be equally convincing—a conversation with a Juvenile officer upon the prevalence of immorality among young people. With shocking astonishment one learns that there are a few moral lepers in every inhabited locality. Think of a fifteen year old girl, in one instance, leading astray fifteen or twenty boys; and in another case an eleven year old girl leading down to wickedness over a dozen girls and boys of her own age. As Canon Mosely says:

"Nothing that is good is alone, nor anything bad; it makes others good or others bad—and that other; and so on, like a stone thrown into a pond, which makes circles that make wider ones, and then others, till the last reaches the shore."

Who can tell whose son or whose daughter is the next one to fall under pressing temptation?

If continuing the Primary Associations throughout the summer months would save but one child and protect the mother and father from the most

painful sorrow, who among us would not gladly extend our services of soul-saving salvation?

An interruption in our work for three months, during the summer time, is a serious matter from a mathematical point of view. To increase our efforts from nine months to twelve months of each year means an increase of one-third, or thirty-three and one-third per cent.

Think of increasing a person's age thirty-three and a third per cent. A girl of fifteen then becomes a woman of twenty; and a man of seventy-five becomes a man of one hundred years.

Think of increasing a man's height in the same proportion. One six feet tall becomes a giant of eight feet in height.

Think what strength of character and beauty of soul would be developed if every child were one-third better in will-power, ideals, and spirituality.

If we accomplish a great deal in nine months' work, then the increase to twelve months a year would be considerable. If we accomplish but little in nine months, then is it not all the more important that we increase our efficiency to the utmost?

When we think of the new sociological conditions of the present day, which increase the temptations and enlarge the opportunities for wrong doing; when we learn some of the actual facts and see the extent to which evil does exist among children of Primary age, as well as among the youth; when we think of the evil contributing influences of the summer months, with the opening up of the devil's workshop of idleness; when we consider that during the vacation months the children are deprived of the good influences of both the Religion Classes and the public school teachers; when we reflect in mathematical terms upon the quantitative increase of three months in religious endeavor and spiritual results, which are measured by thirty-three and one-third per cent, and lastly, when we think of the matter as Latter-day Saints, engaged in the eternal salvation of human souls, then surely we must all with one accord join heartily with our best support in this movement to extend the influence of Primary association work throughout every month in the year.

Even one hour a week of moral training will have its influence, for:

"Contact with good never fails to impart good, and we carry away with us some of the blessing, as travelers' garments retain the odor of the flowers through which they have passed."

THE SUGGESTIVE LESSON.

By Frances Thommasen.

'In the springtime of the year I went out into the fields. The farmers were sowing seeds of corn, of wheat, of oats, and of rye. They selected the seeds with care, planting each kind in its own field.

"In the autumn I went again to the fields, and behold! The waving corn covered the ground where the corn was sown, and wheat nodded over the acres where wheat seed had been dropped; the rye and the oats and not disappointed the farmer, but had sprung up from the carefully sown seed just as he had determined; that which he had planted stood ready for the reaper, and no mistake had been made.

"Then I looked at my young children in the springtime of life, and I said, We must select the seed of thought and feeling, of study and conduct, with the greatest care. We must sow the seed of unselfish desires, pure feelings, right motives, and high thoughts, so that good actions, pure hearts, and right conduct shall spring up in their lives; so that sweet manners, beautiful characters, and lovely souls shall bloom and ripen in these life-fields, and the harvest of good and noble men and women may be fit for immortality. Let us make no mistake in our sowing, for we find this to be one of God's eternal laws: 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.'

In these beautiful lines, found in "Parables from Nature," is clearly set forth the importance of our sacred calling as teachers, and the precious results to be harvested by patient and devoted labor in the cause of the Master who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

It is a good omen for the future that the question, who shall teach the children, is at last thrown into prominence. If its importance is beginning to be felt by thoughtful educators in the outside world, great indeed must be the responsibility resting upon teachers of the children of the Latter-day Saints. Teaching, of all arts, is the noblest. We feel the spell of drawing and of painting; we are thrilled by eloquence and poetry and song, but we are exalted by teaching. The inspiration of the greatest Teacher that ever dwelt upon the earth thrills us today as it has moved countless numbers for over nineteen hundred years.

I say to every teacher, know thyself. When a teacher understands herself she is prepared to understand others: when she has learned to control herself she is in a position to control others. Teaching is the art of stimulating and guiding self effort, of promoting growth, and the teacher stands in the same relation to the human soul as does the gardener to the tree, plant, or flower that he cultivates; he puts nothing into them, but simply brings out what is already there, assisting the object of his care to expand according to the laws of its own being.

We will assume that the teacher, coming before her class in the Primary Association, has passed through the stages of preparation, that she has taken the four necessary steps: First, the exhaustive gathering of material (and by exhaustive, I mean more than is needed, the over-flowing, not the scanty cup); second, the thorough study of that material; third, the systematic organization and classification of the same; fourth, the knowledge of its practical application to the needs of her class.

The oft-debated question of proper procedure is now before us. One says: "I think the best method in conducting a class is to review the last week's lesson first, then give the lesson of the day, and close with a story appropriate to the subject treated." Another: "I prefer giving the lesson first, rather than the review, for by so doing the mind is refreshed and better able to connect last week's lesson with that of today, and the answers to the review questions are more satisfactory." "I have a large class of boys," says a third, "and find it best to tell the story first, in order to enlist their attention. Were I to begin with the lesson, not a boy would listen."

The watchful teacher will feel at once the mood and spirit of the children under her care, and will endeavor to harmonize her course of action with existent conditions. It is natural and easy to fall into routine methods without questioning results, and, after all, efficiency in teaching is always a question of results. Some reach success through measures others could not use to advantage.

The plan of beginning with the review is an excellent one, when dictated by prudence and good judgment. Many, however, review the previous lesson entirely too much, considering the limited time allotted for class exercises, and unless some important fact connecting last week's lesson with the one about to be treated is to be emphasized, the practice is narrowing, as nothing new is brought into the mind of the child.

To tell a story well, is to many, perhaps, the most difficult part of the day's exercises, and it often happens that owing to a lack of confidence on the part of the narrator, the story, a work of art, it may be, in itself, is turned into a dry reading lesson. The first instinct of the inexperienced teacher is to assert that "she really can't tell the story and make it interesting," as her excuse for reading it. To these timid ones I venture the opinion, that the word can in itself has wonderful possibilities when not hampered by that useless and much abused "apostrophe t." Many of our teachers are not aware of their own abilities. They possess talents that they themselves have not discovered and our work is of such a character as

to develop these latent powers. With few exceptions, it is incomparably easier to gain and hold the attention of the class when the story-teller is free (for the reader is bound by the book in her hand and the wording of it), free to use her eyes, her hands, and her body; free to watch the ever-changing mood and expression of her listeners, and to establish that friendly, magnetic, confidential relation with the children, so much to be desired. This part of our work is of indisputable value, as it stimulates the imagination and the emotions, enabling the child, through the spiritual experience gained by means of the story, to feel for others and sympathize in their joys and sorrows. Much care should be taken, however, that the story spirit be not permitted to dominate the religious or ethical work, and by judicious study, this frequently found condition may be avoided.

The preparation of the successful teacher dates back to her childhood, and many interesting experiences of her past life are brought into service for purposes of illustration. To be ready in the use of this personal, everyday experience, thereby encouraging and aiding the boys and girls to recall their own, constitutes much of the aptitude of the natural-born teacher, as she is sometimes called. A well-directed discussion imparts life to the exercise, bringing out the potential elements of the subject under consideration, and under the guidance of a tactful and wise disciplinarian, is fruitful of excellent results.

Call out your best resources when appearing before your class, and whenever possible, clothe an old truth in new apparel. Especially must we be resourceful in attempting to instruct a class of boys. One teacher of such a class, on arising to begin, was greeted by a boy of ten with: "Please don't give us any lesson today. We grow so tired of studies after being in school so many hours. Tell us a story." What was the teacher's best course of action in such an emergency? A lecture on the necessity of so ordering our lives and thoughts that the lesson should be the one thing of all others to be desired? No. This teacher was tactful, and said not a word in reply. She proceeded with the lesson of the day, but gave it sugar-coated, as it were; for by a series of questions and anecdotes on the boy's own plane of thought and action, she so stimulated his interest that the lesson was over before he knew it had begun.

An illustration in point: A farmer had a sick cow, and having heard that onions would be good for her particular ailment, he procured some and placed them before her. But she refused to eat them, despite all persuasion. Finally he resorted to the expedient of mixing the onions with apples, of which she was extremely fond. He first tossed into her mouth an apple, which she chewed and swallowed with avidity, and then threw in an onion, which she munched in like manner, not knowing until too late that it was not an apple. Before she had time to discover her mistake and rebel against the onion, he had tossed her another apple, and this was followed by another onion, and still another, alternating with apples until the desired result was attained.

Our talks should be spirited, and so well prepared as to fix the attention of every member of the class. Often the enthusiasm of the child is smothered by the sudden and oft-repeated failure of memory on the part of the teacher, and the hurried consulting of the Friend for a needed connection. The Friend should be left at home.

There is a great diversity in the small circle of a Primary class—a difference of temperament, of natural powers, of tastes, and often we find an excess of self-esteem, with an exaggerated sense of maturity. In the Association with which I have been connected, I have learned, in speaking to its members, never to address them as little children after they have passed the kindergarten age. I know one little girl of five, who considers herself quite grown-up, and a desirable companion for her cousin of twelve. The patronizing attitude, the good-little-boy-or-girl admonition, is inwardly if not openly resented, and militates against good discipline. The teacher must

adapt herself, must be as a mother to devise and provide for each one. Nature emphatically forbids the mechanical process of taking children in the aggregate, yet the class must be to some extent a unit. There is nothing that will assist us more than the rare and precious quality known as tact; a power that all may cultivate. We should make it a subject of prayer, for its possession means much in our Primary work. An important test that we should apply to ourselves is the test of conscience. Are our efforts up to the limit of our possibilities?

Valuable time is consumed unnecessarily by some teachers in announcing the lesson to be given, at the same time admonishing the class in regard to attention, order, and general conduct, thereby wearying the minds of the children at the very outset. Spontaneous recitations should be given, something that will start the listening brain into activity, something so forceful as to inspire the child with an eager desire to hear more of the subject. The best road to attention is through the development of interest, and interest there must be. If the lesson is given mechanically or as if learned by rote, it becomes a failure, and a careless teacher is sometimes so engrossed with her own delivery of the topic, that she is utterly oblivious to disorder among the members of her class. In giving instruction it is of the first consequence that it be given on the child's own plane of experience. No teacher ever followed more carefully this plan than did our Lord and Savior. He spoke to the people from their point of contact, and though a carpenter, never drew a figure from his own calling, but from theirs. The young and inexperienced teacher too often lacks a sufficient fund of associated knowledge with which to enrich the subject matter, and to the average boy or girl the anecdote of personal experience is of intense interest.

After all, the filling of the child-mind with information is a small service to humanity compared with the education of the feeling, and development of the soul. A single thought, an idea, will live with a child from year to year and influence its whole life. Therefore it is of the greatest importance that the thought be a worthy one. We sometimes feel that the fruits of our labor are small, but who can estimate the results of years of patient toil. "God does His work for us while we are doing ours for Him."

OUR SOCIAL DAY.

(Sung by all the officers at the reception given for the stake workers.)

Come, come, come, haste away,

Let's be gay,

Sing a merry roundelay.

Faces bright, footsteps light—

'Tis our social day.

Friendships true we'll renew,

Welcome all the new friends too:

Cast our care to the air—

'Tis our social day.

Come, come, come, June is here,

Bright and clear;

Roses bloom our hearts to cheer,

Birds will sing, joy they bring,

So we'll happy be;

Come, let love and joy abound,

List' we to sweet music's sound;

Happy we, bright and free—

'Tis our social day.

Come, come, come, at love's call

Meet we all.

Let us yield to pleasure's thrall,

All unite for the right,

Then we'll joyous be;

In our work for children dear

There is much our hearts to cheer,

So to-day let's be gay—

'Tis our social day.

—Lillie T. Freeze.

Tune: "Be in Time."

March 9th, 1910.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS

Of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for the year ending December 31, 1909.

	1908	1909
Number of Associations in the Church.....	717	743
Number of Associations reported.....	684	704
Number of stake officers	757	742
Number of local officers.....	7,603	8,313
Total number of boys of Primary age.....		32,699
Total number of girls of Primary age.....		36,692
Total number of children of Primary age.....	65,669	69,391
Number of regular meetings held.....	22,132	22,524
Number of regular meetings not held.....		6,269
Number of preparation meetings held.....	9,015	10,201
Number of Sunday conferences held.....	522	755
Number of special meetings held.....	1,027	934
Number of visitors during the year.....		7,638

ENROLLMENT.

Boys	1908	1909	Girls	1908	1909
First Grade		5,182	First Grade		6,465
Second Grade		4,746	Second Grade		6,044
Third Grade		4,808	Third Grade		6,409
Fourth Grade		3,759	Fourth Grade		5,336
Fifth Grade		2,505	Fifth Grade		4,492
Not graded		425	Not graded		598
Total	20,082	21,425	Total	29,999	29,344
Boys and girls not segregated in reports.....					363
Total number of children.....					51,152
Total number of officers and children.....					60,187

AVERAGE ATTENDANCE.

	1908	1909
Stake officers		426
Local officers	4,331	4,698
Boys	8,116	9,195
Girls	14,331	15,115
Total	27,165	29,434
Number children enrolled, whose parents are not Church members.....		1,060
Number children enrolled one of whose parents is not a Church member		1,626
Number not enrolled at end of year.....		14,714
	1908	1909
Number of dances		939
Number of socials		984
Number of concerts (entertainments).....	1,046	211
Number of fairs	67	73

LIBRARY REPORT (1909).

Children's books	3,673
Song books	6,077
Officers' books	2,439
Number of books loaned from library.....	1,729
Number of officers taking "Children's Friend".....	5,309
Number members taking "Children's Friend".....	1,360

RECITATIONS

OUR FLAG.

Oh, flags on land and sea,
Of every form and hue,
There is no flag for me
Like our red, white and blue.

The red is for the brave;
The blue is for the true;
There are no flags that wave
Like our red, white and blue.

Stars count our nation's glory,
And how our number grew
Stripes tell our nation's story,
In our red, white and blue.
—Selected.

A CHILD PATRIOT.

My country! I honor her
By being good and true;
And this way prove how well I love
The red, the white, the blue!

My country! I can be her pride,
And best sustain her fame,
If I can show my life with no
Black blots of sin and shame.
—Susie M. Best.

WHINEYBOY AND SMILEYBOY.

Little Mr. Whineyboy came to town one day,
Riding on a Grinnergrif, laughing all the way.
Howlyberries in his hat,
Screecher leaves atop o' that,
Round his neck a ring o' squeals,
Whineywhiners on his heels.
What do you think!—that awful day
Everybody ran away!

Little Mr. Smileyboy came to town one day,
Riding on a Ginnergrif, laughing all the way.
Chuckleberries in his hat.
Jolly leaves atop o' that,
Round his neck a ring o' smiles
All of the "very latest styles."
What do you think?—that happy day
Not a body ran away!
—Charles I. Junkin, in St. Nicholas.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

LESSON TWENTY-NINE.

Helpfulness.

Memory Gem:

"Three little rules we all should keep,
To make life happy and bright—
Smile in the morning, smile at noon,
And keep on smiling at night!"

Review Lesson Twenty-eight:

Repeat memory gem from last lesson. The weather now is very warm and dry, and the value of water may be made very clear to the children. After a talk about the uses of water let the children help you to re-tell the story of the "Great Dipper."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Twenty-nine:

Almost every boy and girl would like to be of some use in this world, but sometimes it is so hard to know what to do in order to be useful.

What is needed most of all, I think, is a pair of quick eyes to see what is needed. If a boy or a girl has quick eyes and willing hands, they will find ever so many ways of being useful, at home, in school, and wherever they may happen to be.

The boy who has quick eyes will see when father wants a book from the library, and will offer to go and get it without waiting to be asked. He will see when mother wants something from the store, and will offer to run such an errand before he goes off to play ball.

The girl who has quick eyes will see when grandmother wants her needle threaded, and will do it so promptly, and yet so quietly, that grandmother will feel as if fairy fingers were helping her to sew. The girl with quick eyes will see when baby is restless, and will gently care for its wants, and thus often help mother.

The boy or girl with quick eyes will see when teacher is tired, and will be so still and attentive in the class room that she will feel that her scholars are actually helping her to teach.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "A Happy Morning."

"Oh, I'm so tired of playing all the time! I 'most wish vacation was ended," sighed Hazel, as, with a scowl on her pretty face, she toppled over on to the lawn, loosened her roller skates, and gave them an impatient fling.

"Of course you get tired of nothing but play," said her more practical sister, Bess, by whose side she had thrown herself. "Anyone does; but try

working a little, and then play will be fun. I've been dusting the parlors ever since you went roller skating, and now mother says I may wash, if I want to."

"Oh, may I help you?" cried Hazel, springing to her feet and looking quite rested.

"Yes, come on," said unselfish Bess. "I've picked up all of our dolls' soiled clothes, and, besides, mother says I may wash our handkerchiefs and the baby's bibs, so there will be a 'big wash,' as Katie says."

A few minutes later the sisters were laughing so gleefully over their suds that they forgot all else until they heard the wail:—

"I—I haven't anyone to play with!"

And looking up they saw their neighbor's little girl leaning out of an upstairs window, where she evidently had been watching the happy sisters, until, broken-hearted, she cried aloud.

For a minute the busy workers had a consultation, and then Bess called out:—

"Come down and see us wash, Daisy. You may help, if you want to."

At that the mother of the child, whose lips still quivered, appeared at the window, saying:—

"You are dear, thoughtful girls to ask Daisy to join in your sport. The maid is away this morning, and I have such a headache that I can do nothing to amuse the child. She watched you quietly, thinking I was asleep, until she could endure it no longer; poor, lonely little girl!"

An instant later Daisy appeared, doll in hand, anxious to help. And help she did, for the "wash-ladies," as they called themselves, were doubly happy in seeing that they had brought smiles to their dimple-faced neighbor, whom they amused until the child's mother appeared, saying:—

"My head is better, thanks to your care of my little girl, children, and now that your wash is out, come eat the little luncheon you will find in the arbor."—*Helena H. Thomas.*

LESSON THIRTY.

Good Deeds.

Memory Gem:

"Little deeds, like little seeds,
Grow and grow and grow;
Some are flowers and some are weeds,
Giving joy or woe.
Let us sow but happy deeds
Everywhere we go!"

—*Emma C. Dowd.*

Review of Lesson Twenty-nine:

Use questions to find out how the children remembered to be helpful and happy.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Thirty:

Prepare a talk about seeds. How they are planted and grow either for use and ornament or like weeds cause trouble and sorrow.

Relate the thought to the development of the children; how they grow to be good by being good every day. Make your point by showing that good seeds, such as grains and fruit grow and make people happy; illustrate by letting the children tell you of foods they enjoy. How may children give pleasure? etc.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "Katy Did."

Donald stood under the apple tree in the orchard. He wasn't a very big farmer, but he knew what good apples were. And he thought, as he looked up at the branches hanging low with their load of fruit, that they were sure of a red ticket at the fair.

The next morning little Farmer Donald was lying, not under the apple tree dreaming of his prize, but up in a little bed by the window, and there was a cruel pain running up and down one of his legs. He had been up in the tree picking the apples, to be ready for the fair in the morning, when the branch snapped and he fell to the ground, a helpless heap. The pain wasn't nearly so hard to bear as the thought that his treasured apples never would find their way to the fair. Father had left for town, and there was no one to sort out the "prize ones." The thought hurt until it made two big fat tears roll down his cheeks.

Just then Kate danced in. "O Don! poor Don! Does the leg hurt as much as that?" and she tenderly stroked the brown hand that lay on the quilt. "Kate's so sorry!"

Donald brushed away the telltale tears. "O Kate, it's not the pain—it's the apples; they can't go. Father's gone, and there's no one to sort them!"

Kate, with another tender little pat, turned and ran out of the room. She would go out herself and pick up the apples, even if it were getting dark, and she and Donald could sort them over together up in his room. She would get Jones to carry them in very early in the morning.

Her heart thumped as she crept under the trees in the orchard, where the queer, quiet shadows played hide and seek in the grass. They looked like live things in the dark! "I'll not be afraid," she muttered between her set teeth, as she stooped over the pile of apples, filled her apron, and carefully put them into the basket Donald had waiting for them.

Just then a strange shrill call sounded. Kate stopped and listened. It came again, "Katy-did! Katy-did!" Then a queer little scream, "Katy-did-n't-Katy-did!"

The little songsters of the autumn night were going to help Kate fill the basket. With each little chirp she said firmly, "Of course, 'Katy did.'"

She didn't mind the shadows as she stole back through the grass, for the song just faded away as she crept under the bars, "Katy-did! Katy-did!" and the stars peeped out and laughed.

And Donald didn't know until after the red ticket for the best apples was tucked safely away under his pillow, that it was the katy-did in the garden who helped the dearest little sister in the world to fill the apple basket in the dark orchard, the night before the fair.—H. Margaret Fairlie.

LESSON THIRTY-ONE.

Forgiveness.

Memory Gem:

"You must be honest and true,
You must be kind and forgiving;
You must—for unless you do,
There isn't much use in living."

Review Lesson Thirty:

Recite memory gem from last lesson and talk it over with the children helping them to understand the difference between good seeds and poor ones; how they grow and do good or ill; also, the results of being good, etc.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Thirty-one:

Tell in simple words the story of the "Unmerciful Servant," Matthew 18: 21-35. Ask the children if they ever feel cross or angry at others; if it makes them feel happy; the joy in "making up," etc.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "Selwyn's Trouble."

Selwyn had cried so hard that his eyes were red; and so was the tip of his nose. The truth is, that Selwyn had been in great trouble. It was all because Uncle Richard had come on a visit, and had left his razor open on his dressing table. No, that was not the cause of the trouble. The real reason was, that Selwyn had disobeyed.

"Now, Selwyn," mother had said, "remember, you are not to handle any of the things on Uncle Richard's dressing table, especially the razor; it is very sharp, and I would not have you touch that for anything."

Selwyn never had wanted anything so badly in his life as he did that razor. If it was very, very sharp, it might cut the stone he wanted to make into two stones. If only he could try it! Mother hadn't said he would hurt the razor; she only was afraid that it would hurt him. The end of it was that Selwyn was found with the open razor in his hand, trying to cut his shiny stone in two! Baby Flossy, who was just beginning to walk, had toddled in and stood close beside him.

"But, mother," said Selwyn, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, "I didn't hurt her; and I didn't get hurt. What makes you punish me, when nobody was hurt?"

"Dear little boy," said his mother, "do you think that, because you and Flossy were not hurt by your disobedience, you did not do wrong? It is for wrongdoing that I have to punish you, not because you were not hurt."

"Well, mother, if only you would punish me some other way! I want to go to Jim's birthday party. He needs me, and I promised. Couldn't you, just this once?"

"No," said his mother. "I have settled it that that is the right way to punish you. I am sorry for your disappointment and Jim's; but that is part of the trouble that comes with wrongdoing."

"And everybody will know about it!" said poor Selwyn. Then he cried again. It all was very hard. Just after luncheon, Jim's auntie came to borrow a tray. "Selwyn will be at the party, of course?" she said. And Selwyn's face grew red.

"No," said his mother. "I must take Selwyn to town with me this afternoon, to the dentist's. He cannot be at the party."

After she was gone, Selwyn came over to his mother.

"Mother," he said, "aren't you going to tell them? Aren't you ever going to tell?"

"About your being naughty? Why, no. I do not need to tell others about it. You have talked it over with Jesus, and He has forgiven you; and so have I. Now the sin is to be covered from people who have no need to know."

"Mother," said Selwyn that evening, "grandfather taught me a new verse, and I love it. This is it: 'Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.'"

"Dear little boy," said his mother, "for whose sake is sin ever covered?"

"For Jesus' sake," said Selwyn softly.—Pansy.

LESSON THIRTY-TWO.

Doing Right.

Memory Gem: "A Child's Prayer."

Jesus, help thy little child
To dare to do the right,
Remembering that every act
Is in my Father's sight.

Review of Lesson Thirty-one:

Re-tell the story "Selwyn's Trouble," and help the children to understand how kind mothers and fathers are in taking care of their children, in protecting them from harm, even when it is necessary to hurt the children a little to save them from serious injuries.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Thirty-two:

Repeat the memory gem and continue the thought in the review of loving care. Follow the thought by referring to the part of the story which tells about Jesus and explain that all we do is seen by the Lord, and how careful we must be wherever we are not to do wrong things. Review some of the every-day activities of children, and let the class tell you what are good things to do and what are not. Ask who has a baby in their home and talk about how mother and brothers and sisters must help to keep the baby safe.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "The Story of Mussentouchit."

By the time baby was twelve months old she had learned many things. She could say "kitty" to the little soft, furry ball of a cat, and "tove" and "burn"—for once she had put her hand against the hot stove, and she never forgot the pain of the big blister that came on the delicate flesh—and she knew the moon and the stars and the trees.

About this time she heard a long, queer word many, many times a day. The word was Mussentouchit.

Baby wondered who Mussentouchit could be. The strange thing lived in the bureau drawers. Baby knew that; for the moment she got her little busy hands into mamma's drawer, somebody would say: "Mussentouchit."

It lived in the sewing machine. For the moment baby set the wheel going, "Mussentouchit" was screamed in her ear.

It lived in the tall jar that stood on the little round stand. Everybody in the room shrieked "Mussentouchit" when baby put up her hand to touch the jar.

In one corner of the parlor there was a glass globe half filled with water. In the globe lived three little goldfish. Baby was very fond of climbing into a chair to see the tiny goldfish dart across the pretty lake. But, whenever she put her fingers into the globe to touch one of the pretty creatures, somebody screamed "Mussentouchit."

This went on till baby was two years old. There was no word she heard so often as the long, queer word, "Mussentouchit."

Mussentouchit was everywhere—in the shining books on the parlor table; in the flower beds; among the roses. Even in mamma's workbasket the strange thing lived; and if baby but took up a spool of silk or cotton, there was "Mussentouchit."

One day baby found herself by the glass globe all alone. The family were busy, and for a few minutes forgot the little prying, restless darling.

This was her chance. Up went the chubby legs into the chair that stood near the goldfish globe. Poised on the rounding cushion, baby reached far over to touch the goldfish. In reaching she lost her balance and fell, dragging the globe to the floor. There was a crash, a scream, a rush, and mamma was on the spot. Baby was picked up, kissed, and scolded. "I dess I tilled old Mussentouchit 'is time," she said, shaking herself and walking off.—M. F. Butts, in *Wide Awake*.

SECOND GRADE

(Children six and seven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Lord's Prayer.
Topic for the Month of August—Forgiveness.

Divisions:

1. Returning good for evil.
2. The Golden Rule.
3. Loving your neighbor.
4. Forgiveness.

LESSON TWENTY-NINE.

Returning Good for Evil.

Aim—One who is injured ought not to return injury, for on no account can it be right to do injustice.—Socrates.

Result Desired—That the children will feel a desire to overlook as well as forgive the little offenses which children are apt to give to each other.

Suggestions:

The lessons for this month are based on that part of the Lord's Prayer in which we ask to be forgiven because we have forgiven any who may have offended us. Help the children to see the beauty and nobility of forgiveness, that great happiness comes to us when we are willing to forgive.

Relate simply how Joseph forgave his brethren, his kindness to them when they were in trouble.

Memory Gem:

"Be kind in all you say and do,
 That others may be kind to you."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "Orphan Annie."

It was something very unusual for Annie to be late for school, but this morning it was fully a quarter of an hour after the gong sounded before she made her appearance. Close at her heels followed a large, handsome Newfoundland dog.

No sooner did the children see the dog ere they began to laugh, and to add still further to poor Annie's mortification, several boys began to chant in a loud whisper:

"Annie had a little lamb."

"Miss Brown, he just would come," sobbed the little girl, her hand on Rover's black head. "I begged and begged him to stay home, but a boy hurt him with a stone last night, and since then he won't leave me a minute."

"Well, never mind, dear. Just let him lie there by your desk and he won't disturb us. Tell him to lie down."

But Rover refused to do so. His great form fairly filled the little aisle, while his bright sharp eyes took in a general survey of his new surroundings. He wagged his tail, and showed his teeth at which some of the tiny tots were frightened until the teacher explained that that was the dog's way of smiling.

Suddenly he gave a quick, savage growl and turned fiercely on Tommy Tupper. He seized the boy by the coat and seemed as though he would devour him, but at Annie's quick call he let go his hold and ran to her, his mute, eloquent face imploring her pity and sympathy.

"Didn't do nothin'," was the sullen reply, "but I'll fix him, see if I don't."

"Miss Brown, he stuck a pin in him," cried Annie, "and he is always throwing at him, and tormenting him until Rover just hates him."

"Tommy, you will go upstairs to the principal immediately. I fear you are naturally a very bad boy. Annie, you may take poor Rover home. He is trembling all over."

The misused animal was only too glad to get away, so quickly had his confidence been turned to distrust; while the malicious Tom was hastened up to the floor above to meet the punishment he deserved, and was seen no more that day.

Next morning Miss Brown went to school with a heavy heart. She had labored long and patiently with the intractable Tommy, and was sure there was some good in the boy, which would yet prove his salvation if only she had patience and endurance enough to keep on trying until she reached the soft spot in the deep inner recesses of his heart. Now she was discouraged and disheartened. The boy could go. She would give up the battle, and care not what became of him. His nature was so cruel, so destructive and callous that she shuddered to contemplate what would be his end.

When she entered the school room the children, who were gathered in a group talking very excitedly, turned and called out, two or three speaking at once:

"O, Miss Brown, that wicked Tom has gone and poisoned poor orphan Annie's dog. She found him dead this morning."

Poor Miss Brown turned away sick at heart. Was he so bad? All that day she went about very stern and pale, and had Tommy appeared on the scene, it would have fared rather roughly with him for once; but the naughty boy was not seen again in the school room for several days. His teacher was beginning to hope he was gone for good, when one morning he slunk back into his old place. No one had a smile or a greeting for him; the children turned from him in scorn, and Miss Brown seemed unaware of his existence. Annie was still out of school, grieving her little heart out over the untimely end of her dog, so Miss Brown decided to go and see her that evening after school, and try to comfort her.

She rapped on the door, then, not waiting for a response, walked in. A wan little figure lay on a cot in one side of the room, her large dark eyes full of the sadness and gloom through which she was passing.

"I just couldn't come to school, Miss Brown," she said, shaking her head sadly. "I guess you think it queer that I should be so sick just over the death of a dog; but he and I loved each other so, and have played and eaten and lived together since we were babies. He was all I had to lose, all I had to talk to, cause grandpa is deaf; and anyway he couldn't understand and sympathize like Rover could."

"I think we shall have to have that wicked Tommy expelled," exclaimed Miss Brown, indignantly. "You poor child, to suffer like this just because of that malicious boy's wanton deed. He came back to school today, but I haven't punished him yet, because I could think of nothing severe enough."

"Don't punish him, please, Miss Brown," begged tender-hearted Annie, laying her thin hand beseechingly on that of her teacher's. "I believe he is sorry. I'll tell you why. Most every night since then he passes here, and

always stops a few minutes by the gate like he wants to come in, but is afraid."

Just then there was a bold knock on the door, and as Annie went to open it, Miss Brown caught a glimpse of Tommy, so stepped behind a curtain ere he saw her. Humbly and abashed, he came awkwardly into the little room, leading a handsome Newfoundland pup by a chain.

"Say, Annie, I know I'm the meanest boy in the world," he began, "but I've been awful sorry I done it, sorrier than I ever was before, but that don't mend matters. You was the only one in school that ever spoke a kind word to me, too, and that makes it worse than ever. I worked until I earned enough money to buy the pup here. He isn't Rover, but I hope you'll like him. And say, Annie, come back to school soon, won't you? It's lonesome. Good-bye."

Out he ran, before Annie could say one word; but she was deeply touched.

"Isn't he a beauty, Miss Brown?" she said, patting the dog's curly head. "He is a fine dog, but as Tommy said, he isn't Rover. No other dog can be Rover. He understood everything. But, doggie, I'm going to love you; and, Miss Brown, Tommy is very sorry, so you won't send him away, will you?"—Selected.

LESSON THIRTY.

The Golden Rule.

Aim—To endure and pardon is the wisdom of life.—Mohammed.
Result Desired—That the children will be more ready to forgive.

Suggestions:

Discuss with the children the value of the Golden Rule. Relate simply the story of the Lost Sheep.

Memory Gem:

"Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?"

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "A Naughty Boy Rewarded."

A gentleman, who had a house in the midst of beautiful grounds, was looking out of his drawing-room one evening, when he saw a boy come across the lawn, evidently bent on mischief. He was trampling down the flowers, treading over the beds, and pulling down the branches from the trees.

The gentleman went out, and before the boy was aware he had placed his hand firmly on his shoulder.

Then there was a great struggle on the part of the boy, but it was all useless, he was held very fast.

"Now, my boy," said the gentleman, "answer me one question. Which is the best flower in the garden?"

The boy still struggled, but finding that escape was impossible, he looked round, and after a while he said, "That rose is the best," pointing to a beautiful moss-rose just bursting into bloom. The gentleman, still keeping one hand on the boy's shoulder, reached out his other hand, and, plucking the rose in all its beauty, gave it to the boy.

The lad was amazed. Looking into the gentleman's face he said, "Ain't you going to have me punished, sir?"

"No, I am giving you the best flower in my garden. You will never come and trample down my flower beds again, will you?"

"Never sir, as long as I live!" was the boy's reply; "but, please sir, ain't there some little errand I could do for you?"

Free, forgiving love had won the boy's heart. And that was the beginning of a long friendship; for often after that the boy might have been seen at the gentleman's house, asking whether he could be of any service. Forgiveness produced a sweet result.—Selected.

Story: "How Bessie Forgave."

Bessie twisted the corner of her pinafore into a tight little roll, and pouted. "I'll just forget all about it," she said to herself, "but I won't ever, ever forgive him."

Bessie thought she was talking to herself, but mother had overheard. "Why, whom is my little girl never going to forgive? 'Never' is a very long time, remember," she said.

Bessie started. "It's Howard, mother," she answered. "He tied Kittens up in the yard, and then let Towser bark at her until the poor little thing was frightened to death."

"But didn't Howard let her go, when he saw how frightened she was?" asked mother. "And I think I heard a little boy saying he was sorry, too."

"Yes, he did, but I can't forgive him, all the same," Bessie persisted.

The same afternoon, Bessie rushed into her mother's room. "I've done something dreadful, mother; do forgive me—I'm so sorry. I was digging up my bed with my new shovel to plant pansy seeds, and, and—I turned over all your little crocus bulbs—and they're just beginning to sprout—they'll all be spoiled!"

Mother looked at the forlorn little girl a moment, and then said, "I'm very sorry, Bessie, but I don't think mother can ever forgive her little girl for making such a mistake." Bessie glanced at mother—and then she hid her face on her shoulder—for she saw just what mother meant.

"I see now, mother," she faltered, "how unkind I was not to want to forgive Howard this morning. Kiss me, and forgive me, mother, and I'll go and make up. I guess it must have hurt him as much as you hurt me just now."

As mother kissed Bessie, she said, "Remember, dear, it is only if we forgive one another, that God is willing to forgive us our sins."

"I'll try to remember," whispered Bessie as she ran off to make up with Howard.—Jewels.

LESSON THIRTY-ONE.

Loving Your Neighbor.

Aim—

"Simple love far more hath wrought,
Although by childhood muttered,
Than all the battle ever fought,
Or oaths that men have uttered."

Result Desired—An increased desire on the part of the children to be kind to one another.

Suggestions:

Relate the story of the "Unmerciful Servant," Matthew 18:21-35. Speak about the loving kindness of the Savior and how ready He was always to forgive those who hurt Him and said unkind things about Him. Refer to the beautiful words of the Lord's Prayer and help the children to understand that it was love that prompted the prayer and how much happier we will all be if we try to be like Him.

Memory Gem:

"Be kind in all you say and do,
That others may be kind to you."
Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "The Best Way."

Once upon a time, there was a boy named Philip, who had a birthday. How good father and mother, and uncles and aunts had been to him! How he loved them all for the beautiful gifts they gave him! His round, rosy face shone with happiness.

There were two new storybooks. There was a silver watch from father and mother that would really keep time. There was a new game. But, best of all, Aunt Janet had given him two little white rabbits.

After breakfast Philip went into the barn to make a new house for his pets. He took a big box and some boards. Then he pounded and pounded, and sawed and sawed. He puffed a good deal and he grew very warm. By and by the new house was all finished and the pets moved in.

It was winter time, but Philip never forgot his pets. Not once did they have to go without food. He always had ready for them juicy cabbage leaves or other things that rabbits like and a fresh drink of water. Sometimes Philip let them have a run in the yard, but he watched them and kept them from harm.

One day Howard came into the yard with his dog, Duke. It was after school, but Philip had not yet reached home. Whether Howard did not know that Duke was there, or whether he had forgotten, or whether he did not care, I do not know. However, he went to the rabbits' house, unfastened the door, as he had seen Philip do many times, and out hopped the timid little rabbits.

In a few minutes Duke's nose sniffed the air. His eyes grew wild. At the same minute Philip bounded through the gate. He rushed toward Duke and held him by the collar. How poor Philip screamed for help! How Duke barked and pulled! Philip thought that help would never come. He thought that his arms would break. At last Aunt Janet came. She seized Duke by the collar and spoke to him. Duke minded and the rabbits were saved.

And Janet sent both Howard and Duke home. Then she helped Philip catch his frightened, trembling pets and put them in their box again. When it was over Aunt Janet saw a very angry face and a pair of flashing eyes looking up into hers.

"If I catch him, once, I'll, I'll"—Philip could not think of anything dreadful enough to say.

Aunt Janet said nothing for a few moments. She took Philip's hand and led him into the house. When they had reached the library she sat down and drew Philip toward her.

"Philip, dear, you have had a great fright. Howard did a wrong and thoughtless thing, I know. But you must try not to show such an angry spirit."

"But, Aunt Janet, think what he did. If I had not come just then, Duke would have killed my bunny rabbits. O!" and Philip trembled again.

"Yes, dear, Howard did a cowardly thing, but think what you are doing. You have shown that you really wish to bring harm to Howard. That is wrong, Philip. Let me help you know how to make him far, far more sorry than by what you intend to do. Show Howard plainly the next time you meet him that you have forgiven him. Let him know that you are ready to be friends again. I know when he thinks about what he has done he will be ashamed."

Aunt Janet knew a great deal, but Philip did not see how she could be right. Neither did he see how he could treat Howard as a friend. However, he kept thinking and thinking about her words. He kept wondering what to do about it.

One day, about a week later, the end of the school month had come.

The report cards were given to the boys. A great many things had gone wrong with Howard during the month. His card was poor. His teacher said: "Howard, unless you try harder, I fear you will not be promoted this year. You have a great many examples wrong each morning." Howard felt sorry. He did not want to fail and have to remain in his class while the other boys went on.

At first Philip said to himself: "It serves him right. I'm glad he is being paid back." Then he remembered what Aunt Janet had said: "Show Howard plainly that you have forgiven him. Let him know that you are ready to be friends again."

Philip did not know just why he did it, but he stopped beside Howard and said: "I'll help you with those examples, Howard. Come over tonight after school."

Howard stood still. He looked at Philip in surprise. The cross look upon his face grew less and less, and soon it was all gone. Then his face began to look ashamed. In a minute he said: "O Philip, I was so sorry after I did it! I was a mean boy, but I've been sorry ever since." Then the two boys knew that each loved the other, and that they were going to be better friends than they had ever been before.

After Howard had gone home Philip said: "Aunt Janet, that was the best way after all. I'm going to try it always."

There was One who taught that way of doing long, long before Aunt Janet taught it to Philip. The One of whom I am thinking is Jesus.

One day long, long ago, He sat down upon the mountain side. Round about Him was a great multitude of people. The words which Jesus spoke that day were something like these: "Do not keep your anger against another. If you have brought a gift to offer upon God's altar and remember that you and your brother do not agree, leave the gift upon the altar. First, make peace with your brother, then come offer your gift. You have heard it said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy.' But I say unto you, love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for those who have treated you wrongfully and have troubled you. This is the way that the heavenly Father would have you do."—Selected.

LESSON THIRTY-TWO.

Forgiveness.

Aim—"Everyone has need to be forgiven."

Result Desired—That the children will realize that all do wrong at times, and are in need of forgiveness.

Suggestions:

Review the thought of the previous lessons. Re-tell some of the stories and recite again some of the memory gems.

Memory Gem:

I will try to be kind to everybody.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "Anna's Feud."

"No, I'll never speak to her again," and little Anna, sobbing bitterly, threw herself into her mother's lap.

"But, my dear," said her mother, "what could Mabelle have done to make you so angry with her?"

Anna dried her tears long enough to explain that Mabelle had laughed

at her when she misspelled a word in school that day. "And, mamma, I'll never love her again, and we're going to have a feud."

"A what?" asked grandpa, who had just come into the room.

"A feud," said Anna.

"Well, what do you know of feuds, I'd like to know, young lady?"

"Well, it's when you never speak to each other as long as you live, for Harold told me so, and he knows; so I'm going to have a feud with Mabelle."

"Oh, you will be over your quarrel and as thick as honey inside of an hour."

"Oh, no, grandpa; it's a feud, and I'll never make up," and Anna shook her little head, quite determined never to speak to her playmate again.

It was such a consolation to walk on the other side of the street and steal a sly glance at Mabelle, and see that she was all alone. Twice did Anna go to school and return in this manner, and then, somehow, a little lonesome feeling would creep in her heart every time she saw Mabelle, and wondered if she was lonesome, too. But still it was a feud, and she could not speak, and she was sure the lonesome feeling would go away. But instead of going away it grew bigger, and little Anna's head came lower and lower.

One night as the children gathered around grandpa for their bedtime story, he said, "What day is tomorrow, my dears?"

"Why it's May Day, grandpa," answered Harold.

"Yes, it's May Day, and I'm going to tell you of the May Days we had when I was a boy."

Anna listened to ever word, and when the story was finished she sat for a long time, thinking.

The next day Anna was up bright and early, and at breakfast time a big bunch of violets was hung on Mabelle's door. A little later grandpa saw two little girls run arm in arm to the old apple tree, and heard their merry laugh as they gathered the violets that grew under it. He smiled as he turned away from the window. Anna's feud was ended.—Selected.

THIRD GRADE.

(Children eight and nine years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Ten Commandments.
Subject for the Month of August—Value of Life.

Suggestions:

1. Care of the Body.
2. Lives of Animals.
3. Saving Life.
4. Beautifying Life.

LESSON TWENTY-NINE.

Care of the Body.

Aim—To give to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable.—Plato.

Result Desired—The thought aroused that the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" means more than sudden and violent death.

Development of Lesson Twenty-nine:

Read the lesson on health given in *The Children's Friend*, Vol. 8. December number, page 577.

Make comparisons between a house that is well built and well cared for, and one that is poorly built and neglected. Which one will last the longest, not only in usefulness but in beauty. Relate the parable of the two builders. Matthew 7:24-27. Let the children tell why the foolish builder was guilty of wasting or destroying property that might have been very valuable.

Teach the children that their bodies are just houses in which they live; that these houses are given them to use and care for as long as they need a home. If they take care of them they may last for many years. What kind of materials are needed to keep this house in good condition? Talk about the right kinds of food and drink which children should use. Discuss briefly the value of fresh air, cleanliness, sleep, clothing, houses, etc.

For supplementary stories use one or both of the following: "A Bad Little Housekeeper," *The Children's Friend*, Vol. 8. November number, p. 476. "A Good Machine," Vol. 6, May number, p. 178.

Memory Gem:

"I will try to remember that my body is given me for a wise purpose, and that I must take good care of it."

LESSON THIRTY.

Lives of Animals.

Aim—We plead the cause of those dumb mouths that have no speech.—Longfellow.

Result Desired—The thought impressed upon the children that all life is given by a wise Creator and for some special purpose and that the duty of mankind is to protect and preserve it.

Development of Lesson Thirty:

Explain briefly the necessity for the commandment "Thou shalt not kill." How, when the Savior came, He added the beautiful lesson of the "Golden Rule." Relate the parable of the "Lost Sheep" to illustrate the thought that the Savior means us to be kind to all life. Discuss the following thoughts:

That everything that is alive can feel. Sometimes there are too many insects, and they have to be killed. When they must die, kill them as quickly as you can.

That cruelty grows like other sins if not checked.

That to take pleasure in seeing animals hurt or killed shows something terribly wrong in our nature.

Your pets—if you keep any—and see that they do not starve while you live in plenty.

That cats and dogs want fresh water always where they can get it.

Boys who drive donkeys or horses should remember that they must go slowly when they have loads to drag, and that the poor animals are made of flesh and blood. Blows will make them weak and less able to work. Angry words frighten and wear them out. Use the whip as little as possible, and encourage them with kind words.

When you feel inclined to throw stones at living creatures, stop and think, "How should I like to be bruised, and to get my bones broken 'just for fun?'"

Memory Gem:

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and will try to protect them from cruel usage."

Story: "Rob Craig's Strange Experience."

The house seemed very still that morning. Father Craig had gone to

Boston on the early train, and Mother Craig had been called from her breakfast to go to Aunt Phebe Perry, who was surely going to die this time. But Rob did not mind being left. As soon as his breakfast was well swallowed, he took his rifle out on the south porch to give it a cleaning, for he had laid out a famous day's sport.

His mother always looked very sober when the rifle was brought out, for her tender heart was sorely hurt when any little thing came to harm through it; but Rob's favorite uncle had sent it to him the Christmas before, and his father approved of it as one of the ways to make a boy manly. So his mother said very little, except now and then to plead gently the cause of those who could not plead for themselves.

So Rob sat there, rubbing and cleaning, whistling merrily, and thinking of the squirrel's nest he knew of, and the rabbit tracks of which Johnny Boullard had told him. He whistled so shrilly that presently a broad-brimmed hat appeared around the corner of the house. There was a little girl under the hat, but you didn't see her at first.

"Sh! Robbie," she said, holding up a small forefinger. "Amy Louise is dreadful bad with her head, and I'm trying to get her to sleep."

"Why don't you put a plantain leaf on her head? Plantain's prime for headaches," said Rob.

"Would you please get me one, Robbie?" pleaded the trusting little body. "Mamma said for me not to go away from the house, and Norah is cross this morning."

Time was precious just then; but this one sister was very dear. So laying down his rifle, Rob ran over to the meadow across the road and brought back a huge plantain leaf, which he bound carefully upon the head of Amy Louise, quite extinguishing that suffering doll, but to the infinite content of the little girl. Then he went back to the porch, and took up his rifle again, looking admiringly at the shining barrel and polished stock.

"Now, Mr. Squirrel," he said, "look out for yourself, for I'll have a crack at you presently."

And he leaned back against the side of the porch to plan his route: for the day was too hot for any unnecessary steps. Just then he heard a click, and looked around straight into the barrel of another rifle.

"My!" said Rob. "That's a pretty careless thing to do."

But the big man holding the rifle did not move, and kept his finger on the trigger. He was a stranger to Rob, and under the circumstances, the most unpleasant one he had ever met.

"Will you please lower your gun! You might shoot me," said Rob, trying to speak bravely, but with a queer feeling under his jacket.

"That's what I came for," said the man.

"Come to shoot me?" cried Rob. "What have I done?"

"Nothing that I know of," answered the man, indifferently; "but boys do a great deal of mischief. They steal fruit and break windows and make horrid noises. Besides there are a great many of them, and they might overrun us if we didn't thin them out, now and then."

Rob was horrified. Without doubt, the man was an escaped lunatic; and right around the corner of the house was Ethel, likely to appear at any minute. Just then the man spoke again.

"Besides, it's necessary to kill, to get food."

If Rob had not been so frightened he would have laughed as he thought of his wiry little frame, with scarcely a spare ounce of flesh on it; but he answered very meekly, "But I'm not good to eat."

"No," said the man, "you'd be tough eating."

"And my clothes wouldn't be worth anything to you," said Rob, glancing quickly over his worn suit.

"No," with indifference. "But I came out for a day's sport, and you're the first game I've seen, and I may as well finish you and look farther. I saw some small tracks 'round here," and again that horrible click.

"Oh," cried poor Rob, "don't shoot me! I'm the only boy my poor father and mother have, and they'd miss me dreadfully."

"Pshaw!" cried the other. "They wouldn't mind it much; and besides, I'm coming around in a day or two to shoot them."

"Shoot my father and mother?" gasped Rob. "You wouldn't do such a wicked thing!"

"Why, yes, I would," laughed the dreadful man. "They are larger and better looking than you, and their clothes are worth more. I've had my eyes on this family for some time, and I may as well begin now."

"It seemed to Rob as if his heart stopped beating. Then he cried out, "Please, please don't kill me. I'm so young, and I want to live so much."

The big man laughed derisively.

"Do you think that I shall find any game that doesn't want to live? What do you suppose I own a gun for, if I'm not to use it?"

Somehow, even in his terror, this argument had a familiar sound. Just then the big man took deliberate aim. Rob gave one look at the landscape spread out before him. It was so pleasant and life was so sweet. Then he shut his eyes. Bang!

When he opened his eyes he saw only the old south porch, with the hop tassels dancing and swinging, and his rifle fallen flat on the floor. It was all a horrid dream from which his fallen rifle had wakened him. But the first thing he did was to peep around the corner of the house to assure himself of Ethel's safety. Yes, there was the broad-brimmed hat flapping down the garden walk, attended by the cat and her two little kittens and lame old Beppo, the dog.

Rob did not take up his beloved rifle. Resting his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, he sat looking off over the fields, while a serious thinking went on under his curly thatch, and his thought ran something like this:

I wonder if the birds and squirrels feel as frightened as I did. I guess they do, for sometimes, when I only hunt and catch them, their hearts are just thumping. And how cowardly that big man seemed coming out to shoot me—so much smaller! But I'm a great deal bigger than the things I shoot, and we don't use them in any way. Mother won't wear the birds' wings nor let Ethel, and we don't eat them. I guess I've had a vision, a sort of warning. Oh, what if that dreadful man had found Ethel!" and Rob went around the corner of the house.

The procession had just turned, and was coming toward him.

"How is she?" he asked, nodding toward the afflicted Amy Louise, hanging over her little mistress' shoulder.

"She's ever so much better. I think she would be able to swing a little if I hold her," with a very insinuating smile.

"Come along, then, little fraud," laughed Rob, turning toward the swing.

"But aren't you going shooting, Robbie?"

"No," said Rob, with tremendous emphasis.

When Mrs. Craig came home, tired and sad, in the middle of the afternoon, instead of the forlorn little girl she expected to find wandering about, there was a pleasant murmur of voices on the south porch, where Rob sat mending his kite, while Ethel rocked gently to and fro, with Amy Louise and both kittens in her lap.

"You didn't go hunting, then, Robert?" said his mother.

Robert shook his head, without giving any reason; but that evening, as Mrs. Craig sat at twilight in her low "thinking chair" by the west window, there was a soft step behind her, a quick kiss on the top of the head, and a note dropped into her lap, and the note said:

"I will never again kill any creature for sport."

"ROBERT ANDERSON CRAIG."

And Robert Anderson Craig is a boy who will keep his word.—Hester Stuart, in Congregationalist.

LESSON THIRTY-ONE.

Saving Life.

Aim—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Result Desired—That the saving of life be understood as a part of life's duty.

Development of Lesson Thirty-one:

Discuss with the class how some men and women have given their lives to preserve and improve the lives of others; for example: the Savior, who not only gave His life that all might have eternal life, but who lived to show by His example the best way to live here on the earth, and by the establishment of the Golden Rule brought more love and happiness into the world than it had ever known before. Joseph Smith the Prophet who restored the gospel as taught by the Savior; relate how the Prophet would have saved many lives and much property which were lost in the Civil war if the nation had heeded his council. See Joseph the Prophet, by George Q. Cannon, page 466. Discuss with the class the benefits and especially the possibilities of saving life which have come to pass through the men who invented the telegraph, telephone and wireless telegraph. If there be time other inventions may be discussed to illustrate the truth that the preservation and promotion of happy living is the greatest and grandest task any one may assume. That there have been many acts of heroism in the saving of life is also true, and should be referred to in the lesson.

Memory Gem:

"I am the way, the truth, and the life."—Words of Jesus.

Story: "Be Kind to the Weak."

In a certain school there were two boys who occupied adjoining seats. One was large, hardy and stout, looking as though he could bear anything. The other was a small-framed, sensitive, tender lad—in countenance and appearance as delicate as a girl.

One day some noise was accidentally made at their desks by the smaller boy, which led the master to turn around with much anger and approach them with a heavy stick. The larger boy immediately whispered to his trembling neighbor—"Change places with me. I am strong and the punishment will not hurt me as much as it will you." They changed places, and the stout boy received the blows that otherwise would have fallen upon the delicate and trembling frame of his friend.

This act of kindness was in after life rewarded. During political troubles in England, where this incident occurred, these two boys, having become men, took opposite sides. The smaller, delicate boy was now a judge on the bench. His old schoolmate was at the bar on trial for his life for some political offense. He was convicted, and the judge was obliged to pass sentence of death upon one who had once generously received blows of an offended teacher, which were designed for him. That act of true kindness he now remembered. In his position as judge he could not avoid passing the dreadful sentence of death upon his old friend and benefactor; but he immediately hastened to the feet of the Protector and with such impassioned earnestness entreated for him that he obtained his pardon. The sentence was stayed, and the life of his friend preserved. Remember that kindness will always be remembered.—Cowdery, Moral Lessons.

LESSON THIRTY-TWO.

Beautifying Life.

Aim—Each one of us bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier.—Stanley.

Result Desired—An increased appreciation of the commandments of God, and for the opportunities which are given to each one to improve the conditions in which we are placed.

Development of Lesson Thirty-two:

Review carefully the lessons given this month on the Value of Life. Discuss with the class the thought that we must not only keep life but must make the most of it by careful usage of the body; keeping it in a healthy condition so that it may not be hindered from doing its best. Discuss from the same point of view the best use of heart and mind.

There is much in environment that gives pleasure and happiness, and this too must be sought after. The humblest home may be made beautiful by cleanliness and order. The inside may be adorned according to the means of the family. And indoors and out, flowers may always be cultivated and cared for by the boys and girls.

"There is beauty all around
When there's love at home."

In what way can we serve or help plants and trees? Do they never need our services? Are they never abused, mistreated, mutilated, destroyed, or neglected by people who are thoughtless. Are they never hungry or thirsty or cold or sick? Let us think a little.

A beautiful little tree once grew at the end of a street. It was straight and tall and well formed, and doing its best to become a fine tree. Some boys in going home from school thought it would make a fine swing, so one after another took hold of the top of this sapling and pulled it down almost to the earth. They kept up this amusement for some time, until the poor little tree's trunk was so bent with the weight of their bodies, that it could never rise again. Now it lies there with its beautiful green head in the dust. It is dwarfed and maimed and can never hope again to be a fine tree. So its owner must have it cut down and throw it away. He had selected and bought it with great care. He had employed a man to plant its roots very carefully so that they might have a comfortable bed. How do you suppose he feels? How do you suppose the tree feels, if it can feel? Its work and the owner's work were wasted. And they were both anxious that the tree should be a fine tree in order to give pleasure to the people who use this street. It would have given beauty and shade had it been permitted to do its work.

There are other trees near here that have been abused and some of them killed by careless persons cutting or tearing off the bark. The years of life they have been spending getting ready to give fruit or shade or beauty have been lost. And why? There are some trees planted on Arbor Day, with care and patience and pleasure by the boys and girls of a certain school. Then those trees were neglected until they starved—for want of water and food.

We often see plants that are sick from want of sunlight, or water, or when infected with insects. They need food too, and must have soil which will furnish them with this food. They must be planted right, and not with

feet crowded together into such small space that, like the feet of Chinese children, they cannot grow. They need protection from abuse too, as well as animals. They seem to need kindness and love, for when they are admired and loved they seem to grow better and more beautiful. Perhaps this is the reason why plants grow so much better for some people than for others.

Let us give drink to any thirsty plant that needs it, new soil to starving plants, sun light to our potted plants if we have any, be careful not to crush under foot any living, growing thing, not to pull up and throw away any growing plant, unless it is absolutely necessary. The prairies and woods are being robbed of the plants and flowers that grow there by careless, thoughtless people who pull up and destroy the roots whenever they pick wild flowers.

Let us plant little school gardens for ourselves, of wild, neglected flowers, and see if we cannot teach them to grow more beautiful. Then we will become knights of the plant world and be entitled to the badge or shield of the plant knight—a shield with a green cross upon it. All of our most beautiful flowers have once been common wild flowers or weeds, and have only become beautiful as they now are by care and kindness and right training.

Let us never cause a tree to become deformed or dwarfed by trampling upon it while it is young or swinging on it, or bend it over when slender so that it can never grow straight and tall, or peel or cut the bark so that the tree loses its sap or blood. Let us give the thirsty trees water, and aid in other ways. If insects are injuring or destroying it let us get help for it by finding out what will rid it of the insect pest. Let us build little fences around young trees that are in danger of being trampled upon or otherwise injured. Let us be careful never to trample upon flower beds, or on lawns where the young grass is trying to grow.

Let us take for our motto of the flowers, the plants and trees:

"To grow, to blossom and to bear fruit."

Let us say with Mr. Ruskin, who spent his life in noble service,—“We will try to make some small piece of ground beautiful, peaceful and fruitful. We will have no untended or unthought of creatures upon it. We will have flowers and vegetables in our gardens, plenty of corn and grass in our fields.”—Selected.

Story: “Kindness makes Paradise.”

An old Welsh fable tells us of a sweet girl whose heart was so true and kind, that it made her face lovely as the morning, and her eyes shine like stars. The violets she carried did not wilt. The glad earth sent up a quatrefoil in her every foot-print so that a tender grace of green marked her way. All nature held her dear because her heart was kind and true, and laughed for very joy at her bright coming. The fairest flowers kissed her feet and poured out for her their perfumes.

We cannot tell how long ago this story began to be told among the Welsh people. It was before they had books. Fathers and mothers told it over and over to their children. It was their fairy tale to teach that kindness makes paradise. The children loved it for its truth. They knew that the flowers and the quatrefoils stood for joys and blessings, and they passed the story on and on till it became a part of their life, and kindness marks that people today.

And today kindness makes paradise. When playmates and friends are kind the sun shines and our hearts are happy.—Emma E. Page, Heart Culture.

FOURTH GRADE.

(Children ten and eleven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Word of Wisdom.

Topic for the Month of August—Value of Work.

Suggestions:

1. Value of Work.
2. Honorable Work.
3. The Devil's Workshop.
4. The Blessing of Work.

LESSON TWENTY-NINE.

Value of Work.

Aim—"Work is one of the great secrets of happiness."

Result Desired—That the children will have a desire to understand that all must take a share in the responsibilities of life.

Memory Gem:

God intends no man to live in this world without working, but He intends every man to be happy in his work.—Ruskin.

Suggestive Talk:

Review briefly the value of the Word of Wisdom, and give briefly your ideas as to the work which may be accomplished by a person who has the best use of the strength of his body and his mind.

By industry we mean activity that is regular and devoted to the carrying out of some purpose. More definitely, it is activity that is designed to be useful to ourselves or to others. It is thus a regulated activity by which our welfare, or that of others, may be furthered.

We are apt to think, or at least to feel, that the necessity of working regularly is a hardship. Because we get tired with our work and look forward with eagerness to the time of rest, we form the opinion that the pleasantest life would be one which should be all rest.

Industry might well be urged as a duty. But we would rather now speak of it chiefly as an aid in accomplishing other duties. Few things are more helpful toward right living than industry, and few more conducive to wrong living than idleness.

No doubt there are on this subject opposing opinions. Some believe, whether they openly confess it or not, that the glory of the highest success is not within the reach of every honest toiler; that it is, like other legacies, the good fortune to which some are heirs, but which others are denied—the inheritance only of those whom nature has well endowed. These are the advocates of genius.

The reader of "Ivanhoe"—that finest romance of Sir Walter Scott—pronounces its author a genius. The fact is, that book is a conspicuous illustration of industry—patient, persevering toil. It has been pointed out that, "for years Scott had made himself familiar with the era of chivalry; plodded over, in imagination, the weary march of the Crusaders; studied the characteristics and contradictions of the Jewish character; searched carefully into the records of the times in which the scenes of his story were laid; and even examined diligently into the strange process whereby Norman-French and the Anglo-Saxon elements were wrought into a common tongue."

Labor is indeed the price set upon everything which is valuable. Nothing can be accomplished without it. The greatest men have risen to distinction by unwearied industry and patient application. They may have had inborn genius; their natures may have been quick and active; but they could not avoid the necessity of persevering labor.

Labor is the great schoolmaster of the race. It is the grand drill in life's army, without which we are confused and powerless when called into action. What a teacher industry is! It teaches patience, perseverance, forbearance, and application. It teaches method and system, by compelling us to crowd the most possible into every day and hour. Industry is a perpetual call upon the judgment and the power of quick decision; it makes ready and practical men.

Industry is essential for that usefulness by which each man may fill his place in the world. The lazy, like the wicked, may be made useful. The Spartans used to send a drunken slave through the city that the sight of his folly and degradation might disgust young men with intemperance. He was made useful; he did not make himself useful. From this it will be seen that the necessity of labor is something at which we should rather rejoice than complain, and that habits of industry are the great helpers to virtue, happiness, and usefulness.

Industry is now as important to the woman as to the man. Some years ago, in an art store in Boston, a group of girls stood together gazing intently upon a famous piece of statuary. The silence was broken by the remark, "Just to think that a woman did it." "It makes me proud," said another. The famous statute was that of Zenobia, the product of Harriet Hosmer, whose love of knowledge and devotion to art, gave the world a masterpiece. Work is difficult in proportion as the end to be attained is high and noble. The highest price is placed upon the greatest worth. If a man would reach the highest success he must pay the price. He must be self-made, or never made.

Our greatest men have not been men of luck and broadcloth, nor of legacy and laziness, but men accustomed to hardship; not afraid of threadbare clothes and honest poverty; men who fought their way to their own loaf.

Sir Joshua Reynolds had the passion for work of the true artist. Until he laid aside his pencil from illness, at the age of sixty-six, he was constantly in his painting-room from ten till four, daily, "laboring" as he himself said, "as hard as a mechanic working for his bread."

Laziness is said to be one of the greatest dangers that besets the youth of this country. Some young men shirk everything that requires effort or labor. Few people entertain the idea that they are of no use in the world; or that they are ruining themselves by their laziness. Yet lazy persons lose the power of enjoyment. Their lives are all holiday, and they have no interval of leisure for relaxation. The lie-a-beds have never done anything in the world. Events sweep past and leave them slumbering and helpless.

Industry is one of the best antidotes to crime. As the old proverb has it, "An idle brain is the devil's workshop," for by doing nothing we learn to do ill. The man who does not work, and thinks himself above it, is to be pitied as well as condemned. Nothing can be worse than active ignorance and indulged luxury. Self-indulgence saps the foundation of morals, destroys the vigor of manhood, and breeds evils that nothing but death can blot out.

No one is very anxious about a young man while he is busy in useful work. But where does he eat his lunch at noon? Where does he go when he leaves his boarding-house at night? What does he do after supper? Where does he spend his Sundays and holidays? The way he uses his spare moments reveals his character. The great majority of youth who go to the bad are ruined after supper. Most of those who climb upward to honor and fame devote their evenings to study or work, or to the society of the wise and good. The right use of these leisure hours, we would cordially recom-

ment to every youth. Each evening is a crisis in the career of a young man.

Rome was a mighty nation while industry led her people, but when her great conquest of wealth and slaves placed her citizens above the necessity of labor, that moment her glory began to fade; vice and corruption induced by idleness, doomed the proud city to an ignominious overthrow.

There can be no doubt that industry has been the backbone of the English character. By it her people have made their island respected all over the habitable globe. By industry our own land has come to be recognized as the workshop of the world.

It is a rule in the imperial family of Germany that every young man shall learn a trade, going through a regular apprenticeship till he is able to do good journey-work. This is required because, in the event of unforeseen changes, it is deemed necessary to a manly independence that the heir apparent, or a prince of the blood, should be conscious of ability of making his own way in the world. This is an honorable custom, worthy of universal imitation. The Jews also wisely held the maxim that every youth, whatever his position in life, should learn some trade.

A keen but well deserved rebuke was once administered to a Southern student at Andover who had bought some wood, and who then went to Professor Stuart to learn whom he could get to saw it. "I am out of a job of that kind," said Mr. Stuart; "I will saw it myself." It is to be hoped that the young man learned the lesson which his teacher thus sought to impress upon his mind.—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson:

What is the best thing that you know about the Word of Wisdom?

Why do you believe that in keeping the Word of Wisdom you will have a stronger body?

Why do you believe the keeping of the Word of Wisdom will give you a stronger mind?

Why is it necessary to have a strong body and mind?

What do you mean by work?

Can a man be a laborer and yet be lazy?

Have you ever seen a lazy workman about his work? How did he move about?

How do you feel about that kind of work?

How is almost everything in this world procured?

How do we get our food? Our clothing? Our homes? Our books? Our money? Gold? Silver? Iron? Fuel? How do we get our railroads? Street cars? Canals? (Go into some details in all of these questions.)

Suppose all work should cease. What would be the result?

What would happen to the food supply?

What would it be like if all work stopped?

How long would we live if such a condition existed for any length of time?

Recite and discuss the memory gem.

Add other questions if needed.

LESSON THIRTY.

Honorable Work.

Aim—Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.—Sir J. Reynolds.

Result Desired—That the children will have a desire to know what part of the responsibility rests upon them and be filled with ambition to carry it successfully.

Memory Gem:

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business. He shall stand before kings."

Suggestive Talk:

Have read to the class the poem by Longfellow, "The Builders." Discuss it and keep the connection close between the thought in the poem and in the Word of Wisdom that the best results will come from a mind and body that is strong and healthy. Relate the story of Samuel looking for a king, 1 Samuel 16: 1-13. Let us notice that Samuel found David at home.

He was not out at play but at work. The street, that has so much attraction for boys today, did not win him. Home was a good enough place for him; and, no matter how humble it may be, it is a safe place for the boy of today. Show me the lad who spends his evenings in his home and I will show you one that will be saved from many of the habits that make for evil. It is on the street that bad language is picked up and habits that soil the heart as dirt soils the clothes. "Evil company is like tobacco smoke; one cannot be long in it without carrying away its taint." Now, it is significant that God passed by the lads that were on every street corner and took the home boy for his ruler.

He already had something to do. Of all the boys his father had, and there was a goodly string of them, David seems to have been the busiest. The rest were near the house when Samuel came to select the king, but David was in the outer fields with the flocks. And it happens so now, for the lads that want to work, and are already engaged on the tasks that lay at their hands, are the ones that are chosen for more important tasks. The qualities that made David a good shepherd, watching the little flock and protecting them from ravage by man or beast, made him a good king, caring for his people and saving them from despoiling. Never be afraid of work, honest work. Work that helps in the home or on the farm. There are lots of things a lad should blush for quicker than to be seen helping father or mother.

It is well to read the verse as it stands in the lesson. "Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to." It is clear that his face was not yellow and his hands stained with cigarettes, nor was there a knowing leer in his eye and a bold and ready answer on his tongue for any respectful question. With this verse in mind take your place in the room where they hire the boys for messengers in our great cities and feel the contrast between the lads who seek work and this sweet country boy. Well may he be anointed by the old prophet as Israel's king, for has he not the kingly qualities of strength, sweetness, and purity?—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson:

Why is work necessary to the continuation of life?

How does it occupy our minds?

In what way will work help to keep us healthy and strong?

What effect does work have on your appetite? On your sleep?

Why do you consider animals useful? How do they work for us?

Name some plants which seem to grow just for our benefit? Some minerals?

Suppose that birds, flowers, trees, etc., should no longer be in the world, what would be the result?

Who created the earth and all that it contains?

What do you think about the power and wisdom of God?

Do you think He would create anything unless there was a good reason for its existence?

Why do you think it necessary for all parts of the earth and its inhabitants to work?

We may choose to be useful or decide to be a hindrance in the world. What value is this choice to us?

Let the class give some of their ideas about their ambitions. What they desire to be when they are men and women and how they expect to prepare themselves to be qualified.

Recite and discuss the memory gem.

LESSON THIRTY-ONE.

The Devil's Workshop.

Aim—Idleness is many gathered miseries in one name.—Richter.

Result Desired—That the children may have healthy contempt for idleness.

Memory Gem:

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

—Longfellow.

Here are some old sayings in regard to idleness:

"An idle brain is the devil's workshop." "Idleness is the nursery of crime." "Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do." Have you ever noticed whether these sayings are true? Have you ever noticed how idleness affects the mind, body and character of the people about you? Are the unhappy, discontented, quarrelsome, fault-finding or worthless people about you those who are busy or idle? Are the pupils in school who are always getting into trouble the busy or the idle ones? Are the boys in your neighborhood who are always in trouble and making nuisances of themselves those who are busy at home, or those who lounge or idle about the street or elsewhere? Idleness affects the body as well as the mind and character. If our muscles are not exercised they become weak, flabby and sometimes useless.

People who use neither their hands nor their heads are apt to become sick mentally, physically or morally. What does it mean to become sick mentally? People who are not obliged to work and who do not care to do work of any kind often become invalids and useless to the world and to themselves. Criminals who are kept in prison without work of any kind often become insane, or, as we say, lose their minds and become deranged. That is what it means to become mentally sick. What is done with persons who become sick in this way? Who pays for the insane asylums or hospitals in which these people are kept?

What does it mean to be sick or diseased morally? When people are sick morally they cannot or do not think or act rightly and they become criminals. What is done with persons who are sick morally? The public—that means your parents and neighbors—are obliged to build jails, prisons, reform schools, houses of detention and correction for them. They are obliged to pay for their food and clothing and for attendants for them. They are a constant burden and expense, and when allowed to go free are dangerous.

What becomes of the idle person who becomes sick physically, and has not means to care for himself? Who builds the hospitals and workhouses where such people are cared for? Who pays for them?

The sick person is always a burden and expense. He is not able to discharge properly his duties as a citizen, and for that reason is not a good or

desirable citizen. This is especially true of the person who is sick morally, whether he is rich or poor.

What usually happens to idlers, if left to take care of themselves? If their relatives do not take pity on them they must depend upon public charity. They must beg or steal or go to the workhouse or become vagrants and tramps.

What is a parasite? One who lives on the labor of others, without contributing in any way to the work of the world, is a parasite. He is a hanger-on. Very small children and invalids must of course be excepted. They would work if they were able.

Are rich people who have not earned their money parasites? Sometimes, but not always. They often do a great deal of work without receiving any pay. They work because they know it is necessary for their health and happiness. They see that the busy people are the happy people. They feel that every man's work is born with him, and that if they do not work they will be compelling other people to do more than their share. They do not wish to become parasites. The sons of rich men who have nothing to do but spend money often become worthless men who throw away their lives.

The Grasshopper and the Bee:

A grasshopper, half-starved with cold and hunger, came to a well-stored bee hive at the approach of winter, and humbly begged the bees to relieve his wants with a few drops of honey.

One of the bees asked him how he had spent his time all the summer and why he had not laid up a store of food, as they had done. "Truly," said he, "I spent my time very merrily in drinking and dancing and singing, and never thought about the winter." "Our plan is very different," said the bee. "We work hard in summer to lay by a store of food against the season when we foresee that we shall want it. Those who do nothing but drink and dance and sing in the summer, must expect to starve in winter."—Selected.

The following story may be related instead of having the questions on the lesson, or the teacher may, if it is desired prepare a list of questions.

Story: "Robert's String of Fish."

"Come on, Dick, let's go fishing," coaxed Robert, pulling in one of the wide, flat-bottomed boats, which were quite safe for even small boys to row, for the small boys had lived every summer at the lake and had learned to be careful.

"I don't want to go," Dick called back. "There isn't any bait, and we cannot fish without bait."

"Well, let's go dig some. We can find plenty."

"Can't, I tell you; there isn't any. I tried everywhere this morning."

"Well, I'm going to try once more," Robert laughed; and taking up the big shovel, he went whistling off into the grove back of the cottage, while Dick curled lazily up in the hammock and began to swing.

Dick liked to fish, if somebody else would dig the bait and clean the fish he caught. But Robert never shirked the hard part. Uncle James, who was sitting at an open window, untangling his best silk line which Dick had borrowed, without permission, and left in the boat wet and tangled, fell to thinking of the difference between these two cousins. Presently, when the line was finished he picked up his cap and strolled away toward the grove. He found Robert, just as he knew he would, digging away with all his might, and carefully searching through every shovelful of earth for the bait, that was so scarce just then.

"Got any, yet?" Uncle James asked cheerfully. Robert showed him a tin with half-a-dozen squirming worms.

"Good! That's doing first-rate. Let me take a hand."

Uncle James was strong, and he worked with a will; and deeper down where the earth was moist he turned up bait enough for a good long fishing trip.

"I'm going with you, you know," he told Robert; and Robert shouted with joy. Uncle James was a skilled fisherman; the boys loved to go out with him.

They came round the cottage together and Uncle James went in for the tackle, while Robert untied the boat and slipped the oars into the rowlocks. Dick slid out of the hammock and came down on the dock.

"Going fishing?" he asked carelessly. "All right, I'll go, too; I've changed my mind."

Uncle James' face clouded. He had made up his mind that Dick must have a lesson.

"Only two people going on this trip, Dick," he said quietly. "I'm sorry, but if you want to fish, you must dig your own bait."

"That's too bad," Robert said, looking pityingly at Dick standing forlorn on the dock.

"Can't help it, Robert; he has to learn!" And Uncle James anchored the boat right over a school of rock bass that kept them busy for a while.

It was just at sunset that they rowed back to the little dock; and Robert carried a string of twenty-two fine bass. Dick was standing at the end of the dock when they rowed up. He looked admiringly at the beautiful fish.

"Will you take me tomorrow, uncle?" he asked. "I've turned over a new leaf—truly, I have; and I'll get up at daylight and dig bait for us both, and Robert, too. And I'll help clean the fish, now."

"All right we'll all go tomorrow," Uncle James said heartily. And Dick worked so diligently that he cleaned over half of Robert's string of bass. He kept his word next morning, too, and with Robert and Uncle James to help to encourage him, he left all his careless ways behind, that summer at the lake.—Alice Miller Weeks.

LESSON THIRTY-TWO.

The Blessing of Work.

Aim—"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs; he most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Result Desired—Admiration and respect established in the minds of the children for all worthy efforts.

Memory Gem:

In life's small things be resolute and great

To keep thy muscles trained; know'st thou when Fate

Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,

"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me!"

—Lowell.

Suggestive Talk:

Review the three previous lessons. Discuss the Aim and the Memory Gem given for this lesson.

Let the class tell what their ambitions are. What kind of men and women they would like to be.

Read the story of Caleb. Joshua 14:6-14. Relate it to the class and add the following:

"It is no small, ordinary man that we are telling about today, neither is

it a young and inexperienced one whose interest lies in the freshness of his youthful cheeks or the buoyancy of his verdant life. It is a man of many years, of ripe experience, one who has seen many campaigns. But do not make the mistake of thinking that Caleb is a poor and helpless old man, worn out with toil, and ready for nothing but death. It is true he is eighty-five years old, but he is a grand man, ready for anything that tests either courage or muscle. In all the nation there were few, either old or young, that could match the supple Caleb.

He had been a man of prodigious activity; there was no rust either on brain or muscle. Caleb had not lived so long because he had never worked, for all through the long march from Egypt, with all its hardships, this man had been in the front. He it was who had stood with Joshua when the report of the spies was called for and he declared that Israel could well afford to go straight at the land that was already theirs by the promise of God. So far as we can read his life in the record of the Bible, it was a straight and fearless one that honored the tribe from which he came.

Ease does not make for long life; good healthy toil, well-trained and -used muscles, with clean living that is guilty of no excesses—these are the things that tend to long life; so never esteem it a hardship that you have regular or even hard work to do. Mr. Gladstone lived and worked till he had put many decades between his birth and death, and how many things he did! He was prime minister of the greatest empire in the world, a theologian of rank, a Greek scholar and editor, an author of many books, a woodsman of skill, and a most delightful man in his home. Such a man was Caleb; he was faithful to duty, to conviction.

The lad who works for a few dollars a week often leaves a position because it is one where he has to work steadily and takes one that is easier. He expects some fortunate chance or some "pull," as he will call it, to do for him what steady, hard application, and that alone, ought to bring him. The youth of today when they see a hard job are very shy of it. Now, here in our lesson we have an old man still keeping in the field of activity and choosing a mountain farm when he might have cultivated a valley. At no time in his life does Caleb become so heroic as when he accepts the challenge of the mountain and sets himself to conquer it. Such a tireless spirit never grows old, never droops from defeat.

We can easily think what Caleb did for the mountain on which he set his home, but we ought not to overlook the things the hard and difficult hill did for its owner. Both received good from the partnership. The mountain felt the stroke of its owner's hand as a dog the caress of its master, and the owner felt the granite of the hill pass into his character and sink into his soul. Every hard job does something for the man who masters it, and you should remember it, as you set out to find your place in the busy world's activity. Caleb's mountain gave him a prospect over the wide, rolling country. He could see everywhere. Every hard task mastered enlarges our horizon and gives us a view of the distant affairs.—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson:

Read and discuss the aim and memory gem given for this lesson.

What is the blessing of work to you?

What is the value of your work to your parents and home?

What is the value of your parents work to you?

How do you believe in the principle of fair play?

What is your opinion of the Golden Rule?

What do you think of a person who becomes useless in the world through bad habits?

What may be done to help overcome such habits?

What is a better way than being compelled to try to overcome bad habits?

How and where do we receive help in the formation of right habits?

What do you think is meant by the statement: "The Spirit of the Lord dwelleth not in unclean tabernacles?" (The tabernacle here meaning the body).

If there be time give the class opportunities to bear testimonies to the blessings which attend those who seek after the Spirit of the Lord.

FIFTH GRADE.

(Children twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Articles of Faith.

Subject for the Month of August—The Book of Mormon.

Divisions:

1. How We Came to Have the Book of Mormon.
2. The Nephites in the Promised Land.
3. Incidents from the History of the Nephites.
4. The Savior amongst the Nephites.

Suggestions:

It is desirable that the children shall become more interested in the Book of Mormon, therefore in the lessons for this month it is suggested that the teachers very thoroughly prepare the lessons to make them as interesting as possible. A number of copies of the Book of Mormon should be in the hands of the teachers to lend to the children for home reading and also to have in the class where specially marked passages may be read aloud in the class.

Volume 3 of The Children's Friend will be found helpful in these lessons.

LESSON TWENTY-NINE.

How We Came to Have the Book of Mormon.

Aim—The events which make up the history of the Church in this age are the most important that history can chronicle.—President Joseph F. Smith.

Development of Lesson Twenty-nine:

Relate the "First Vision," see Life of Joseph Smith by George Q. Cannon, chapter three; or Young Folk's History of the Church by Nephi Anderson, chapter two.

Tell how Joseph Smith received the Book of Mormon from the Angel Moroni. See Life of Joseph Smith by George Q. Cannon, chapter seven, or The Articles of Faith, Lecture fourteen, paragraphs two to four. Give a description of the plates of the Book of Mormon. See Articles of Faith, Lecture fourteen, paragraph fourteen, or Young Folk's History of the Church, chapter four, or Life of Joseph Smith, chapter seven.

Relate how the Prophet gave his life for his religion. See Life of Joseph Smith, chapter sixty-six, or Young Folk's History of the Church, chapter twenty-three.

LESSON THIRTY.

The Nephites in the Promised Land.

Aim—Seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom.—Doctrine and Covenants.

Development of Lesson Thirty:

Relate how Lehi and his family left Jerusalem. I Nephi, 1 and 2.

Relate how Nephi succeeded in getting the plates from Laban. Also tell what the plates were. I Nephi, 3, 4 and 5.

Describe the Liahona and its use to Lehi and his family in their travels. I Nephi 16.

Relate how Nephi and his brethren builded a ship and crossed the ocean. I Nephi 17 and 18.

Describe how the people came to be known as Nephites and Lamanites; their occupations in the new land; the punishment given to those who were rebellious and disobedient. II Nephi 5.

Relate the unbelief of Sherem and how he was punished. Book of Jacob 7.

LESSON THIRTY-ONE.

Incidents from the History of the Nephites.

Aim—Become acquainted with all good books, and with languages, tongues and people.—Doctrine and Covenants.

Development of Lesson Thirty-one:

State the manner in which the Nephites kept their records; how Zarahemla was discovered, and where the people of that city came from.—Book of Omni 1.

Relate how King Benjamin brought peace to his people.—Words of Mormon 1: 12-18.

Relate how King Benjamin taught his sons; his preaching from a tower to the people.—Book of Mosiah 1-2.

Relate how Alma converted and baptized the people and gave them instructions.—Book of Mosiah 18.

Relate how the angel appeared to Alma and its result.—Book of Mosiah 27.

Relate how the two thousand sons of the Lamanites came to the rescue of the Nephites.—Book of Alma 53.

LESSON THIRTY-TWO.

The Savior Amongst the Nephites.

Aim—"Seek learning out of the best books, and also by faith."

Development of Lesson Thirty-two:

Relate how fire came down from heaven to protect the servants of God.—Book of Helaman 5: 13-52.

Describe the terrible storm.—III Nephi 8.

Relate how Jesus first appeared to the Nephites.—III Nephi eleventh chapter.

Relate how Jesus blessed the children.—III Nephi 17: 11-25.

Relate the wonderful promise made to the three Nephites.—III Nephi 28.

Tell of some of the works of the disciples and the happiness which came to the people who kept the commandments of the Lord.—IV Nephi 1.

Tell how the Brother of Jared saw the figure of the Lord.—Book of Ether 3.

Relate some of the last words of counsel given by Moroni before he sealed and hid the plates on which were written the words of the book now known as the Book of Mormon.—Book of Moroni, 10.





THE BOY SAMUEL.—*Reynolds.*

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. IX.

AUGUST, 1910.

No. 8.

HUSHED WAS THE EVENING HYMN.

Hushed was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark:
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

Oh, give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of thy word,
Like him to answer at thy call,
And to obey thee first of all.

—Selected.

HOW WALTER TOOK CARE OF DOROTHY.

"Afraid! That's just like a girl," exclaimed Walter scornfully. "I'm not the least bit afraid to stay alone, father, and I'll see that nothing hurts Dorothy."

"I wish Dorothy wasn't such a coward," said the mother regretfully, as she tied on her veil. "But you will have to stay alone today, for a few hours, at least, for poor Mrs. Dolan is very ill, and I must go to her, while father rides as fast as he can for the doctor at the settlement. You will find cold meat to slice, and fresh cottage cheese in the cupboard for your dinner, and Walter, you must water the cow. Take Dorothy with you, for she may be afraid to stay alone."

"All right, mother," promised Walter, with his most grown-up air. "Don't worry about Dorothy. I'll take care of her."

So his father and mother drove away in the big wagon, leaving the children alone on the ranch. Dorothy wanted to cry, for everything was new and strange about the great prairie, to the little city-bred girl, and as the wagon, with its white canvas cover grew smaller and smaller in the distance, she felt as if she and Walter were just two living dots on its broad surface. But she bravely restrained her tears, and went out to feed the chickens.

After dinner, Walter suggested that they read, to pass away the time. So he took a book down from the shelf, and sat in his father's chair, while Dorothy occupied her little rocker near by, ready to listen. Now, Walter was very fond of teasing his little sister, and he had purposely chosen a book of Indian tales, some of which were quite blood-curdling. As he read on, poor Dorothy began to tremble and cast furtive glances over her shoulder. Finally, she begged him to read something else less terrifying. Walter only laughed.

"Aren't you ashamed to be such a baby?" he teased. "Why, I wouldn't be afraid if a dozen Indians should"—

Dorothy interrupted him with a smothered scream. Her face was white as chalk, and her eyes were wide with terror as she looked. She did not say a word but simply pointed over her brother's shoulder.

He turned slowly and saw, leaning in at the open window, a real-flesh-and-blood Indian. His feather headdress was clearly outlined, and a rifle was carelessly slung across his shoulder! With one wild shriek Walter vaulted over a chair, and made a dash for the next room. From where Dorothy sat, she could see him scrambling under the bed, where the heavy curtains concealed him from sight. She rose and closed the door between the two rooms. Then she glanced back toward the Indian. He was regarding her gravely, but with a flicker of amusement in his keen, dark eyes.

"Huh," he grunted contemptuously, nodding toward the closed door of the bedroom. "Him heap coward!"

"I—I guess—he was afraid," said Dorothy faintly.

Poor Dorothy! This was the first real, live Indian she ever had seen. The redskin's eyes roved about the tidy room as if in search of

something. Then, without more ado, he caught her up, and setting her on his broad shoulder, strode out of the room.

Dorothy never was so frightened in all her life. He must be going to steal her! All the stories of stolen children that she ever had heard came back to her, and she almost fainted. Then she saw that he was taking her toward a bunch of canvas-covered wagons. As they neared the spot, she saw other Indians running hither and thither, as if preparing to make camp. When they caught sight of her, perched upon the redskin's shoulder, they crowded around, jabbering in their own queer language, and the Indian who had brought her passed her on to another, who, after stroking her silky hair for a minute, gave her into the keeping of a fat, greasy squaw, who at once led her away toward one of the wagons. From the wagon she brought out a pair of beaded moccasins, which she put upon Dorothy's bare feet, with many expressions of delight that they fitted as if they had been made for the little girl. Then she took a long strand of bright-colored beads from her own neck, and hung them about Dorothy's. "Pretty papoose!" she ejaculated, standing back, the better to admire her little charge.

At that minute there was a commotion in camp, and another wagon approached. Dorothy's father and mother had returned, and—why, her father was shaking hands with the Indian who had stolen her! She broke loose from the squaw who held her, and with a wild cry of "Father, mother," ran to her father's arms, where for the first time she burst into tears.

"Why, Dorothy, were you frightened? These are friendly Indians, who came through this country on a hunting expedition. I heard they were coming soon, but forgot to mention it. Why, dear, they would not harm a hair of your head. But where is Walter?" looking round in search of his son.

A gleam of mischief came into Dorothy's eyes. "I think," she made answer, smiling through her tears, "that you will find him under the bed."

A few minutes later a very subdued and crimson-faced Walter, covered with dust and perspiration, crept out from under the bed.

Mr. Morely thought he had had his lesson, so he only said, as he patted Dorothy's golden head, "I am glad, Walter, that you took such good care of your sister!"—Daisy Wright Field.

A LITTLE GRAY MOUSE.

Said a little gray mouse, "I will do as I please;
For I smell something nice, and I think it is cheese!"
"O brother!" the rest of the little mice said,
"Do stay here with us, in our warm, woolly bed!
"For mother, you know, when she ventured away,
Said, 'All of you here in your snug home must stay!"
But the little mouse said, "I will do as I please;
For I smell something nice, and I'm sure it is cheese!"
A snap and a squeak. "Oh, what has become
Of your brother?" cried mother mouse, scurrying home.

—Cora A. Matson Dolson.

THE INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.

The following lines, entitled "The Calf Path," written by Sam Walter Foss, plainly show how people are prone to follow any established custom, no matter how foolish. How careful we should be in all our actions to aid in establishing such habits and customs only as are conducive to human pleasure and real advancement. One does not need to study prevailing fashions very carefully in order to see that the many are ready to follow a beaten path, even if, like the Calf Path, it leads them three miles to go one mile. "The Calf Path" is worthy of careful study.

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home as good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.
Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail,
And hereby hangs my mortal tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way,
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew a flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made.

And many men wound in out and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath,
Because 'twas such a crooked path.
And still they fellowed—do not laugh—
The first migration of that calf.
And through this winding woodway stalked.
Because he wobbled when he walked.

This first path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load
Toiled on beneath the burning sun
And traveled some three miles in one.
And thus a century and a half
They trod the first steps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftest fleet,
The road became a village street.
And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf;
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.

A moral lesson this might teach
Were I ordained or called to preach;
For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf path of the mind;
And work away from sun to sun,
Doing what other men have done.
They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in and forth and back,
They still their devious course pursue
To keep the path that others do.
But how the wise old wood-gods laugh
Who saw that first primeval calf!

—The Knocker.

JOE'S LESSON.

"Well, boys, you are in for a little experience, I guess. I have to go to Bornwell tomorrow morning to serve on jury," Mr. Whitley said, coming in from the mail box with an open letter in his hand.

Joe and Phil looked rather pleased than otherwise at this bit of news. The prospect of a week without anybody to "boss" them seemed a matter for congratulation at first sight, but he dispelled this illusion at once.

"I can send word to you every day, you know, and you'll get your orders out there at the mail box."

"Makes it pretty handy, this rural free delivery, don't it? It is one thing to give orders, though, and another to know that they will be obeyed," he said, regarding them keenly.

"We'll do the best we can, father," Phil said. Phil was only fourteen, but he was a pretty trustworthy boy and could usually be depended on to do the best he could to carry out his father's wishes. Joe was a good, steady boy also, but rather headstrong and hard to convince that his own way of doing things was not always the best way, now that he was nearly as tall as his father.

"We'll get along all right, father. We can do all there is to do just as well as you can, so you won't need to worry about the work," he said.

"I ain't afraid but what you will do enough, but it is doing the right thing at the right time that counts. Every business has to have a head, you know, and it takes two arms to do what the head plans just for a small business like this little farm of ours, don't you see?"

Joe nodded, but there was a little incredulous twinkle in his eye that said he felt perfectly competent to do the planning as well as the working if he only had the opportunity. His father saw it and understood just what thoughts were passing through his mind. If there were not so much at stake, it might be a good thing to let the boys try their hand at managing for a while, but there was too much depending on the successful outcome of their work this year to run the chance of failure.

He had planned the next year at the Ferris Institute for both boys

if everything worked out all right. He had not told them yet, because results were so uncertain, but he meant his boys to have a better chance for education than their father had had, if hard work and good management could bring it about.

"The rye won't be ready to draw before Friday probably, but the corn needs going through right away, and so do the beans. Better begin on the corn this morning and work at it until ten o'clock and then go to work at the beans. You had better borrow Mr. Nelson's cultivator if he isn't going to use it and keep both horses going. It is fine weather for killing weeds. And don't forget to watch the mail box for orders," he added, as he started away.

"All right, father. We'll get to work right away," Phil replied, heartily going at once to the barn to harness the horses.

It was a fine day for cultivating. Up and down the long rows of corn the horses went, side by side, leaving each row clean and free from weeds.

"That looks fine. Old Kate and Mollie are dandies to cultivate with. They never step on a single hill," Phil observed, proudly, as they stopped to let the horses cool off a little, and also to refresh themselves with a drink from the pail of ginger and water mother had made, and which they had put under a big elder bush to keep cool.

"Yes, and we've made pretty good time, too. If we keep right at it, we can finish the field one way by night," Joe said.

"Yes, I guess we could, but there are the beans. Father said for us to quit the corn at ten o'clock and go to work on the beans, you know," Phil reminded him.

"Yes, I remember, but I don't see a bit of sense in it. Just as if we couldn't finish the corn today and work in the beans tomorrow. A day's work is a day's work," Joe replied, starting his horse.

"But ain't you going to do as father said? It must be pretty near ten o'clock now," Phil said.

"I'm going to work here a while longer, anyhow. Get up, Mollie!" Joe started on and Phil followed him unwillingly. Father had said for them to work in the beans after ten o'clock, and he must have had some good reason for saying it.

They had never raised any beans before, but Mr. Whitley had concluded to try it this year, as they were bringing a good price, and the shippers were beginning to come into the little village of Breckenridge in search of them, so he would have no trouble indisposing of them. The field was looking fine and bade fair to turn out well. If nothing happened to them, they ought to furnish a good share of the extra money the boys would need. This was what he had in mind when he planted them, and he hoped to get them ready for market in prime condition.

At noon, when the boys turned out, the corn was over half done. When they hitched after dinner to go back to work Joe took the lead and went into the corn-field again.

"Are you going to work here all day?" Phil asked, uneasily.

"Yes, I am. Why, we can have it all done by the middle of the af-

ternoon if we keep to work. What's the use of shifting about, anyway?"

"It looks mighty silly to me," Joe said, testily.

"Because father said so," Phil replied, warmly.

"Well, supposing he did. We will do the corn today and the beans tomorrow, and then they will both be done and what will be the difference, little molly-coddle?" Joe asked, sneeringly.

"There must be a difference, somehow, or father wouldn't have said anything about it," Phil insisted, loyally.

"The difference between tweedledum and tweedledee likely. Father has a lot of old-fashioned notions, and he is pretty set in them sometimes, but I'm going to prove that one of them is a mistake this time," Joe said, chirruping to his horse.

Phil lagged along behind, sullenly. He hadn't exactly the courage to defy Joe and go into the bean field alone, so he followed on up and down the long rows with an uneasy conscience. The corn was finished by three o'clock, and looked very neat and workmanlike, but the horses had been pushed pretty hard and were wet with sweat.

"There, how does that look? Now we will go into the bean field just to keep you from crying, baby. We will get a nice strip done on it before six o'clock, too. O, it takes me to turn off the work," Joe boasted proudly.

When they turned out there was a good quarter of it free from weeds with the rich loam lying fresh and soft between the bright green of the beans.

"We will get at it an hour early tomorrow morning and get it done by noon," Joe said, as they drove the tired horses to the barn. But when morning came it was raining smartly, and rained for a couple of hours. When the sun shone out Joe hitched up the horses and went into the field at once.

"Hadn't we better wait till the mail comes, and see what father says?" suggested Phil.

But Joe scoffed at the idea. "Just as if we didn't know enough to keep at a thing until it was done" he said, going ahead stubbornly.

By extra urging the field was finished by noon, and the steaming, panting horses taken to the barn.

"Father never drives the horses like that. He always stops and lets them cool off. Just look at Mollie—she is all in a lather," Phil said, reproachfully.

"O, it ain't hurt them any; they'll be all right in half an hour. Horses ain't made of sugar nor salt," Joe said, with the ready assurance of sixteen years; but in this instance he found out his mistake, for in half an hour Mollie was rolling and tumbling on the ground in an attack of acute colic. Joe was pretty thoroughly frightened at the results of his fine management, and ran all the way for Mr. Dexter, a neighbor who possessed some veterinary skill, and was lucky enough to find him at home.

"Overheated," he pronounced as the cause at once, and sent Joe to the village for remedies.

As he sprinted along through the hot sun he realized in a measure the strain he had been putting on Mollie.

Father would have let the horses take their time, he knew, and perhaps in this instance his judgment would have been a wise one. He thought so a great many times during the afternoon, for poor Mollie did not get any better, and that night she died.

The afternoon mail brought a line of directions from father which read:

"Keep the horses going through the beans in the middle of the day when they are dry and free from dew, and work in the corn mornings and evenings until both fields are finished. I think the rye will do to draw on Friday, so you had better get it in. It is safer in the barn, because neighbor Watson means to fire his chopping before long."

Phil read it aloud to Joe, who listened uneasily. The whole field had been gone over when it was wet with dew or rain, except the few rows they had done in the afternoon before the dew began to fall. He could not imagine why it was bad for beans to work among them when they were wet, but probably father knew. Phil did not make any comments after he had read the letter. Joe looked so miserable already, he hadn't the heart to reproach him in any way.

Besides, he felt himself greatly to blame also. He might have obeyed orders even if Joe didn't, but he hadn't—he had followed Joe.

The next day was Friday. It was a black Friday for Joe and Phil, and they both shed tears of real sorrow when Mr. Dexter came over with his team and drew old Mollie away into the back pasture where the boys were so disheartened they had no appetite for dinner and left it nearly untasted.

When they went out a thick column of smoke was rolling up into the sky to the west of them.

"Watson's chopping!" they cried, simultaneously, and both started for the rye field. He had fired it on the farther side, and a fresh wind was fanning it briskly across the field over the piles of brush that had lain and dried ever since early spring.

"The rye is gone all right. That fire will be sweeping down along the fence in less than half an hour, and there ain't one chance in a hundred that we can keep the sparks out of the bundles," Joe said, gloomily.

"If we only had Kate and Mollie, we could get it out of the way in short order. Maybe we might borrow a horse," Phil suggested.

But Joe shook his head. "No time for that. By the time we could get one here it would be all in a blaze."

"Well, what is to hinder us from carrying a lot of those shocks back into the field and watching the stubble. We can keep it out of the rye, maybe," Phil said; and Joe caught on to his idea at once and sprang to put it into execution. "Come on! We'll save it yet!" he shouted, with a bundle in each hand, as he dragged them back to comparative safety and ran back for more. It was sharp work, but they persevered, and by the time the flames had reached the piles of brush nearest the fence,

there was a wide stretch of stubble between it and the rye, where they stationed themselves, each with a stout green branch to whip out any incipient fires which might encroach on their territory. It was warm work in the billows of blinding smoke which rolled up from the burning brush, but they stuck bravely to their post and prevented the small fires that started up here and there from making any headway; and when, at sundown, the brush had died down into smoldering, blackened heaps the danger was over.

That night Joe wrote a long letter to his father. He did not spare himself, and took the blame of all the disaster that had overtaken them through his disobedience. It was a thoroughly repentant letter, and although the loss they had incurred was a severe blow and would necessitate another year of hard work and self-denial before Mr. Whitley's plans for his boys' advancement could be carried out, yet on the whole, the lesson Joe had already learned might be of more importance to him than those he hoped to get in his school course. The letter he wrote Joe in reply was one which he cherished all his life and showed to his own boys. It ran:

"My dear Boy: This is a hard lesson to learn, but we all have hard lessons. Life is full of them. We all need them, and the good we get depends on whether we learn them thoroughly; but if you have learned yours, I shall not regret the loss of even so faithful a friend as old Mollie, nor the harvesting of a crop of rusty beans, which, indeed, will not be worth harvesting, because the foundation of every well-regulated life is obedience—obedience to law, the laws of the land and the laws of our heavenly Father, which it takes us a life-time to learn. But rest assured that disobedience in any particular always brings its own punishment sooner or later.

"You did not know my plans for the next year, provided the plans for this year did not miscarry, but I will tell you now. That bean field meant a year at the Ferris Institute for you and Phil, and my greatest regret is that it will put this off for another year at least. However, we will all work together and hope for success."

There were tears in Joe's eyes when he finished reading it, and an earnest resolution in his heart never to forget the lesson he had learned, nor the generous love that had forgiven him.—Mary Morrison.

KIUNA'S KNIFE.

Kiuna was twelve years old. He did not look any bigger than an American boy of nine, but that was because Kiuna was an Eskimo boy, and the Eskimos are small. Kiuna felt very big indeed—big enough to count for something. But other people did not always feel that way about him.

When the white men came to the bay where Kiuna's tribe lived, Kiuna crept up behind them, and stared with all his might. They were

the first white people he ever had seen. Their faces looked strange and ghostly. But they were wonderful men. They had a ship fifty times as large as the biggest kiyak in the tribe. They had guns that spoke like thunder and killed the walrus far beyond any spear throw. But, best of all, they had marvelous things to give away. Kiuna's mother got a magic glass in which she could see herself—that was because she sewed some seal skins for their boots. Kiuna's uncle received a gun, because he went with them a long way over the ice, showing them how to go. But Kiuna was too little and unimportant to get anything but a fish hook; and what he wanted was a knife. Such knives as the white men had, no Eskimo ever had before seen; but only the chief men got one apiece.

Next year, the white men said, they might come back, and hunt musk oxen with the tribe. All year long the tribe talked about it. Kiuna thought a great deal. He wanted a knife. He must show himself able to do something for the white men when they came. So he went to work, and even in an Eskimo tribe, up in the ice, a boy that thinks and works can accomplish things.

Kiuna's father had dogs—many of them—and there were some promising puppies that Kiuna could have, if he would train them. It is hard work to train a dog team, but the boy went at it with all his might. He took the old sledge that his father seldom used, because it was many years old, and rickety. An Eskimo sledge keeps wearing out and being mended for generations, but there was very little of this that was good. Kiuna bound and rebound the weak places with thongs of hide, and put in new pieces of wood and bone wherever he could. His mother helped him, for she was proud to have so clever a son. She showed him how to make the walrus-hide traces and lines, and the long whip he needed. Then the puppies were put into training, and long, hard work commenced, both for team and driver. The dogs tangled up the lines; they quarreled, they knawed the sledge and the traces, they ran all ways at once. But Kiuna thought of the knife, and persevered, day after day, week after week. He fed his dogs well, and kept their feet cleaned from the ice after a hard run. So his team began to be a good team indeed.

When the white men came back, there was Kiuna with a neat sledge and team, waiting on the shore ready to do anything. The young white doctor had been a boy himself. He took a good look at Kiuna, and then jumped on the sledge and pointed to a far-off hill of snow. Kiuna cracked his whip, swung it and off they went in fine style, the dogs pulling together valiantly, for they were full-grown now.

It was an exhilarating ride. After they got back, the geologist of the expedition wanted to go over to the hills, farther away yet. Kiuna took him, and then took one of the young officers of the ship. At the day's end he had not only the coveted knife, but a hammer, and a file, and how happy he was! Don't you think he really had earned them?

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

A SONG FROM THE SUDS.

Queen of my tub, I merrily sing,
While the white foam rises high;
And sturdily wash, and rinse, and wring,
And fasten the clothes to dry;
Then out in the free fresh air they swing,
Under the sunny sky.

I wish we could wash from our hearts and souls
The stains of the week away,
And let water and air by their magic make
Ourselves as pure as they;
Then on earth there would be indeed
A glorious washing day!

Along the path of a useful life
With heart's ease ever bloom;
The busy mind has no time to think
Of sorrow, or care, or gloom;
And anxious thoughts may be swept away,
As we busily wield a broom.

I am glad a task to me is given,
To labor at, day by day;
For it brings me health, and strength, and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say,—
"Head, you may think; heart, you may feel,
But, hand, you shall work alway."

—Louisa M. Alcott.

THE UNATTAINABLE STANDARD.

If the girl had been born in Italy, she might have been a poet, but she came of no dreamy race. Her ancestors had braved the snows of many New England winters, and had bequeathed to her, instead of poesy, energy and a robust body.

It was when she was a mere child, standing, at sunset, in her father's orchard, that the creative desire leaped in her soul. Oh, if she could paint a sky like that! She lay awake that night, longing for greatness. But neither artistic nor musical gifts were hers. She strove to put ambition from her heart. When her village schooling came to an end, she helped her mother in the kitchen.

The railway crossed her father's isolated farm, and a fierce blizzard stalled a train at the foot of the south meadow. The girl and her mother sent basketfuls of food to the famishing passengers. The president of the road came himself to thank the cooks.

"I want to see the woman," he said, "who made that deviled ham," and the girl blushed at his unstinted praise. "I'd give fifty dollars a month if I could have such cooking in my kitchen!" he declared.

Fifty dollars a month! The girl gasped. It sounded like a small fortune.

Within a few weeks the farmer's daughter was preparing the president's meals; she had found her vocation. She had done more than this; she had caught inspiration from her patron's praise, and had resolved to be the greatest cook in the world.

Discouragements and heartaches came to her, as they come to all who set before them a high task; but she did not falter, and her way grew bright. She studied under the best cooks; she had classes of her own; she issued her best receipts in a volume. Her fame spread; money poured in; she became an authority in cookery. Letters came to her from all over the land, telling how brides and matrons had found her little book of priceless value. Yet she never rested on her reputation, but strove continually to surpass her latest efforts, always holding to her first resolve—to be the greatest cook in the world.

She may not quite have reached her girlhood's aim, but happiness was hers in fullest measure. Joyous wifehood and motherhood crowned her years, and husband and children joined in the people's praises of "mother's cooking."

"The unattainable standard of absolute perfection!"—what matter whether it be lifted above the desk, the easel, the violin or the molding-board! To be and to do one's best—this is true greatness, and this can be reached by every soul if the standard is high enough—if it is unattainable.—Selected.

ELLA'S MAGAZINE.

"Isn't it a lovely list, mother?" said Ella, reading out the prospectus of her favorite magazine for the coming year. "There's one splendid serial, all about six girls, and another where a queen comes in; and all my favorite authors are going to write stories. Then there's to be a question box; and the special numbers for Easter and Christmas will be better, it says, than they ever were before. I'm so glad, I'm going to have it another year, for I'm sure every page of it will be perfectly splendid!"

Mrs. Allen smiled at her daughter's enthusiasm. "It's the best magazine for girls in the country, I think," she said, "except one."

"Why, what one is that?" asked Ella, astonished.

"It is called the Girl's Own Magazine," replied Mrs. Allen, with a twinkle in her eye, "and each girl issues it for herself. I enjoyed reading your copy very much last year, though there were some things I would rather you had left out."

Ella smiled and then looked serious. "Go on, mother dear," she said, soberly; "tell me what my prospectus is."

"Well," said Mrs. Allen "the great trouble with the Girl's Own

usually is that there isn't any prospectus. The different numbers just come along, you know, and the editor doesn't seem to plan ahead much. That's why things get in sometimes, I suppose, that the editor would really rather not have in the magazine at all. For instance, your copy last March had a chapter in the school serial"—

Ella flushed up. "It was just horrid, that fuss at school," she said, honestly. "Mother, there won't be any chapter like that again."

"But there was a story I liked very much in the April number," went on Mrs. Allen, "about the happy Easter that some one gave to the crippled girl in Benton's Alley. I hope the editor will have more of that kind this coming year. The summer numbers were full of life and fun, though that picture of the garden, with all the weeds, spoiled the August one. I hope the prospectus promises a different garden sketch for next summer."

"It does," replied Ella, decidedly. "The holiday numbers are going to be different, and contain more about brothers, and," with a laugh, "about how to amuse babies. O, mother, I'm sorry you have to read the Girl's Own, for it's very poor reading, I'm afraid."

"I used to edit one myself," said her mother, "so I can make allowances. Is there going to be a question box? I will help to supply it if there is."

"There's going to be everything," said Ella. "The school serial will be better, I hope, and the Christmas number is going to be a great deal more unselfish and thankful than it was last year. The editor is going to sit down and think very hard every day how to improve each number. To tell the truth, she never had an idea before about her magazine!"

Yet the back volumes are all bound, and must stand on her shelves for the rest of her life," said Mrs. Allen, more gravely. "That is why the Girl's Own Magazine is so important. Every serial in it is but a continuation of the one before it, and every number is bound up with the rest. I want my young editor to remember that, and be careful to make every copy what it ought to be, so that when the Christmas number ends the year, the Christmas spirit of love to God and goodwill to others may be found all through the pages.—Selected.

"That day is best wherein we give
A thought to others' sorrows;
Forgetting self we learn to live,
And blessings born of kindly deeds
Make golden our to-morrows."

—Selected.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

THE DAUNTLESS BOY.

Oh, here's to the boy who forges ahead,
Whatever the obstacles be;
The boy who enters the race with a smile,
And always is buoyant and free;
The boy who has grit to turn from the clouds
A beauteous silver lining;
Who bravely faces the struggle or pain,
And never halts for repining.

It's a grand old race, is this race of life,
For the boy who thinks not of "luck,"
But knows getting through the breakers ahead
Dependeth so much on his pluck.
Smiling, he dauntlessly launches his boat;
As he rows he is smiling still;
And he smiles as he takes the get-there stroke.
Determinedly saying, "I will!"

And he will!—this boy who forges ahead,
Whatever the obstacles be;
The boy who enters the race with a smile
And always is buoyant and free.
Just on ahead, with brilliant success,
His efforts shall surely be crowned,
For the world must yield to the force and pluck
Of the boy who never is downed!

—Exchange.

FIGHTING A RIVER.

The Missouri is one of our largest rivers. It undertook to fight a western railroad some years ago. But the railroad men turned round and forced the fight instead, and conquered. Would you like to know the story of the battle, and how man won against the flood?

The Missouri, to begin with, has banks and bottom of red loam and clay, which melt away and change at the will of the capricious current. The slightest eddy against a bank will eat it out, and new channels can be made by even a slight current. So, when the river decided that it wanted to go round one end of a steel railroad bridge at Cambridge, Missouri, and started to do it, it looked very bad for the bridge. It was a new and strong bridge, but the undermining of the bank beneath its end would send it down in ruin, a tangled mass of metal; and when expert engineers examined the river, and found that the currents were attacking the shore for at least two miles above and below the bridge, they knew the fight was going to be a tremendous one.

But they went into it, just the same. A western engineer doesn't propose to be beaten by any river that runs. They knew the Missouri—there was no use in building a stone breakwater. The river would simply work away till it cut a channel inside it, where it joined the bank, and then undermine it. One breakwater at Cambridge had already gone that way. There must be something heavy, like the stone, yet elastic, like the water; resisting, yet yielding, and joined to the bank so that no current could steal softly in between, and separate them fatally.

The engineers thought it over. Then they sent several hundred men with axes and knives into a willow grove a few miles away. All the young branches and twigs were cut from the trees, and brought to the river. The men now turned weavers, and made mats of willow, hundreds of feet long and wide—great willow-woven carpets, which they floated out on the water's edge, then ballasted with heavy stones till they sank to the bottom, and then tied, finally, to the bank with ropes and pulleys. There were not enough rocks along the river to hold these willow mats down, but big ones were brought from as far as a hundred miles away, and lowered on the mats to hold them tight to the bottom.

But carpeting the banks and bottom was only a beginning. When the whole two miles of shore was covered in this way, the engineers came with fleets of flat boats, and dumped gravel and stones by the boat load on the submerged carpet of willow twigs. The Missouri sulked and eddied, but to no purpose. Before it could undermine the mats, another set of them went on top of the first, then more rocks, stones and gravel, then another willow mat, and so on. The river began to realize that a whole new bank, of a unique kind, was being built for it, hundreds of feet out from the old shore. Nearly a thousand men were at work now, and in addition to extending the mats out into the river, they also made a tight "joint" of stone, gravel and mud where the old bank and new joined, "bending" it so with masses of broken rock that not the strongest or subtlest of currents could get in within fifty feet of the old shore. The whole space reclaimed from the Missouri was large enough for a farm, and cornfields, the engineers planned, were to occupy its upper part.

The Missouri waited until flood time, and then it came down with all its strength. It rose and surged, and rose again. But where it penetrated the stones, it could not get its fingers, so to speak, through the woven net of the willows which held the earth and stone safely in place. Over and over again the flood has tried its best; but the woven bank has never given way, even in the curves and bends, where the river is most dangerous. The Missouri is fairly beaten, and the western engineer smiles.—Mildred Elliott.

WISHING AND WORKING.

The boy who's always wishing
That this or that might be,
But never tries his mettle,
Is the boy that's bound to see
His plans all come to failure,
His hopes end in defeat;
For that's what comes when wishing
And working fail to meet.

The boy who wishes this thing
Or that thing, with a will
That spurs him on to action,
And keeps him trying still
When effort meets with failure,
Will some day surely win;
For he works out what he wishes,
And that's where "luck" comes in!

The "luck" that I believe in
Is that which comes with work,
And no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and shirk.
The men the world calls "lucky"
Will tell you, every one,
That success comes, not by wishing;
but by hard work, bravely done.
—Eben E. Rexford.

A BABY ENGINE.

The smallest locomotive engine in the world weighs twelve grains, and three drops of water fill its boiler. This miniature marvel was constructed by an ingenious American. Despite the fact that it could be placed inside a thimble, it is composed of one hundred and forty distinct pieces, and is held together by fifty-two screws. The stroke of the piston is one-twelfth of an inch, and its diameter is less than one ninth of an inch, yet when it gets in motion it works as if it were the biggest and strongest locomotive that ever ran on rails.—The Youth's World.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

MAKING BABY CLOTHES.

She's busy working day by day,
Her nimble fingers seem to fly,
And as she sews, she hums away,
A snatch of some old lullaby.
'Tis not for her, nor for her own,
This lonely woman daily sews,
So sweet a joy she's never known,
But still she's making baby clothes.

No little child her life has blest,
No little child has found the way,
That leads unto her loving breast;
No little one has romped in play,
And neighbors' children, far and near,
Are now the only joy she knows,
At best it's but a borrowed cheer,
She finds in making baby clothes.

Ah me, what means this world of ours?
So many little ones are sent
To labor through the dreary hours,
In sweatshop and in tenement,
While here a childless woman sighs,
Who with the frailest one of those,
Would count herself in paradise,
And love to make its baby clothes.

The blessed gift of motherhood,
Sometimes, it seems, is ill bestowed;
So many here there are who would
Save little ones from such a load.
But childless and alone they stay,
Like this sweet soul, who only knows,
The joy of making, day by day,
For some one else those baby clothes.

—Selected.

TEACH THE CHILDREN THE VALUE OF MONEY.

Very few people realize the importance of teaching their children how to spend money advantageously. A knowledge of the proper value of money and the responsibility of spending even a small sum is of immense benefit to the children. If you can possibly do so, by all means give the youngsters an allowance. Begin when they are little, with a penny a week, or even a penny a fortnight. And make them understand that they will have that amount of money regularly and no more until the allowance comes due again. Don't let them come begging for pen-

nies whenever they feel like it, but insist that they cannot have them except on the weekly pay day. In the long run, it is astonishing how much more appreciated is pocket money that is given in this way than are the small sums that are intermittently wheedled out of unwilling parents as the result of teasing. Half the pleasures in life are in the delight of anticipation. How many of us can recollect when we were small the pleasure we experienced in earning a dime, and how we would go around talking just how that dime would be spent. It would buy so much—in our childish imagination. Many a time I lay awake in the night, thinking of the wealth of things a few nickels would bring. I would spend the money several times over before I got possession of it. After all, half the pleasures in life comes from anticipation. It's true in middle life as it was in childhood's bright days. Give your children a little money now and then, and carefully teach them how to spend a part of it, so that some substantial gain may come to them along with the trinkets and things their minds crave.—*California Cultivator*.

It is natural for children to like candy; and good candy is wholesome for them, taken at the proper time—which is not between meals. A good plan is to serve it for dessert several times a week; a few pieces are enough for each child. Used in this way it is not extravagant, as it saves the making of others desserts.

"The sweetest music to any parent is the voice of the child's co-operation, and the summer of a father's love is perfected in the hour when the relation of authority is superseded by the sympathy of communion."

"The things we are compelled to do in obedience we make no progress in. They are either obeyed or disobeyed, but are not understood and improved upon.

"The measure of will power is the measure of personal power with a child as with an adult."

"A child with a broken will is not so well furnished for the struggle of life as a child with only one arm, or one leg, or one eye."

"As God, our wise and loving Father in heaven, deals with us, His children, so we as earthly fathers, should deal with our children. We should guard sacredly their privilege of personal choice. . . . All the way along through his training-life, a child ought to know what are to be the legitimate consequences of his chosen action, in every case, and then to be privileged to choose accordingly. There is a place for punishment in a child's training, but punishment is a penalty to an evil choice; it is not brute force applied to compel action against choice."—Patterson Du Bois.

BOOK DEPARTMENT

The Deseret Sunday School Union have published in attractive style A Brief History of Joseph Smith the Prophet, written by himself. We take pleasure in recommending this book to the officers of the Primary Associations. The life of the Prophet should be very familiar history to all workers among children and every opportunity taken to make reference to the wonderful story and its benefits to the human family. The book may be purchased from this office for 25 cents.

BOOKS.

For I would yield the passing hour,
To books and their enchanting power.
They are the harvest of the years,
They give us solace, give us tears;
They re-enforce us, mighty, wise;
Books are the intellect's allies;
They aid the strong and help the weak;
Our stammered thought they plainly speak;
They give our meditations wings
To soar above deceptive things,
That, looking downward, we may view.
The world in its proportions true.

—W. H. Venable.

HOW TO READ A BOOK.

If you wish to remember what you read, it might be a good idea to follow the plan suggested by Lord Macaulay, the great historian, who, in speaking of the time when he was a boy, said, "I began to read very earnestly, but at the foot of every page I read I stopped and obliged myself to give an account of what I had read on that page. At first I had to read it three or four times before I got my mind firmly fixed. But I compelled myself to comply with the plan, until now I can almost recite it from the beginning to the end."

WHAT TO READ.

I counsel you to read books which need thought, which demand close attention. Read fiction, but let it come as the pastry does, after a solid foundation of meat. And among such books let there be the Bible, the greatest book of the world, the masterpiece of literature, the inspirer of the greatest minds.—W. G. Harder.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

THE MASTER'S QUESTION.

Have ye looked for sheep in the desert,
For those who have missed their way?
Have you been in the wild waste places,
Where the lost and wandering stray?
Have ye trodden the lonely highway?
The foul and the darksome street?
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
The print of My wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom
The trembling, neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's name?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy,
With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of Man was among them:
Had nowhere to lay His head.

Have ye carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole?"
Have ye told my fainting children
Of the strength of the Father's hand?
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
To the shore of the "golden land?"

Have ye stood by the sad and weary,
To smooth the pillow of death,
To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
And strengthen the feeble faith?
And have ye felt, when the glory
Has streamed through the open door
And flitted across the shadows,
That there I had been before?

Have ye wept with the broken-hearted
In their agony of woe?
Ye might hear Me whispering beside you
"Tis the pathway I often go."
My brethren, My friends, My disciples,
Can ye dare to follow Me?
Then, wherever the Master dwelleth,
There, too, shall the servant be.

—Selected.

NOTES FROM THE CONVENTION.

The best convention of Primary workers ever held.

Every stake in the Church was represented but two.

The visitors thoroughly enjoyed the new home of the General Board in the Bishop's Building, many taking advantage of the accommodations there provided.

The weather was perfect.

Many expressions of approval were heard for the promptness displayed in the conduct of the sessions. The meetings began on the dot of the time appointed; there were no delays in the presentation of the program, and no lengthy sessions.

The singing and instrumental music was excellent.

The organ recital in the Tabernacle was a musical treat.

The grateful thanks of all were given to the city stakes who so kindly furnished the lunch served between the meetings on Saturday.

CHORISTERS AND ORGANISTS.

Emma Ramsey Morris.

(The interest in this subject was materially increased by the illustrative singing and piano playing given by Emma Ramsey Morris and Effie H. Melior.)

In giving a song drill to the children, the chorister should first make them thoroughly acquainted with the words, before beginning the melody.

The children should have a definite idea of the meaning of not only individual words, but of the thought and message conveyed by them. Any song that is worth singing at all is worth singing well.

The chorister, if not a thorough musician, should have at least a correct idea of the rudiments of music, the time, tempo, value of notes, accent and phrasing.

These are absolute essentials to the best success and can be learned in a comparatively short time.

When possible the board should select for a chorister one who understands thoroughly the elementary rules of music and singing because where children are drilled wrong in these things, bad habits of singing stay with them for years, and a great deal of time, money and energy must be expended later on by the parents to have these faults overcome.

In wards where it is impossible to find a chorister who understands these things, I think some intelligent, energetic person should be chosen, and if she is not financially able or is not willing to pay for music lessons, she should be given a certain number of lessons at the expense of the ward or association with the understanding that in return she must give her services for a certain length of time to the drilling of the Primary children.

The chorister should insist upon a distinct enunciation, should instruct the children how, when and where to breathe, in order that the syllables of the words are not divided on account of lack of breath and that the poetical sense of the phrase is not spoiled.

I can perhaps best illustrate my meaning by giving as an example the familiar hymn of "Oh, my Father," which is so much sung by all of our church organizations and in most cases given an entirely wrong rendition from a musical standpoint.

A knowledge of a few simple rules on the part of the chorister would prevent such glaring mistakes, and would tend to bring out all the hidden beauties of text and music, e. g. (wrong) accent, separating syllables by breathing in the wrong place.

"O my Fath-er, Thou that dwell-est
In the high and glorious place!
When shall I re-gain Thy pres-ence,
And again be-hold Thy face?
In Thy holy habitation,
Did my spirit once reside?
In my first, pri-meval childhood,
Was I nur-tured near Thy side?"

One good general rule to follow in breathing is this:—

"Let the voice take a pause just where it would naturally do so if you were reciting the poem instead of singing it,

"O my Father, Thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place!"

or this last sentence all in one breath is a little better, but it isn't wrong to take a breath after *high*, as the voice in speaking would pause there, but never after *and*.

Songs should be chosen which suit the range of the average child not too high or too low in pitch, but more in the middle voice.

The spirit of the different songs should be considered. A patriotic song like "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," should be sung with a good lively swing and marked rhythm, and not like a hymn.

Even the hymns should not be dragged out and slurred from one note to another, as is so often done in—

"We thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet
To guide us in these latter days;
We thank thee for sending the Gospel
To lighten our minds with its rays;
We thank Thee for every blessing
Bestowed by Thy bounteous hand;
We feel it a pleasure to serve Thee,
And love to obey Thy command."

Every line of that hymn breathes out a sincere and devout spirit of thankfulness and gratitude to God.

They are words of divine inspiration as most of our beautiful hymns are. And if properly sung with spirit and interest, instead of being mumbled, they can be made as they were intended to be, a very potent factor in filling the hearts of the children of Zion with a deep reverence for God and for the Gospel which He has sent to us through His holy prophets.

We all know that music in any kind of a meeting, political, social or religious, is a great directing if not a controlling power in the spirit of the meeting. Sometimes a well sung hymn seems to bring such a spirit of peace and harmony to a meeting that it is easy for the speaker to begin his remarks instead of his having the feeling that he must still wait for the Spirit of God to be made manifest.

If the words of a divinely inspired hymn are unintelligibly mumbled and the time dragged out, the whole spirit of the beautiful words may be entirely lost sight of. It is easy to speak the words plainly, and to do so adds so much more to the enjoyment of the listener.

The Primary children should be given some good patriotic songs, because true patriotism is a part of the Gospel. The following is a good list of songs, for general use. They are good in range and sentiment, tuneful and interesting to the children: "Spring," "Christmas Cradle Song," "Let the Little Children Come," "As a Little Child," "Hail Columbia," "Star Spangled Banner," "America," "Be in Time," "In Our Lovely Deseret." "We are Bees of Deseret," is a fine song for children in all respects except that it is too high in range for the average child and when sung should be transposed to a lower key. A great many beautiful natural voices are often ruined in childhood by the teachers giving them songs which are entirely too high for young, undeveloped voices, and telling the children to sing out on them. Children should not be allowed to sing too loud. Shouting isn't singing.

Look more for quality than power, more for beauty of tone and blending.

Organists should always play loud enough for the children to hear the accompaniment distinctly. They should bring out clearly the leading part so that the children are better able to stay in tune.

When the accompaniment is weak, they cannot hear their key note, and consequently sing off pitch.

The organist should also mark the time well and keep up the tempo and thus aid the chorister very materially in observing the correct movement of the piece. Good, dignified marches should be played by the organist instead of the foolish and injurious rag-time that is so often used for the children to march in and out of class exercises.

Rag-time should be absolutely barred from any place in our religious organizations.

As a certain style of music it may have a place of its own, but that place is decidedly not in the Primary Association, or in any religious gathering. It mars entirely the spirit of the meeting. Often the words of these rag-time and coon songs are vulgar and suggestive and when the tunes are played the children's minds naturally revert to the words belonging to the melody. The effect is anything but uplifting or beneficial. It has been said of us that the Latter-day Saints establish their religion in the hearts of their children greatly by the means of music. This is true to a certain degree, but not as true as it might be nor as it should be. But music can be used as a great medium for instilling the highest ideals into the hearts of the children, so let us strive to have in our Primary Associations as in all others the very best music.

PRIMARY LIBRARIES.

Ida B. Smith.

"Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good,
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness can grow."

—Wordsworth.

"A good book may be among the best of friends. It is the same today as it always was, and it will never change. It is the most patient and cheerful of companions. It does not turn its back upon us in times of adversity or distress. It always receives us with the same kindness; amusing and instructing us in youth, and comforting and consoling us in age.—A good book is often the best urn of a life, enshrining the best thoughts of which that life was capable; for the world of a man's life is, for the most part, but the world of his thoughts. Thus the best books are treasuries of good works and golden thoughts, which, remembered and cherished, become our abiding companions and comforters.—The good and the true thought may in time of temptation be as an angel of mercy purifying and guarding the soul. It also enshrines the germs of action, for good thoughts almost invariably inspire to good works.

"Books introduce us into the best society; they bring us into the presence of the greatest minds that ever lived. We hear what they said and did; we see them as if they were really alive; we are participators in their thoughts; we sympathize with them, enjoy with them, grieve with them; their experience becomes ours, and we feel as if we were, in a measure, actors with them in the scenes which they describe.

"While books are among the best companions of old age, they are often the best inspirers of youth. The first book which makes a deep impression on a young man's mind often constitutes an epoch in his life. It may fire the heart, stimulate the enthusiasm, and, by directing his efforts into unexpected channels, permanently influence his character."—Smiles.

Thomas Hood says, "A natural turn for reading and intellectual pursuits probably preserved me from the moral shipwrecks so apt to befall those who are deprived in early youth of their parental pilotage. My books

kept me from the ring, the dog-pit, the tavern, the saloon. The closest associate of Pope and Addison, the mind accustomed to the noble though silent discourse of Shakespeare and Milton, will hardly seek or put up with low company and slaves."

We take it for granted that the workers in the Primary Association need no argument in favor of the influence of books, the purpose of which is to convert. It is too generally true, however, that there are far too many homes where no practical library is had, and by far too many other homes where the libraries possessed consist of books beyond the realm and interest of children, as well as containing some volumes which would be positively injurious to the juvenile mind.

The officers and teachers of the Primary Association are charged with the instruction and guidance of great numbers of children who come from just such homes, children of inquiring minds, lively imaginations, and youthful curiosity, whose very souls are in search of knowledge. The responsibility of satisfying these little souls and of directing these immature minds rests to a great extent upon their teachers. As a great deal of the knowledge they acquire must be taken from books, and as the teachers themselves must depend largely upon books for the information they impart, it will be readily seen how necessary is the library and how important, and even vital, is the selection and assortment of books of which it is composed.

Another prominent fact in this connection is the lack of judgment of many older people in buying books, their thoughtlessness in selecting papers and magazines and the pronounced indifference exhibited by them towards the character of the books and reading that interest the children. Parents often refer with pride to the son or daughter who is a "great reader," but when asked what kind of reading the child seems most interested in, they will too frequently answer, "Oh, I don't know, anything so long as it is a book." Such a child, if carefully directed and given wholesome literature, will have his mind enlightened and his intellect and every latent virtue and power healthfully stimulated, and his desire for reading will prove an incalculable and everlasting benefit to him. The same child, on the other hand, if allowed to indulge his appetite for reading with bad, trashy, sensational, and immoral books, will be equally stimulated in evil impulses and impure thoughts: his mind in time will become vitiated, his heart corrupt, and this results in deeds of wickedness and violence. He becomes his own worst enemy and an actual menace to the community, and lives a wasted and misspent life, and dying, leaves the world poorer for his having been in it and richer for his departure.

This question of books has been considered by the General Board seriously and thoughtfully, and in order to secure good literature for children, it recommends the establishment of libraries in Stake Boards and local associations throughout the Church.

There are now about twelve thousand officers and teachers who are qualifying themselves for the instructing of fifty thousand children. These officers and teachers are all willing and ready to work and study, if they but know where and how to get the books. But there are many who do not have access to libraries at this time, and the importance of this movement to build up libraries of books will be clearly seen.

In order to assist the associations in this good work the General Board has appointed a committee of its members, whose duty in this regard is to choose books, carefully read and discuss them, and then select such as will be safe, profitable, and uplifting as well as entertaining and interesting, both for teachers and children.

This committee will consider books suitable for all grades and ages of children, as well as books benefiting older and more mature minds. Each book approved by them will be properly listed and copies of the lists will be sent to all associations.

Libraries already established need careful overhauling and enlarging as

fast as means will permit; for in libraries, as in gardens, without close attention, weeds are apt to creep in and spoil the growth of the choicest flowers.

With the establishment of libraries in the Primary Association comes the call for keen judgment on the part of the librarian. She must understand child nature that she may be able to select for each child the book which will guide him along the best paths of development. For a moment picture yourself as a librarian. You have a group of children asking for books. They are of various ages, widely separated in taste and temperament, no two at all alike in disposition, and all viewing life from as many points as there are children. You must supply the wants of each. Suppose one is a refractory, wilful boy, who has been permitted to roam the streets and seek his own associates and books, and otherwise do much as he pleased; his ideal of great manhood is likely to be the dime novel hero, the pirate sea captain, the outlawed desperado. The exciting and sensational appeals to him. Books, therefore, must be put into his hands which will satisfy and suit his peculiar temperament and at the same time engage his attention. Here is the chance for biography, the story of the valiant deeds of great, true, and patriotic men of actual history.

"The great lesson of biography is to show what man can be and do at his best. A noble life put fairly on record acts like an inspiration to others. It exhibits what life is capable of being made. It refreshes our spirit, encourages our hopes, gives us new strength and courage and faith—faith in others as well as in ourselves. It stimulates our aspirations, rouses us to action, and incites us to become co-partners with them in their work. To live with such men in their biographies, and to be inspired by their example, is to live with the best of men and to mix in the best of company."

If a child is weak in any particular, the librarian has the opportunity of furnishing him with the books which will strengthen his particular weaknesses. For instance: if he lacks in imagination, give him choice fairy tales to read; if he cares little about nature, give him books that tell about the world and its beauties, and he will in time learn to love them. She can also help to keep him from forming the habit of reading a book through hurriedly, and thinking he is done with it forever, by helping him to find some of the beauties of it and giving him a desire to read it again and again. He will then derive good from his reading. "In literature," said Lord Dudley, "I am fond of confining myself to the best company which consists chiefly of my old acquaintance, with whom I am desirous of becoming more intimate; and I suspect that nine times out of ten it is more profitable, if not more agreeable to read an old book over again, than to read a new one for the first time."

So the librarian's duties are many and varied. She not only cares for the books, receives them, lists them, etc.; but she is acquainted with their contents; she has read and studied them and has learned to look upon them as friends with whom she wants others to become acquainted. She is in a position to shape and mold, to a certain extent, the lives of the children who are seeking for knowledge and entertainment. Therefore, care must be taken in choosing one to act in the capacity of librarian.

Let us do our part to bring the library within the reach of the children. As Walter Taylor Field says:

"In the country farmhouse, in the city tenement, and in the schoolroom, as well as under its own roof-tree, it is bringing to them the knowledge of a great new world—a world of opportunity, of encouragement, of delight. It is extending their vision over distant lands and bygone centuries, acquainting them with the secrets of nature and the mysteries of science, opening their hearts to the sweet influences of poetry, and pointing out to them the path of righteousness and truth."

MARGARET C. HULL.

Many of the Primary workers throughout the Church will be pleased to learn of the honors which are being earned by one of the General Board, now in New York, on leave of absence, studying the arts and sciences of domestic duties.

"At a recent election of officers of the Household Arts club, a student organization in Teachers' College, Columbia University, Miss Margaret Hull of Salt Lake was elected president. The competition was keen, but the splendid record made by Miss Hull throughout the college year won for her a host of friends, who insisted that she accept the nomination, and who finally elected her. The club includes most of the students from the domestic science school, the domestic art school and the hospital and economic school, and is one of the leading student organizations in Columbia university. By virtue of being president of this club, Miss Hull has a vote in the executive council which regulates student affairs at Columbia. It has been many years since a Utah student has won such recognition in Columbia, and the many western friends of Miss Hull can feel justly proud of the honor conferred upon her."

VALUE OF PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

"Children are affected and influenced by the personal appearance of their teacher far more than she suspects. Instinctively children recognize the fact that health and beauty permeate the soul from the body; and her bearing, attitude, movements, tones, are to them indexes of her character and culture. 'Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost? * * * Therefore, glorify God in your bodies.' There is no use in preaching to children unless the teacher furnishes them an ideal toward which to work. Let the teacher carry herself like a free, noble woman instead of a slave, before she asks her pupils to stand erect.—A. Beckman.

WORTH WHILE.

It's never worth while to grumble
At the trials we meet on the way;
'Twill likely but cause us to stumble
O'er the pleasures we might have today.
And it's never worth while to frown if a smile
Will drive a care-wrinkle away.

It's never worth while to borrow
More trouble than falls to our share.
We all have enough of real sorrow,
We all have a portion of care.
But it's never worth while to frown if a smile
Will help some one his burden to bear.

It's always worth while to be living
To help some one else to be true.
There is something we each can be giving
Something we can say or can do—
And I think it's worth while, though it's only a smile,
To be ready to give it. Don't you?

—F. H. L. P.

RECITATIONS

LIGHTS OF DIFFERENT KINDS.

When grandma was a little girl,
And was sent up to bed,
She carried then a "tallow dip,"
Held high above her head.

When mamma used to go upstairs,
After she'd said, "Good-night,"
Her mother always held a lamp
So she could have its light.

As soon as sister's bed-time came,
When she was a little lass,
If she found the room too dark,
Mamma would light the gas.

Now, when the sandman comes for me,
I like to have it bright;
So I reach up and turn the key
Of my electric light.

And maybe my dear dolly,
If she lives out her days,
Will see right through the darkness
With the magical X-rays!

—St. Nicholas.

THE PUPIL'S FATE.

The things it takes to educate
A little child are truly great.
I have to write upon my slate
How many times are six times eight,
And learn to figure out a rate
And tell the different kinds of weight.
Then there are things to calculate,
And others which I must equate;
And there are things to illustrate,
And some which I must demonstrate.
I have to learn most every date,
Events in h'istory relate,
And name each country and each state.
My spelling must be accurate;
My lines of writing must be straight
I have to learn to meditate,
And also reason and debate,
And compositions hard create,
And foreign languages translate,
My ear for music cultivate.
I learn before I graduate
More things than I can estimate!

—The Youth's Companion.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

LESSON THIRTY-THREE.

Politeness.

"If a lady in the street,
Or my teacher I should meet,
From my head my cap I take,
And a bow like this I make.
Now I fold my arms up so,
To my seat I softly go."

Development of Lesson Thirty-three.

Who would like to know how many children there are here today? How can we find out? (Count.) How many teachers are here? (Count.) Suppose that when we came in this afternoon there had been chairs enough in the room for —— children and for —— teachers. Suppose that after we were in our chairs the door had opened and the Bishop had come in with a little boy, and had said to us, "Good afternoon, children; I have brought a little visitor today," and had brought him to the circle, would there have been a chair for the little visitor? Suppose we had not been able to find a chair anywhere for the visitor, what would we have done? Would we have asked the visitor to sit upon the floor? What would we have done? (Let the children tell you if they will; if they are not ready to answer proceed as follows:) I think that some little child would have been willing to sit upon the floor, and would have said to the visitor, "Please take my seat." If the visitor did not know how to march, what would we have done when we marched. Why would we have given him a chair and helped him to march? Yes, because we would have wished to show him that we were glad to have him visit us, and because we would have wished to make him happy.

Would you like to know what the Bible says we are doing when we think of others before we think of ourselves, and when we try to be kind to visitors and to make them happy before we try to make ourselves happy? The Bible says that thinking first of others is "preferring one another."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "Elisha:"

"I have a story from the Bible to tell you today of a father and a mother, and of a teacher who was often a visitor in the father's and mother's home.

Elisha was a teacher who traveled from city to city and from town to town to teach the people about the Father in heaven, and about ways of loving and pleasing him. There were no cars for Elisha to ride in, no stores (use the word "restaurant" if the children will understand it) along the way where he could go to buy something to eat, and but few places where he could go to rest, and often as he walked from place to place he grew very, very tired and hungry.

One day, as Elisha was passing the house of the father and mother of

whom the story tells us, the mother saw him and asked him to come into the house to get something to eat, and to rest. Elisha, who must have been hungry and glad to be asked to rest, went into the house, and the mother, who thought of her visitor before she thought of herself, brought bread, meat, and other things that Elisha would like to eat, and never thought it the least bit of trouble to do all she could to make him welcome. Before Elisha went away she asked him to come again, and told him to stop at her house to rest and to get something to eat whenever he passed by.

Elisha was such a wise teacher and such a loving friend that the father and mother were glad to have him for their visitor, and wished to do far more for him than give him something to eat and let him rest awhile when he came to see them. They wished they had a room in their house to give him for his own, so that he could stay with them as long as he wished to do so. But they had no room to give Elisha, and they did not know what to do until they thought of making their house larger by building a room, and that is what they did. (Tell about the room and its furnishings.)

How do you think Elisha felt when he came to his friend's house and found such a nice room all ready for him? Yes; very glad and thankful, and as though he would like to do all that he could to make his friends happy. When friends try to make one another happy and try to please others before they please themselves, it is doing as the Father in heaven wishes us all to do, and is "preferring one another."—Selected.

LESSON THIRTY-FOUR.

Obedience.

Memory Gem:

"Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child cannot repay,
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey."

Review of Lesson Thirty-three:

Retell the story of Elisha and add the remainder of the incident as related in II Kings, chapter 4.

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Development of Lesson Thirty-four:

Recite the memory gem and talk about the daily blessings of food, clothes, home, parents, happy play, etc., which are enjoyed through the kindness of the Lord. Help the children to understand that in obeying mother and father is one way of saying "Thank you" to the Lord.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "Joseph:"

I have a Bible story to tell you of a boy who one day was asked by his father to put aside what he was doing and do something for him. The boy's name was Joseph. Joseph had ten brothers who were older than he was and one that was younger. Joseph himself was not a very little boy, as you can see, for each day he was growing taller and stronger. He was so tall and strong that sometimes his father let him go with his ten older brothers to watch and tend the great flocks of sheep and goats. But oftener his father kept him and his younger brother, Benjamin, at home.

One day, when the sun, I think, was shining brightly, and the sky was as blue as blue could be, and the grass was green, and flowers and birds made the world more fair, the father called to his son Joseph, who as quickly as he heard his father's voice answered, "Here am I." Now it happened at this

time that the ten older brothers were feeding the flocks out in the fields and were far from home. They were so far away that I think they did not come home from their work at night, as your fathers do. I should not be surprised if they had not been home for many days, for when Jacob, their father, called Joseph, his son, he said to him, "Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks; and bring me word again." I do not think he would have sent Joseph away into the fields if the brothers had just gone away that morning, or if they were coming home that night. Fathers usually have very good reasons when they ask their children to do errands for them, and I think Jacob had a very good reason, and that he sent Joseph because he had not heard from his ten big sons for a long time, and wished to know how they were.

Joseph, who had said, 'Here am I,' when his father called, left whatever he was doing and did as his father had asked him to do, and went out through the fields to see if his brothers were well and happy, to see if the flocks of sheep and baby lambs and goats had food and water, and to bring his father word again.

What do you suppose Jacob, the father, said, as he watched Joseph his son go through the fields in search of his brothers? I should not be surprised if he said to himself, what all fathers say when their children obey them willingly, "I am glad for such an obedient child."

How do you suppose Joseph felt as he obeyed his father? I think he felt glad and happy, for the loving heavenly Father sends a glad, happy feeling to all who willingly do as they are told.—Selected.

LESSON THIRTY-FIVE.

Patience.

Memory Gem:

"If you've tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done,
Just by patient trying."

Review of Lesson Thirty-four:

Retell briefly the stories of Elisha and Joseph.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Thirty-five:

Recite the memory gem and have a talk about the little duties which the children should do for themselves, such as hanging up their clothes, putting away toys, helping mother to set the table, run errands, take care of baby, etc. Tell how Jesus helped His parents when He was little.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story. "Big and Little:"

"Grandpapa," said little Paul West, as the children crowded round their grandfather, by the winter fire, to hear one of his wonderful stories, "tell us, please, how we may grow big at once. I want to be a man without waiting so long."

"My dear boy," said the kind old man, smiling, and patting Paul on his shoulder, "better wait, and be patient, and enjoy your youth, as you will learn from my story.

"Well, once on a time, the cucumber and the acorn went to Wishing Gate. There, perhaps you know, you can have your wish, whatever it may be; but I think you had better be careful before you make it.

"Now, the cucumber wished to grow big at once; but the acorn was not

in such a hurry. He was content to wait, if only he might grow into a large tree some day.

"Of course they had their wishes, and so the cucumber grew big at once. He lay sprawling all over the garden, and hardly left room for anything else to grow. The acorn grew slowly, just showing two or three leaves, to the joy of the cucumber, who said that it served him right.

"But the acorn did not mind: he was patient, only sometimes a little weary of waiting so long, and he bided his time without saying a word.

"The cucumber, after filling the garden with his great leaves, and saying rude and saucy words to all the young plants round about, was laid hold of, of a sudden, by Jack Frost, who was getting rather tired of his airs and graces, and shriveled up in one morning. So the cucumber withered away.

"But when the patient acorn had waited many, many years, he grew into a fine, stout, old oak. He spread out his broad leafy hands over the old men and women, whom he had known when they were young. He seemed to be giving them his blessing, nor was he niggardly of it; for he gave it not only to the grandparents, but to their children, and their children's children. Who wouldn't wish to be an oak?

"Why, when they cut up the cucumber, it only made Edwin very ill. He ate it for supper, with pepper and vinegar, and the next day they had to send for the doctor, who gave him bitter doses.

"But when, after very many years, they cut up the good old oak, it was to build a big ship, that Ralph might be the captain of it, and sail all over the sea."

"I'll be an oak," said Paul, "if I wait ever so long. But do you know, grandfather, where that Wishing Gate is to be found?"—Selected.

LESSON THIRTY-SIX.

Kindness.

Memory Gem:

"To think kindly of each other is well;
To speak kindly of each other is better,
But to act kindly to each other is best of all."

Review Lesson Thirty-five:

Retell story "Big and Little" and let the children choose what they would wish to be when they grow big.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Thirty-six:

Relate the story of the kindness of the Lord when He fed five thousand hungry people.—Matthew 14: 15-21.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "Old Friends or New."

Madge stamped her tiny foot. "Beatrice is just horrid, mother! I don't think she's dear any more, and I'll not speak to her the next time I see her! Since that wonderful new cousin of hers came she hasn't even looked at me. Isn't she naughty?"

Mother looked up in surprise at this outburst, for Madge and Beatrice had been such fast friends.

"You'll find, Madge," she said, "that Beatrice hasn't meant to neglect you. Probably the new little cousin takes up most of her time, that's all."

Soon after, mother heard Madge's merry laugh as she raced down the

lawn with Dusky, the fox terrier, her companion, scampering at her heels or racing wildly about.

At tea time Madge rushed in, in great excitement. "Oh! what do you think, mother? Jones has a surprise for me. He's kept it for two weeks. There are kittens, three live kittens in the barn, and Jones says I may have them, now that they have their eyes open!"

The next afternoon Madge sat out under the trees on the lawn, and the three new kittens scampered and frisked about her. Then Dusky appeared round the corners of the house! His string of bells shook, and he gave a number of short sharp little barks of disapproval, as much as to say: "What's this that's happened? Where did those stupid little fluffy fur balls come from? I'll soon drive them off!" And he ran right in amongst them, snapping and barking.

"Naughty Dusky!" cried Madge catching him up. "You mustn't touch the darlings. Run off and behave yourself. I have three kittens to play with now."

Mother came up just then. "Why, that's Beatrice, Madge!" she exclaimed.

"Where, mother, where?" and Madge jumped up and shook her skirts. The kittens flew in every direction, and Dusky jumped about barking excitedly.

"It was something that reminded me so much of Beatrice, dear, that I couldn't help saying it. You always have been so devoted to Dusky, and now he looks quite neglected. You've forgotten him—that's all."

"Not a bit, mother," and Madge sprang and caught up her old pet. "I guess I didn't think, Dusky. I do love you, though the kittens are so fat and furry. Mother, it must have been that Beatrice just didn't think, too."

At that moment Beatrice came running up, the walk. "O Madge!" she cried, "it's so lovely to have you again. Poor Cousin Fan was so dainty and delicate that I've just had to spend every minute of my time amusing her, and I've missed you terribly. But now let's make up for lost time," and the two little friends soon were having a merry romp with Dusky and the new family kittens.—H. M. F.

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Lord's Prayer.
Topic for the Month of September—Temptation.

Divisions:

1. Temptation to be Disobedient.
2. Temptation to be Selfish.
3. Temptation to be Dishonest.
4. Temptation to be Unjust.

LESSON THIRTY-THREE.

Temptation to be Disobedient.

Aim—Whatsoever we beg of God, let us also work for it.—Jeremy Taylor.

Result Desired—That the children may realize a little of the justice as well as necessity of obedience.

Suggestions:

Read the lessons on this subject given in last year's Friend, November number. Repeat the Lord's Prayer and take up especially the section, "Lead

us not into temptation." Explain as simply as you can the meaning of the word temptation. Relate some personal experiences when you were tempted to be disobedient; let the children tell about some of the daily duties which they are required to do and how they are tempted to leave them undone. Relate the incident of Jesus and the doctors in the temple, to illustrate the obedience of the Savior to his mother. Use the poem, "A Little Gray Mouse," page 425.

Memory Gem:

"Even I, a little child,
May help some one today,
I can make my parents glad
If quickly I obey."

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Story, "Edna's Lesson:"

"Say, mother, may John and I go to the picnic?"

Edna's face was aglow and her eyes were like shining stars. If her mother would only say, "Yes," she would be the happiest little girl in Sanbornville.

John did not show quite so much interest in the affair, for the reason that he had just graduated from dresses into trousers—trousers with suspenders that went up over a little spotted shirt, and were turned up at the bottom, just like "big brother's." To tell the truth, he was fully as much interested in his pockets, as in the picnic to which his sister was so anxious to take him.

"I don't know about letting John go with you, dear. He was a baby, only yesterday; even trousers have not made a man of him," Mrs. Hastings answered, laying a fond hand upon John's head, while her serious eyes met the bright ones raised so pleadingly.

"I'll take real good care of him if you'll only let him go, mother!" urged Edna. "Winnie Gay is going to take her little brother, and they can play together."

As the picnic was only an after-school affair, to be held in the woods not far from home, Mrs. Hastings at last consented; at the same time instructing Edna not to lose sight of John for one minute.

"I'll not, mother; I'll watch him all the time," promised the little girl, as she seized her brother by the hand that had crept out of his pocket to meet her own and hurried him off in the direction of Lyman's woods.

When they reached the woods, Edna found her teacher, Miss Gray, and a lot of her little schoolmates, picking violets which grew in such abundance that the children had named the place Blue Hill.

Down she went upon her knees on the soft grass, and soon was so interested in striving to have her bunch of violets outstrip Winnie's, that she forgot all about John who had started in picking beside her, until Miss Gray came along and inquired for him.

Edna sprang to her feet and looked round.

"Why, he was right here a minute ago, Miss Gray. I am sure he was!" she declared with a frightened look upon her face.

Then Winnie discovered that her brother Clyde was missing, also. It now became evident to all that the children must have wandered off into the woods. Edna dropped her flowers, and her face turned very pale as she seized Miss Gray's hand, exclaiming: "I promised mother to watch John every minute; but just as soon as I began to pick violets I forgot all about him. O Miss Gray, do—do—you think he is l—l—lost?" she sobbed.

"I do not think the children can be lost in so short a time," Miss Gray assured Edna in a comforting tone; "but we must begin searching for them at once."

So off the little picknickers started, their pleasure instantly changed to

anxiety. Some went one way, some another, all calling the names of John and Clyde, until they were hoarse. At last Edna, who had kept ahead all the time, cried out: "I've found them, Miss Gray! I've found them!"

All rushed to the spot; and there, at the foot of an old oak tree, lay the two little boys, fast asleep in each others arms.

John woke first, and Edna smiled through her tears to see one hand creep into his pocket as if uncertain whether he should find it there.

This, of course, broke up the picnic, and all started homeward, so thankful they had found the children that they forgot to regret the good time they had lost.

When Mrs. Hastings heard the story as Edna related it to her, never once sparing herself from blame, she drew her little girl to her, saying, "It is not easy to resist temptation; will my little darling try to remember?"

"Yes, mother," answered Edna; "and if John ever gets lost again, it will not be my fault. I think the picnic has taught me a lesson."—Helen M. Richardson.

LESSON THIRTY-FOUR.

Temptation to be Selfish.

Aim—"If we would have the child cease to do evil we must teach him to do well."

Result Desired—That the children will develop the power to choose to do right.

Suggestions:

Review stories in last lesson. Discuss with the children what it was that tempted Edna so that she forgot about her little brother. Let the children tell about personal experiences of disobedience. Help them to understand why parents must be obeyed or serious trouble would be sure to happen. Impress the fact that it is the love that parents have for their children that makes them want the boys and girls to do right. Relate the story of the Good Samaritan (Luke 10: 30-35). Tell plainly so that the children will see how the priest and the Levite were tempted and did wrong and how the Samaritan having the same temptation had the power to do right.

Memory Gem:

"If you have anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it."

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Story, "The Cake Baby:"

Norah always made a cake baby for Florette every Saturday when she made cookies, and although the little girl was seven years old she looked forward to it, from week to week, and generally divided the cake with her friend Dorothy, whose home was very near to her own.

One Saturday morning, however, just after the cake came into her possession, Florette's mother said to her, "My little daughter, I have a proposal to make to you. You know the little lame girl who lives in the big house on Rome street?"

Florette nodded her head thoughtfully.

"Well, I wish you would take the cake baby, with his currant eyes and red sugar mouth, and carry it down to that little girl, and after showing it to her, eat it with her just as you do with Dorothy."

"Why, mamma, I don't want to do that. Dorothy and I always have great fun over it," and Florette looked disconcerted indeed.

"Oh, but that poor little lame girl who stays alone so much and can walk

about so little; don't you want to brighten her up a bit?" questioned her mother.

Florette felt sorry for the little girl but she wanted to eat her cake with Dorothy. Then she remembered about her prayer, where it said, "Lead us not into temptation."

"Mamma," she asked, "is this a temptation?"

"Yes," smiled her mother, "I think it is."

"I will do just as you say, mamma."

True to her resolution, in the afternoon Florette started forth, and what made the matter easy, Dorothy went with her, glad to do so.

They had not gone far on their benevolent errand before they met Florette's Uncle Charlie, with his handsome team of horses and beautiful carriage.

Reining up, he cried, "Hello! little girls. I was just going to come to take you to ride to town with me, as I have to go."

"Oh, we can't," answered the little niece, and so eagerly explained why that her words came tumbling over one another.

"All right, very good!" answered the uncle when he had heard all, and soon drove out of their sight.

"It's kinder hard to do kind things, isn't it, Dorothy?" said Florette with a sigh of regretfulness.

"Y-e-s," answered Dorothy; "just see what a fine ride we could have had. Oh, dear!"

"That was another temptation," said Florette.

But on they went, and reached the little lame girl's poor home. And so thoroughly did they enter into the striving to make the poor child happy that they really enjoyed themselves very much indeed.

However, the ride was not forgotten. It was such a great pleasure that to give it up was true self-denial.

Therefore it was surprise to find Uncle Charlie waiting at the tenement door to take them with him to town.

"I waited," he said, "so I might have the company of two dear little girls who cheerfully gave up their own pleasure that they might make a poor, unfortunate child happy. I visit the little lame girl myself sometimes, and she is so good that it does me good to talk with her and to see her."

"Well, we had a very pleasant visit with her, uncle, and we didn't let her break the cake baby at all! I just told her to keep it as long as she wanted to, and then eat it all herself, and she was so pleased;" and Florette laughed happily over it all as she spoke.—Anna D. Walker.

LESSON THIRTY-FIVE.

Temptation to be Dishonest.

Aim—An honest man's the noblest work of God.—Pope.

Result Desired—The ability aroused and strengthened to understand and resist a temptation.

Suggestions:

Review last lesson. Retell, with the assistance of the children, the story of the Good Samaritan. Use memory gem from last lesson and help the children to understand what it means. If possible give some personal experiences of temptations to be selfish and encourage the children to tell some of their troubles in this direction. In planning for this lesson the story of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" may be told. The story is to be found in many of the school readers.

Memory Gem:

"He who will steal a pin will steal a better thing."

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Story, "A Boy's Stumble:"

They stood before the candy store, where a very tempting line of confectionery was displayed.

"Um! makes a fellow hungry, doesn't it?" declared Richmond.

"I should say so!" agreed Ted. "I think you might treat, Steve; you never treat, and I am always giving you part of mine. It's your turn now, so go ahead and treat for once in your life, anyway."

Steve wriggled uncomfortably. He knew that what Ted said was true, but he never had any money of his own. His mother took in washing and he had learned that bread and butter always came before candy, or anything that one really could do without.

"Come on now, and give us some, stingy!" urged Ted. "You know you have a dollar and a half in your pocket, and you can spend at least five cents of it. Any boy who has been treated as often as you have would do that."

"But it isn't my money; it's my mother's," Steve answered, "and she needs every penny of it."

"Well, you can use five cents of it, I should think; tell her Mrs. Verplank lacked that much change."

"I don't lie!" quickly retorted Steve. "I want you to understand that!"

"Perhaps you don't, but you are the stingiest boy I ever saw! Just look at that candy! I'd buy some myself, and not ask you, only I spent my last cent for some this morning."

It wasn't nice to be called stingy, and certainly the candy did look good; it had been nearly a week since Steve had eaten any, not just a few hours. He thrust his hand into his pocket and felt the money there. Five cents wasn't much and Steve was about to yield, when Richmond spoke up saying: "Here, I'll treat! I just discovered this stray nickel; keep your money, Steve!"

When Ted had received his share he saw some chums of his across the street, so ran off to join them. He had his candy; that was all he wanted then. He did not seem to think that he had almost caused his friend to stumble, that is, to yield to the temptation he had put before him.

Richmond walked on with Steve. "Steve," he said presently, "don't you ever let a fellow bully you into spending money that doesn't belong to you, or more money than you know you ought. That was a mean trick of Ted's, and I shall tell him so. My father told me only the other day that the candy habit is often just as bad a one for boys as drinking is for men."

"Yes, I think that is true, for I was just going to use my mother's money rather than be thought stingy." And Richmond felt more than repaid by the look of gratitude Steve gave him.—Margaret Warren.

LESSON THIRTY-SIX.**Temptation to be Unjust.**

Aim—"The noblest task is to command one's self."

Result Desired—That the children may understand that temptations are helpful if met and overcome.

Suggestions:

Concert recitation of the Lord's Prayer. Talk about the meaning of temptation. Review stories given in each lesson for this month. Discuss other forms of temptation, such as are liable to come to the children in your class. Relate the story of the Unmerciful Servant (Matthew 18: 23-35).

Memory Gem:

"To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind and good,
As children ought to be."

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Story, "Jack and Jack:"

"Mother, that boy across the road is a very naughty boy!" cried Jack, bursting into the sitting room where his mother was hanging pictures. Jack's father and mother had just moved to their new farm, and their little son had been making the acquaintance of the boy in the house a few rods away. "He's very bad, and I'm never going to play with him!"

"What did he do, son?" asked Mrs. Atkinson, looking down at the excited small boy.

"Why, he has a poor, little, wild squirrel shut up in a cage!" burst out Jack; "and you know you said it was wicked to shut up little wild things."

"I wouldn't like to have my boy do such a thing," said Mrs. Atkinson gently. "What is the new boy's name?"

"His name is Jack—just like mine—but I'm not so bad as he is, am I? I wouldn't shut up a poor little squirrel."

The boy across the road wanted to be very nice to Jack, but he would not have anything to do with him. Mrs. Atkinson was very busy and so was Jack with the work of putting things to rights, but before the house was all settled the lady across the way came to see them, and to ask if she could not help.

"You must come over and play with my Jack," said Mrs. Hill when she found that the new boy's name was Jack, too. "Come just as soon as you can, so that you can see the squirrel. We are going to take it to the woods, perhaps tomorrow, and turn it loose. Our cat brought it in badly crippled one day and we have tried to make it well and strong. I think it will be able to look out for itself soon."

What do you think Jack Atkinson did when he heard that? He ran and put his head in his mother's lap to hide his face, because he was ashamed. "Jack is a naughty boy, mother," he said; "but not Jack Hill. It is Jack Atkinson who is the naughty boy."

Of course Jack Hill forgave him and the two boys soon became fast friends, but Jack Atkinson never forgot the lesson. Whenever he was tempted to call other boys bad he remembered about the squirrel in the cage, that he and his little friend carried to the woods and turned loose under a fine big oak tree where the ground was covered with acorns, and it helped him to be careful in what he said.—Hilda Richmond.

THIRD GRADE.

(Children eight and nine years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Ten Commandments.

Subjects for the Month of September—Purity and Honesty.

Divisions:

1. Seventh Commandment.
2. Thou Shalt Not Steal.
3. Cheating.
4. Borrowing.

LESSON THIRTY-THREE.

The Seventh Commandment.

Aim—That clean thoughts are necessary to the building of good character.

Result Desired—The establishment of right habits of thinking, feeling and acting.

Development of Lesson Thirty-three:

Read carefully the lesson on this commandment given on page 429, October number, volume eight, *The Children's Friend*, and talk with the children about the value of good habits and how careful all must be about bad habits. As carefully as possible help the children to understand that it is dangerous to do or say or listen to anything that is not nice; urge them to be sure to tell everything they hear to their parents. Use the story and poem given and talk them over with the children.

Memory Gem:

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.—Matthew 5: 8).

A Good Rule:

A farmer, who owned a fine orchard, one day
Went out with his sons to take a survey,
The time of the year being April or May.

The buds were beginning to break into bloom,
The air all about him was rich with perfume,
And nothing, at first, waked a feeling of gloom.

But all at once, going from this place to that,
He shaded his eyes with the brim of his hat,
Saying, "Here is a tree dying out, that is flat!"

He called his sons, Joseph and John, and said he,
"This sweeting, you know, was my favorite tree—
Just look at the top now, and see what you see!"

"The blossoms are blighted, and, sure as you live,
It won't have a bushel of apples to give!
What ails it? the rest of the trees seem to thrive.

"Run, boys, bring hither your tools, and don't stop,
But take every branch that is falling alop,
And saw it out quickly, from bottom to top!"

"Yes, father," they said, and away they both ran—
For they always said father, and never old man.
And for my part I don't see how good children can.

And before a half hour of the morning was gone,
They were back in the orchard, both Joseph and John,
And presently all the dead branches were sawn.

"Well, boys," said the farmer, "I think, for my share,
If the rain and the sunshine but second our care,
The old sweeting yet will be driven to bear!"

And so when a month, maybe more, had gone by,
And borne out the June, and brought in the July,
He came back the luck of the pruning to try.

And lo! when the sweeting was reached it was found
That windfalls enough were strewn over the ground,
But never an apple all blushing and sound.

Then the farmer said, shaping his motions to suit,
First up to the boughs and then down to the fruit,
"Come, Johnny, come, Joseph, and dig to the root!"

And straightway they came with their spades and their hoes,
And threw off their jackets, and shouting, "Here goes!"
They dug down and down with the sturdiest blows.

And, by and by, Joseph his grubbing-hoe drew
From the earth and the roots, crying, "Father, look, do!"
And he pointed his words with the toe of his shoe!

And the farmer said, shaping a gesture to suit,
"I see why our sweeting has brought us no fruit—
There's a worm sucking out all the sap at the root!"

Then John took his spade with an awful grimace,
And lifted the ugly thing out of its place,
And put the loose earth back in very short space.

And when the next year came, it only is fair
To say, that the sweeting rewarded the care,
And bore them good apples, enough and to spare.

And now, my dear children, whenever you see
A life that is profitless, think of that tree;
For ten chances to one, you'll find there will be

Some habit of evil indulged day by day,
And hid as the earth-worm was hid in the clay,
That is steadily sapping the life-blood away.

The fruit, when the blossom is blighted, will fall;
The sin will be searched out, no matter how small;
So, what you're ashamed to do, don't do at all.

—Alice Cary.

In the Beginning.

They were bending over the wide-spread pages of the big atlas, looking up the source of a certain river mentioned in the lesson for the day.

"Oh, here it is, at last," cried the first to trace the tiny black line to the end; "away up here in the mountains. It must be just a little mountain stream, at the very beginning, don't you suppose? Then it comes down through this valley, and several other little streams join it, and make it larger all the time, until it gets to be the longest and widest river in that country."

"Yes, I suppose so," was the reply, in a thoughtful tone, that showed there was something more than the actual facts in the mind of the speaker. "It starts out as a clear, little mountain stream, and ends in a big, rushing, muddy river, that, at last, empties its murky waters into the ocean," the other went on in the same thoughtful tone. "It seems a pity that it cannot stay a clear, sparkling stream of water, doesn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Do you know, it reminds me of what Aunt Mary was saying the other day, about living. She said that our lives are largely made up of habits, good or bad; and how careful we ought to be at the very beginning of things to make our habits good ones, and to prevent the things that are not good from ever getting to be habits. Don't you see how this map, and the river we have been tracing, illustrates it? There is the tiny stream, starting way up here in the mountains, springing pure and sweet out of the rock, or from the melting snows. Then it runs along and this other stream comes into it, and maybe it is not so clear and pure, but it becomes a part of the first one, so mixed in that no one ever could separate them again. That is a bad habit, don't you see? And here is a nice, clear

stream that joins it a little farther on—that is a good one. Then comes this one, and this," tracing on the map, "and some of them are good and some are bad. But the water shows the bad ones plainly, and they get worse and worse, until they are big, rushing, muddy rivers,—they are like the character that comes from allowing the bad habits to become mixed into one's life," with a little smile over the amateur sermon. The other student smiled, too, but straightened up with a new air of decision.

"I'm glad you put that idea into it," she said. "I'm going to remember it, too, and when the little bad-habit streams come running along and try to join in, I'm going to see that they don't do it. I am glad we had to trace that river to its source, otherwise we would have missed this lesson."

Aunt Mary, who had come into the room unseen by the two earnest ones, came forward with a smile. "A very good resolution, dear student," she said, cordially, "and here is a couplet to help you remember it. Some one, who thought as you do, wrote:—

'All habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.'

And while you are watching against the bad-habit brooks, remember to add all the good-habit brooks that you can to the river that is to run to the great sea of character. For it is not alone by keeping out the evil, but by adding all the good possible, that the river not only keeps pure and unsullied, but adds to its volume, and power, and usefulness."—Cora S. Day.

LESSON THIRTY-FOUR.

"Thou Shalt not Steal."

Aim—"The noblest gold is truth of heart and honest dealing."

Result Desired—In increased ability to choose between right and wrong.

Development of Lesson Thirty-four:

Review previous lesson. Question the children carefully so that you may help them to understand that any habits which they may have and of which they are ashamed are liable to bring about results similar to that which happened to the tree whose roots were destroyed by worms. Retell the poem and have the class recite in concert the last stanza. It is safer not to even think about wrong things and is just as true about the commandment which says, "Thou shalt not steal."

"Define honesty. Does it mean being just and recognizing the rights of others? Give example. Define dishonesty. What is cheating? What is stealing? What do we call a person who steals? Is everyone who is dishonest a thief? Are there not other ways of being dishonest other than stealing? Does stealing or cheating always have to do with money, or property? Are people not dishonest in pretending to do one thing while they do another? Are people not dishonest in words or in appearance sometimes? Are they not dishonest about their work? Or in saying one thing while they mean another? Are they not dishonest in agreeing to do a certain thing and then failing to keep their word?"

"When we speak of honesty, the first thought may be that the word applies only to the taking of property that does not belong to us, but this is not so. It is possible for a person to be dishonest by taking time or energy that belongs to someone else, just as much as tangible property. In going into a class-room, office, store or shop, one may ask himself the question: 'How little can I do today and still get through the day?' Another will have constantly before him the question: 'How much can I put into this hour or this day?'

"I like to see people, who, if employed in any capacity, no matter how

small or unimportant that capacity may be, if the hour is eight o'clock at which they must come to work, I like to see them at work ten or fifteen minutes before that hour. I like to see a man or woman who, if the closing hour is five or six o'clock, goes to the person in charge and says: 'Shall I not stay longer? Is there not something else I ought to do before I go?' Put your whole souls into whatever you attempt to do. That is honesty.

"Have you done your level best in making your home conditions better, in learning how to take care of your bodies, in learning how to keep your clothes clean and pure, in the systematic, conscientious use of the tooth brush? Have you done your best? Have you been downright honest in that respect alone? Have you used the tooth brush just because you felt it was a requirement or because you felt that you could not be clean or honest with your play-mates, that you could not be yourself unless you used the tooth brush? Have you learned that, even if your room was not going to be inspected on a certain day, it was just as important that you learn the lesson of being conscientious about keeping it in order as if you knew it was going to be inspected? Have you been careful in this respect? Have you shifted this duty, and neglected that duty? Have you thrown some task off onto your mates? Have you tried to 'slide out of it' without doing really honest, straightforward work as regards the cleanliness of your room, the improvement of it, the making of it more attractive?"

"Have you been really honest with yourselves and your parents and with those who spend so much money for your support? Above all, have you been really true to your parents and to your best selves in growing in strength of character, in strength of purpose, in being downright honest?"

"It doesn't pay to be anything else but downright honest in heart. Any person who is not honest, who is not trying to do his very best in the classroom or in the shop, no matter where he may be, will find out what it does not pay in the long run.—Selected.

Memory Gem:

"He who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortune or birth."

Story: "The Munson Clock."

Mr. Benson, the leading grocer of Boxford, sat in an armchair on top of the counter, in the rear of his store, making an inventory of goods. Joel Page was helping him.

"Two cans of California peaches," sang out Joel. "One can"—

"Hold on there, Joel!" cried Mr. Benson. "You aren't talking into a phonograph! Now let's go back to that last item. Two—cans—California—peaches—fifty cents. Now, then, what was the next?"

The confused pile of goods gradually grew smaller, as the man and boy patiently inventoried and transferred them to the shelves. Just as the saw-mill whistle was sounding for noon, Mr. Benson put aside his notebook and pencil with a sigh of relief, and got stiffly down off the counter. As he did so his eye fell upon a tall-cased, old-fashioned clock that stood under a staircase on the opposite side of the store. "I declare!" he exclaimed. "There's the widow Munson's old clock! I'd clean forgotten about it, setting back there under the stairs. That'll have to go into the inventory, as long's I have it on my hands to sell. Let's see, what did I allow her for it? As near as I can remember, about forty dollars' worth of goods. Probably the old thing isn't worth more than twenty, left as she was with hardly a cent. Hiram was a good workman, but a dreadful poor provider."

"They do say that that's a wonderful old clock, Mr. Benson," replied the boy. "Hiram Munson was a mechanical genius, if he was so queer in other ways. If it's in good running order now, I should think it would pay to exhibit it at the county fair. You remember, it made quite a stir up to Richford, the time they had it up there to help celebrate the town's centen-

nial. If Hiram Munson had lived, some say he would have made his fortune out of exhibiting that clock."

"What will it do," anyway?" inquired Mr. Benson. "I've never wound it up since Mrs. Munson left it here."

"Why, it'll run nine days without winding," replied the boy, "and if they forget to wind it it'll ring an alarm bell six hours before it runs down. The dial tells the minutes, hours, days of the week; month, and what year it is. Then there's a music box in it that plays seven different tunes, one for every day in the week; and it plays at the end of each hour. And, most wonderful of all, there's a separate time-piece set right in the pendulum ball that is kept going just by the swing of the pendulum and keeps good time. I really believe it would pay, Mr. Benson, to take the old clock to the fair and charge a small admission to see it—say, ten cents. I'd like to try it myself."

"Well, now, I'll think it over, Joel, and like as not I'll let you," said Mr. Benson. "Perhaps you will get a chance to sell it for a hundred dollars. If you do, I'll give you twenty-five of it."

Nothing more was said about the matter until the time for the county fair drew near. Then, one morning, as Joel was passing the store, Mr. Benson called him in. "I've been thinking it over, Joel," he said, "and if you care to, I think I'll let you exhibit the Munson clock at the fair."

The result was that a booth was built for the wonderful old clock, near Machinery Hall—ten cents admission, and children accompanied by one or both parents, free. The clock was found to be in perfect running condition and fully capable of doing all that was claimed for it. Joel Page had charge, and was very proud of exhibiting the marvel.

During the fair, a reporter from a city paper visited the grounds, saw the old clock, and wrote a long account of it, calling it, "A Nine Days' Wonder." Other papers copied the article, and before the close of the fair several visitors from a distance came to see the wonderful piece of mechanism.

On the last day of the fair a man came into Joel's booth and stayed there a long time, asking many questions and studying the clock intently. When he left, he handed his card to Joel, and the boy saw that he had penciled on it, "I would like to meet you at the hotel this evening."

That means business!" thought Joel, and at about seven o'clock he called at the hotel.

"Now, young man," said the stranger, "I'm not going to beat about the bush at all. I'm going to tell you at once that I am a buyer for the leading antique furniture house in New York, and that I recognize the value and beauty of your old clock and want to buy it. I am not sure but that you have had other offers, higher than the one I am going to make you. But I am going to put my figures at the notch where I think we will be doing the fair thing by you and ourselves. I will give you one thousand dollars in cash for the clock."

Joel could scarcely wait to carry the good news to Mr. Benson. It seemed to him as if a fortune had suddenly fallen at his feet. He had no doubt in his mind as to Mr. Benson's willingness to part with the clock for that amount of money.

Mr. Benson flung up his hands in astonishment when Joel appeared before him, early in the morning, and told him of the offer that had been made for the clock. "That's an expensive plum for you and me, Joel!" he exclaimed.

"How about Mrs. Munson?" suggested Joel quickly.

Mr. Benson's face fell.

"I remember you saying that you felt sorry for her, left the way she is," continued Joel. "It seems to me that she ought to have her share of this piece of good luck. It seems to me that the clock ought to be worth as much more to her as it is to us."

"That's where you're right, my boy!" cried Mr. Benson, looking up

with a kindly smile. "You've given me the right kind of hint, and I'm obliged to you. 'Do unto others,' I'll not forget that, please the Lord! Now, Joel, I commission you to tell the Widow Munson that she can draw on me for nine hundred dollars—and tell her how it came about, too."—James Buckham.

LESSON THIRTY-FIVE.

Cheating.

Aim—"To act from honest motives purely, to trust in God and heaven securely."

Result Desired—The desire established to be honest with everyone.

Development of Lesson Thirty-five:

To the little folks who are not able to understand that taking things that do not belong to them is stealing, treat this as a breach of good manners, or a disregard to the Golden Rule.

When children know of children who take things that do not belong to them, what ought they to do? If they know of a child stealing ought they not to try to persuade him to return the stolen article? Ought they not to speak of the theft to the mother or teacher? Why is this the best thing to do? If they try to hide a theft on the part of a schoolmate are they helping or hurting that pupil? They are aiding the thief by concealing the theft. When property is stolen who loses it? Who must make the loss good? It is your own parents who must pay for these things.

To destroy property is as dishonest an act as to steal. Is the boy who cheats in his games honest? Is the boy who cheats in his lessons honest? Is it likely that a boy who cheats in his games or lessons would cheat in his business by and by?

Is the man who cheats as truly dishonest as the robber or pick-pocket? What does cheating mean? Cheating or dishonesty means a fraud of every kind; by false promises or stories or representations; by poor work; by poor goods; by buying things that cannot be paid for? By failing to pay when one is able.

How do we feel toward those who cheat or steal or those whom we know are dishonest? Do we trust them? Do we respect them? Do we honor them?

One day a little girl was found crying bitterly because Willie, who sat in front of her, had been replaced by Tommie. "Willie always had his spelling lesson written correctly," said the little girl; "I copied every word, so was sure mine was right. Tommie misses often, but I copy just the same, but am not sure of having a perfect paper." Did this little girl understand that she was cheating and that every paper that she had copied and handed in was a silent lie? Whom do the children think she cheated most, the teacher or herself? For what did she come to school? To learn? Suppose she went to the table to eat, and only pretended to eat, and let Tommie eat for her on the sly? Would the meal have done her any good? Suppose she needed to rest after a hard day's work and play. Could Tommie rest for her, so that it would do her any good? Could Tommie or any one else, then, learn her lessons for her? Would it do her any good?

Whose time is it that a lazy child wastes? Who loses by his failure to study? How much is each school day worth? It is said to be worth ten dollars a day to the pupil. A gentleman speaking of the matter of cheating in lessons or dishonesty in the schoolroom, tells the following story about himself:

"I am ashamed to tell it," he said, "but when I was a school boy up to a certain age I used to copy a great deal of my work. I felt that I must get a good mark on my papers, and while I am sure I could have done the work if I had been willing to think about it, I found it easier and more congenial

to think of something else when I should have been preparing my lessons. I became expert in copying from some one else, and usually managed to get a pretty good mark, and I imagined all the time I was escaping detection. One day the teacher called me to her desk at the close of school, and after dismissing the pupils, she showed me two papers exactly alike and both wrong. She said she could not understand how two boys could make so many mistakes and all exactly the same. I expected a severe punishment but the teacher disappointed me. She merely remarked:

"Your work is not honest, Willie. I cannot mark it. I do not know how, for I do not know how much of it is your own and how much belongs to Joe. I must ask you to mark it yourself." As she said this she handed me her pencil. I took the paper and marked it zero. She smiled and thanked me. She then said:

"Now, Willie, you need not quit copying on my account. You do not deceive me. You do not deceive anybody, or cheat anybody except yourself. I shall not punish you for copying, but when you copy I must insist upon your grading your own work. Remember, however, that if you ever expect to learn anything, to do anything, or to amount to anything, you must quit depending upon others and do your own thinking. Nobody ever learned anything by having some one else think for him!"

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, "I got to thinking about it and I never copied a lesson after that day."—Selected.

Memory Gem:

"Leave to others the cheating, and shamming, in fun and in earnest be true."

Story: "The Package of Squash Seed."

Uncle Rawson Ambrose held an important position in the Agricultural Department at Washington. Today there tumbled out from one of his letters two mysterious-looking packages. Neither Carl nor Harold ever had seen any quite like them, fastened, as they were, with a metal clasp.

The letter itself, or rather the envelope that inclosed it, was larger than usual, and instead of being white and "chunky," was made of manila paper, long and narrow.

"I wonder what they are," thought Carl. "Uncle Rawson never sent anything like that before."

"Perhaps the letter will explain," suggested Mrs. Kingman, turning again to the second page. "Listen!"

Carl and Harold waited expectantly.

"I have inclosed two packages of seeds of a new variety of squash with which we have been experimenting. It promises to be unusually large in size, though of a fine fiber. I remember the soil at Bloomfield is especially adapted to squash and pumpkin raising, and the thought has come to me that were these seeds planted there we might obtain some surprising results.

"I'd like the boys to prepare the soil, and plant them, if they will; and that they may have some incentive for their labor, I will take the one, Carl or Harold, who raises the largest squash from these seeds, back to Washington with me when I go home for my visit in the fall.

"I wouldn't plant more than five or six seeds in a hill; they'll do better when not overcrowded."

"A trip to Washington, for planting a few seeds!" exclaimed Harold, excitedly. "Do you s'pose he means it!"

"Certainly, dear," and Mrs. Kingman handed each of the boys one of the packages that had come in her brother's letter.

"Do they have to be a certain size, I wonder?" said Carl, taking the package from his mother's hands.

"No; nothing is said about that; it's the one who raises the largest

squash from the seeds sent," referring again to the letter. "So, you see, boys, one of you is sure of the trip, if you raise any squashes at all."

"Suppose we raise them the same size?" inquired Harold.

"They can be weighed. It's hardly possible, though, that they'll be exactly the same—two squashes," smiled Mrs. Kingman. "Anyway, that can be left with Uncle Rawson; he'll know what to do."

It was decided that the boys should have their squash beds as widely separated as possible. Carl's was in the corner by the pasture, while Harold selected his ground over on the sidehill just below the potatoes.

The soil was carefully prepared and abundantly fertilized. Mr. Kingman was somewhat afraid Harold had his plot a trifle too rich.

"It would be unfortunate for them to run too much to vines. If you haul on a little more of the poorer dirt, though, and sprinkle it around over the hills, I judge there'll be no trouble. I wouldn't hesitate to plant mine there."

In all the vicinity, no one raised larger melons and squashes than did Silas Kingman. His pumpkins were the envy of all who exhibited at the state and county fairs; for seven successive years he had taken the first prize.

As Rawson Ambrose had suggested, the soil on the Kingham farm was peculiarly adapted to crops of that nature; in the growth of other vegetables there was no appreciable difference.

Harold was returning from the sidehill; the next morning they were to plant their squash seeds. "I wonder if"—He hesitated and looked round guiltily, as though he feared some one might hear him. "Father's are always large, 'most always get a prize; ten to one Uncle Rawson would never know; squashes all look alike. Carl doesn't care to go to Washington as much as I do; and it wouldn't be wrong—not very—since he feels that way. And he'd rather mine would be larger, anyway."

"Your ground all ready?" called Carl; coming through the bars. "Mine is!"

"So's mine; the only trouble is that I may have made it too rich!"

"They need it rich," and Carl stopped to put up the bars. "I've been thinking of something, if you'll agree."

"Have to know it first," laughed Harold.

"It's this: don't you think we'd better not go to each other's squash beds, so's not to see whose squashes are the larger? Then, don't you know, we'll not get jealous. Of course, you wouldn't; but I—perhaps it's natural that each of us would rather ours would be the larger. Don't you think we'd better agree not to know?"

"I'm willing if you are; perhaps it wouldn't be a bad plan."

"All right, then, it's a bargain not to see each other's squashes all summer."

"S'pose we have to go by them?" laughed Harold.

"Just shut your eyes."

"A good idea," commented Mr. Kingham, when he heard of the boys' agreement. "Glad you thought of it."

That evening, Harold went to the drawer where he kept his seed. He slowly counted out enough for two hills.

"These seeds aren't as large as father's; of course, the squashes themselves will not be! I don't know but I'll"—He gently closed the drawer. "Nobody'll know."

All through the spring and early summer the boys carefully tended their "prize crop," never allowing a weed to appear. Many a warm evening they carried water till their arms ached, that the drought might not injure the growing plants.

"I hope mine will be"—

But, somehow, whenever Harold began to express the wish that his squashes might be larger than Carl's, he invariably left the sentence unfinished; and, though always by himself, his face would flush uncomfortably.

One afternoon in August, Harold bent down to examine a hill of his newly formed squashes; then he turned anxiously to another.

"They don't appear like squashes; they seem too round. Perhaps it's their way, being a new"—and he made a closer inspection. "But they aren't—a—new kind!"

Before going to the house, Harold went over to his father's patch.

"They seem all right; they are formed like squashes! Perhaps the soil was too rich for mine. If they should be stunted, or anything else happen, Carl would"—and Harold started disappointedly toward the gate.

As the days went by, rounder and rounder grew Harold's squashes.

"It's certainly strange; wish I knew how Carl's are getting along—if they're like mine. I wish now we hadn't made an agreement. I might look, just once," undecidedly.

Carl always seemed happy when he came back from working among his vines. Harold couldn't help noticing it, especially since his own rapidly increasing disappointment.

"I'm going over to see how they are tonight; to see if they've changed any," said Harold one evening, as he started for the sidehill, after the chores were done.

He bent over the first vines, his fears suddenly becoming realized.

"They're pumpkins!"

A few weeks later, Rawson Ambrose arrived at the Kingmans'.

"Now we'll go over to Harold's," and Uncle Rawson and the boys turned from the splendid squashes Carl had raised. "I never saw such beauties; they far surpass my expectations, and I knew the soil here was adapted to their cultivation. If yours are any larger, Harold—but how can they be!"

They were now nearing the hillside. A bright yellow—more marked by far than Carl's squashes showed—began to be visible.

"You must have had some pumpkin seeds in yours by mistake," declared Uncle Rawson, in surprise, as they approached the vines. "They—why, they're all pumpkins! How ever happened such a mistake as this?"

"'Twas not a—mistake at—at first," faltered Harold, with downcast eyes. "Not till the squashes began to form. I wanted to go to Washington so, and thought Carl wouldn't care, that I—I took some of father's seeds, for his squashes are always large, and—and those I took turned out to be pumpkin seeds."

"They are splendid ones," said Uncle Rawson, slowly, touching a large pumpkin with his foot, the yellowest one on the vines. "Perhaps they may take a prize or two at the fairs."

"But that'll not be going to Washington," and there was a lump in Harold's throat.

"No; but haven't they taught you this summer that there's something better than the trip you speak of?" Uncle Rawson looked up expectantly.

"Ye—es; to be honest," manfully. "But I've been greatly disappointed in learning it."—Adelbert F. Caldwell.

LESSON THIRTY-SIX.

Borrowing.

Aim—It is well to think well. It is divine to act well.—Horace Mann.

Result Desired—That the children may be helped to understand that every little deed has something to do in making good men and good women.

Development of Lesson Thirty-six:

Review two previous lessons to develop the thought in the aim given for this lesson.

What does keeping one's word mean? What is a promise? It is an agreement to do or not to do a particular thing. If we do not keep our

promise can we be honest? If we promise to do a thing that is wrong and feel afterward that it is wrong, is it better to keep the promise or to refuse to do what is not right? If a man in business fails to keep his promise what do people think and say of him? When a man in business always keeps his word what do people say of him—that his word is his bond? What is a bond? A bond is an agreement in writing.

Has the reputation for honesty any value with business men? Is it easier for an honest man to secure a position than a dishonest one? Does anyone want to employ a dishonest person? Why not?

How can children show their dishonesty? Can they not show it by always keeping their word to their parents, relatives, teachers and play-mates? Can they not show it by never giving a false excuse for tardiness or absence or failure to get lessons? In what other ways may they show dishonesty at school? By being careful to return borrowed articles, or articles they find; by never using a thing that belongs to another without asking permission; by returning borrowed articles promptly and in good condition; by taking good care of school or other property we are permitted to use.—Selected.

Memory Gem:

He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.—Franklin.

Story: "The Road Across the Plains."

"Father," said Joe Leech, "please lend me fifty cents; my allowance for the month is all gone, and there's something I want ever so much; I'm just obliged to have it."

"What security do you offer?" asked his father, whirling his office chair half round, and facing the borrower.

"Security?" repeated Joe, puzzled and surprised.

"Certainly; no business man ever lends money, except on satisfactory security."

"Well, father, you have yourself; you don't have to give me but half my allowance next month; nobody can make you."

"That's so," laughed Lawyer Leech. "I suppose I cannot refuse to take myself for a backer! All right, Joe, I'll lend you the fifty cents, after I have told you a little story, provided you listen to it with all your might, and don't think about this thing that your borrowed fifty cents is going to buy."

"All right, father; go ahead."

"But to be honest with you," said his father, "I must tell you that I hope my story will change your mind, so that you'll not want to borrow anything from anybody."

"Well, now, father, to be honest with you," answered Joe, "I am sure it'll not do anything of the kind. I want that fifty cents dreadfully, and a made-up story couldn't make me not want it."

"But this is not a made-up story," said Mr. Leech; "it is true. Anyhow, I'll tell it, and then I'll stand to my bargain and lend you the fifty cents if you still wish it."

"Once, thirty years ago, when I was a small boy, I took a journey with a young uncle of mine out across the western plains. It was a glorious trip for a lad, for there were buffaloes to be met in those days, and live Indians, and herds of wild horses, and cowboys. I wish you could have such a trip."

"I surely do!" Joe exclaimed, fervently.

"But one day we lost our way, and that was pretty uncomfortable. It was a rainy day, a pouring, soaking day, and the heavy wheels of the big, old, covered wagon sank deep into the mushy ground. We didn't go into camp until midnight, and then it was in a miserable, waterless spot, except for the rain water as it fell, and we had the sorry consciousness that at dawn we would have to retrace our weary way back over the day's journey, till we came to the place where we had lost the trail."

"Before dawn, the rain ceased, and the keen wind that followed the rain brought a drop of many degrees in the temperature; in fact, it went considerably below freezing. The return over yesterday's route was easy in one respect, for the deep wheel ruts marked every mile of the way; but it was pretty miserable in another, for these ruts were now frozen, and whether we jogged in them or beside them the frozen ground was rough and jolty.

"It took us the best part of two days to get back to the trail, and you would better believe we were at great pains not to lose it again."

"Is that all, father?" asked Joe, in surprise, for the story seemed to have come to a full stop. "I must say I don't see anything in that story"—

"Wait a minute," said his father; "I'm not through; I want to tell you that as we came back across the plains we met other travelers going west; quite a number of them; and without exception they were all in a bad humor."

"Why?" asked Joe, mystified.

"For the good reason that every last man of them had been led out of the right trail by our wagon tracks! The next caravan that came along after ours, saw our frozen ruts and footprints, and took for granted that that was the right track; the second party saw not only ours but those made by our first followers, and so on and on, until our mistaken wandering from the trail had become a well-defined road, likely to deceive even old trappers."

"Why didn't you put up some sign-board, father, to warn travelers?" asked Joe, eagerly.

"That's exactly what we did, on our way back. And my son, that's exactly what I am trying to do for you, now. When a boy like you, whose character and habits are soft, so to speak—and all young people's are—starts off along a wrong path, such as borrowing money, spending more money than he has in hand, or saying to himself that he must have a thing, just because he wants it very badly—that is doing what our caravan did when it left the trail; quickly the doing hardens into a habit of doing; then come along the days of your life treading on one another's heels; ten to one they follow your wheel ruts, and before you know it your whole life is following a wrong trail.

"O, Joe, my boy, keep to the straight path of frugality! It leads entirely away from spending borrowed money: it leads along many a tiresome path of doing without; but it is the only safe path to a right and happy life."

Lawyer Leech took a bright, silver half dollar out of his pocket and laid it on the center table, then he gave his chair a whirl, and fell to writing on a long, solemn-looking piece of paper, maybe a will or a deed. Joe knew he must not speak to him again.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes went by, and the gentleman laid down his pen and glanced behind him. The little boy had gone; but he had left the half dollar behind him!

Mr. Leech does not know to this day what Joe wanted that fifty cents for; but he does know that the boy did without it; and he hopes that his story of crossing the plains will always stay in his memory, like a well-planted signpost.

FOURTH GRADE.

(Children ten and eleven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Word of Wisdom.
Topic for the Month of September—Example.

Divisions:

1. Value of Example.
2. Good Examples to Follow.
3. Stumbling Blocks.
4. Personal Responsibility.

LESSON-THIRTY-THREE.

Value of Example.

Aim—Action, not speech, proves the man.—Northmore.

Result Desired—The thought strengthened that each individual has power to affect others. That each one will try to exert a good example by doing good deeds.

Memory Gem:

"The first great gift we can bestow on others is a good example.—Morell.

Suggestive Talk:

There is something solemn and awful in the thought that there is not an act or a word uttered by a human being but carries a train of consequences, the end of which we may never trace. Not one but, to a certain extent, gives color to our life, and insensibly influences the lives of those about us. The good deed or word will live, even though we may not see it fructify, but so will the bad; and no person is so insignificant as to be sure that his example will not do good on the one hand, or evil on the other. The spirits of men do not die; they still live and walk abroad among us.

There is, indeed, an essence of immortality in the life of man, even in this world. No individual in the universe stands alone; he is a component part of a system of mutual dependencies; and by his several acts he either increases or diminishes the sum of human good now and forever. As the present is rooted in the past, and the lives and examples of our forefathers still to a great extent influence us, so are we by our daily acts contributing to form the condition and character of the future. Man is a fruit formed and ripened by the culture of all the foregoing centuries; and the living generation continues the magnetic current of action and example destined to bind the remotest past with the most distant future. No man's acts die utterly; and though his body may resolve into dust and air, his good or bad deeds will still be bringing forth fruit after their kind, and influencing future generations for all time to come. It is in this momentous and solemn fact that the great peril and responsibility of human existence lies.

Mr. Baggage has so powerfully expressed this idea in a noble passage in one of his writings, that we here venture to quote his words: "Every atom," he says, "impressed with good or ill, retains at once the motions which philosophers and sages have imparted to it, mixed and combined in ten thousand ways with all that is worthless and base; the air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are written 'forever' all that man has ever said or whispered. There, in their immutual but erring characters, mixed with the earliest as well as the latest sighs of mortality, stands forever recorded vows unredeemed, promises unfulfilled; perpetuating, in the united movements of each particle, the testimony of man's changeable will. But, if the air we breathe is the never-failing historian of the sentiments we have uttered, earth, air and ocean, are, in like manner, the eternal witnesses of the acts we have done; the same principal applies to them. No motion impressed by natural causes, or by human agency, is ever obliterated.

If the Almighty stamped on the brow of the first murderer the indelible and visible mark of his guilt, He has also established laws by which every succeeding criminal is not less irrevocably chained to the testimony of his crime; for every atom of his mortal frame, through whatever changes its several particles may migrate will still retain adhering to it, through every combination, some movement derived from that very muscular effort by which the crime itself was perpetuated.

Thus, every act we do or word we utter, as well as every act we witness or word we hear, carries with it an influence which extends over, and

gives color, not only to the whole of our future life, but makes itself felt upon the whole frame of society. We may not, and indeed cannot, possibly, trace the influence working itself into action in its various ramifications, among our children, our friends, or associates; yet there it is assuredly, working on forever.

And herein lies the great significance of setting forth a good example—a silent teaching which even the poorest and least significant person can practice in his daily life. There is no one so humble, but that he owes to others this simple but priceless instruction. Even the meanest condition may thus be made useful; for the light set in a low place shines as faithfully as that set upon a hill. Everywhere, and under almost all circumstances, however externally adverse—in moorland shielings, in cottage hamlets, in the close alleys of great towns—the true man may grow. He who tills a space of earth scarce bigger than is needed for his grave, may work as faithfully and to as good purpose, as the heir to thousands. The commonest work-shop may thus be a school of industry, science and good morals, on the one hand; or of idleness, folly and depravity, on the other. It all depends on the individual person and the use they make of the opportunities for good which offer themselves.

A life well spent, a character uprightly sustained, is no slight legacy to leave to one's children, and to the world; for it is the most eloquent lesson of virtue and the severest reproof of vice, while it continues an enduring source of the best kind of riches. Well for those who can say, as Pope did, in rejoinder to the sarcasm of Lord Hervey, "I think it enough that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a blush, and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear."—Selected.

To be recited by a member of the class.

Example:

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoke a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low."

—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson:

Why do boys and girls have friends?

How do you choose a friend, and why?

How do you know who is the leader in a group of friends?

How does it affect you to have a friend, who influences you to do right?

To do wrong?

In what ways do you find yourself imitating the friends with whom you are best acquainted?

What good would it do you to think about the character of the boys and girls that you know and then choose friends whose influences would make you better and stronger to do right?

How do you suppose you affect your friends?

How would you prefer to affect them?

How are we influenced by the example set by older brothers and sisters? By fathers? mothers? teachers? etc.

Why is it harder for children of prominent men and women to do as they please?

Why is it necessary for prominent people to be very careful about the example they set?

How do you know about people whom you have never seen?

In how many ways could a person set a good example through keeping the Word of Wisdom?

(Follow the last question with a discussion to illustrate the thought that it is by controlling the mind and the appetite that people are able to develop the very best of which they are capable.

LESSON-THIRTY-FOUR.

Good Examples to Follow.

Aim—"Good examples are very convincing teachers."

Result Desired—A desire aroused to follow in the footsteps of good people.

Memory Gem:

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

—Longfellow.

Suggestive Talk:

The education of character is very much a question of models; we mold ourselves so unconsciously after the characters, manners, habits and opinions of those who are about us. Good rules may do much, but good models far more; for in the latter we have instruction in action—wisdom at work. Good admonition and bad example only build with one hand to pull down with the other. Hence the vast importance of exercising great care in the selection of companions, especially in youth. There is a magnetic affinity in young persons which insensibly tends to assimilate them to each other's likeness. Mr. Edgeworth was so strongly convinced that from sympathy they involuntarily imitated or caught the tone of the company they frequented, that he held it to be of the most essential importance that they should be taught to select the very best models. "No company, or good company," was his motto. Lord Collingwood, writing to a young friend, said, "Hold it as a maximum, that you had better be alone than in mean company. Let your companions be such as yourself or superior; for the worth of a man will always be ruled by that of his company." It was a remark of the famous Dr. Sydenham that everybody some time or other would be the better or the worse for having but spoken to a good or a bad man. As Sir Peter Lely made it a rule never to look at a bad picture if he could help it, believing that whenever he did so his pencil caught a taint from it, so, whoever chooses to gaze often upon a debased specimen of humanity and to frequent his society cannot help gradually assimilating himself to that sort of model.

It is, therefore, advisable for the young to seek the fellowship of the good, and always aim at a higher standard than themselves.

Contact with the good never fails to impart good, and we carry away with us some of the blessing, as travelers garments retain the odor of the flowers and shrubs through which they have passed.

Our great forefathers still live among us in the records of their lives, as well as in the acts they have done, which live also; still sit by us at table, and hold us by the hand; furnishing examples for our benefit, which we may still study, admire and imitate. Indeed, whoever has left behind him the record of a noble life, has bequeathed to posterity an enduring source of

good, for it serves as a model for others to form themselves by in all time to come; still breathing fresh life into men, helping them to reproduce his life anew, and to illustrate his character in other forms. Hence a book containing the life of a true man is full of precious seed. It is a still living voice: It is an intellect. To use Milton's words, "It is the precious life blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

Such a book never ceases to exercise an elevating and ennobling influence. But, above all, there is the Book containing the very highest Example set before us to shape our lives by in this world—the most suitable for all the necessities of our mind and heart—an example which we can only follow afar off and feel after.

Again, no young person can rise from the perusal of such lives as those of Buxton and Arnold without feeling his mind and heart made better, and his best resolves invigorated. Such biographies increase a man's self-reliance by demonstrating what men can be, and what they can do; fortifying his hopes and elevating his aims in life.

Franklin was accustomed to attribute his usefulness and eminence to his having early read Cotton Mather's "Essays to do Good"—a book which grew out of Mather's own life. And see how good example draws other men after it, and propagates itself through future generations in all lands. For Samuel Drew avers that he framed his own life, and especially his business habits, after the model left on record by Benjamin Franklin. Thus it is impossible to say where a good example may not reach, or where it will end, if indeed it have an end. Hence the advantage, in literature as in life, of keeping the best society, reading the best books, and wisely admiring and imitating the best things we find in them.—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson:

Why do you think Abraham is a good example to follow? Use characters from the Bible, Book of Mormon, Church History, United States History etc.,

Discuss again the value of a clear brain and strong body, such as may be developed by observing the Word of Wisdom.

LESSON THIRTY-FIVE.

Stumbling Blocks.

Aim—"Provoke one another unto love and good works."

Result Desired—A desire aroused to help others to observe the Word of Wisdom.

Memory Gem:

It may seem a trifle at most,
The thing that we do or say;
And yet it may be that at fearful cost,
We may wish it undone some day.

—Mrs. M. P. Handy.

Suggestive Talk:

Explain to the class the instructions given by Paul as found in Romans, 14: 7-13.

Relate the following incidents to show what is meant by "stumbling blocks."

Story: "A Faulty Car-Wheel."

"For two days and three nights I have been trying to get here for the holidays," said George Stanton, as he tucked himself into his friend's carriage and started with him from the station.

"I counted on some delays at this season of the year, but nothing like this. We waited for connections, we watched semaphores that held their arms across our path, we had a hot box, we got behind a freight train and were delayed till our water got low, and we had to draw our fires. We pulled out a draw-head, and waited for repairs. We had trouble with the airbrakes, we had a series of delays that defied all the theories of chances."

"It's a miracle you got here at all?" said his friend.

"Yes, that is what I said to myself, after thinking over what might have happened," Stanton admitted.

"Well, we have a slice of the turkey and the wish-bone for you."

"I need it," said Stanton. "For with all the rest, our stops have largely been away from meal-stations and dining-cars, and though I am not dead, I am starved! But after dinner I want to tell you the chief cause of my delay, and the lesson it suggested."

They talked of other things on the drive to the house. And as they sat at table matters of mutual interest were discussed. It was not till later in the day that Stanton's host reminded him of his promise.

"You have made me so comfortable that I had forgotten for the moment the difficulty I had in getting here," said Stanton.

"The thing that held us longest," he went on, "and ran into weary and vexatious hours, was a row of twenty broken rails."

"Twenty?" exclaimed his host. "I never heard of such a thing?"

"Nor I. But I counted them. We waited and waited, while the workmen replaced the rails. They would replace one rail, and we would pull up a quarter of a mile behind their hand-car and watch them replace another, and so on, till it got dark, and they worked by the light of lanterns, and we got hungry and more than a little impatient."

"But what could possibly have broken so many?"

"That's where my parable comes in. There had been a freight-train ahead of us with a broken car-wheel. It was a heavily loaded car, and whenever that break in the wheel came over on the rail it came with a thump. If it hit on a tie, the chances were that it was all right; but if it hit between the ties, it was likely to break the rail.

"And as a matter of fact, it did break twenty rails. Yet it pulled its own load through and delivered its freight unharmed to the next station, which happened to be as far as it was going. There they discovered the damage, and sent the section-gang to flag us and replace the rails.

"I had plenty of time to think out my parable. Listen to it:

"The car that did the damage did not go into the ditch, as it deserved to do, and logically ought to have done; but it left the occasion for twenty wrecked trains and many lost lives behind it.

"There are lives like that, old fellow, lives that run merrily on and land at the terminal, apparently all right. But the lesson of the thing to me was that every man is bound, in fairness, not only to deliver his own cargo, but to leave the track in good condition for others behind him.

"They say men are less moved than they once were by fear of going into that ditch. It seems to me that although that may be a danger not to be dispised, there is more to be said than we sometimes say about the rails that are irrevocably ruined by the broken wheels of men who may themselves go through to the goal in safety."—Youth's Companion.

Some boys at a Sunday school picnic were having fine times showing what they could do on the parallel bars. Most of them had been in the gymnasium all winter and had grown strong and skillful in many ways. Suddenly one of the boys called out, "Where is Howard?" and the others took up the cry, for Howard was the best of all in the gymnasium class and they wondered that he was not joining in the sport. Soon Howard came in sight, walking with his younger brother, who had been ill and was still weak and pale. "Come on, Howard," called the boys. "You can beat John

every time, but he has beaten all of us." "All right," said Howard, laughing, "John may be the champion today, then, for I am going rowing on the lake." He did not then tell the boys why he refused to do the thing he delighted in above everything else, but afterward, when his brother was not there, he said, "You know, fellows, Kenneth used to do fine work in the gymnasium and I knew if I joined in the sport he could not resist the temptation to go into it too, but his heart is weak yet and he cannot do those things, so I stayed out of it." You see he would not make the thing he could do, which he had a perfect right to do, a stumbling-block to his brother.—Selected.

School was over, for a group of boys stood talking inside the school gate. They stood there for just a moment, then walked down the street to a place where horses were kept. When the boys reached this place they stopped and one of them said: "Come, let us go inside and see what the men are doing." John answered: "I cannot go in there. Mother does not wish me to go." Ralph said: "Neither does my mother want me to go in there," but when the boys began to laugh at John for walking off toward home Ralph went in the stable. He was the kind of a boy who is afraid of being laughed at for saying, "I will not do what is wrong."

John and Ralph grew to be men. One night as they were returning home from their work they passed a place into which the flashing lights and loud voices said "Come." The place was a saloon. John answered: "I will not go inside of that place. It is a place where men spend their money for wine and drinks like wine; and such drinks make your body weak, your mind stupid and dull, and you, yourself, of little use in the world. I will not go in such a place as that. I am going home."

The lights seemed so bright and the voices so gay that they tempted Ralph to go inside. And because he had not learned to say "No" when tempted to do wrong, he went inside, spent his money, and went again and again. It was not many months before his money was gone, his body had grown weak, his mind had grown stupid and dull, and he himself had become the kind of man for whom we feel sorry, ashamed, and ready to cry, because he is so different from the man God meant him to be.

At an episcopal meeting, a discussion on temperance was taking place. An influential clergyman rose and made a vehement argument in favor of wine. When he had resumed his seat, a layman said: "Mr. Moderator, it is not my purpose, in rising, to answer the learned arguments you have just listened to. My object is more humble, and, I hope, more practical. I knew a father in moderate circumstances, who was at much inconvenience to educate a beloved son at college. This son became dissipated, but reformed, and remained steady for several years. One day he was invited to dine with a neighboring clergyman, distinguished for his hospitality and social qualities. At this dinner wine was offered to the young man, but refused, until he was ridiculed: that he could not stand, so he drank, and has long since found a drunkard's grave. Mr. Moderator, I am that father, and it was at the table of the clergyman who has just taken his seat; and my son I shall never cease to mourn."—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson:

Can you think of anything in your every-day life that proves to be a stumbling block to you? (Discuss the daily habits of children which help or hinder them, such as: tardiness, procrastination, over-sensitiveness, etc.)

How does it affect you if you see a person taking a drink of water?

Can you explain why seeing something done gives you the desire to do the same thing?

Do you think that this is often true? Relate some instances in your own experience of examples which gave you the desire to do the same thing.

Can you think of any good reason why desserts, such as pies, cakes, etc., are served at the end of a meal?

What do parents do for little folks who have not learned to control their appetites, when this kind of food is prepared? Why?

Why is the Word of Wisdom a warning against stumbling blocks?

Do you know of any who do not observe the Word of Wisdom, who use tea, coffee, tobacco, and drink strong drink, and who do not seem any the worse for their use?

How are they stumbling blocks?

Recite and discuss the memory gem.

LESSON THIRTY-SIX.

Personal Responsibility.

Aim—"No strong character can be developed unless emphasis be laid upon the thought of personal responsibility."

Result Desired—The development of strength—spiritual, mental and physical.

Memory Gem:

"Everyone is sowing both by word and deed;
All mankind are growing either wheat or weed;
Thoughtless ones are throwing any kind of seed."

Suggestive Talk:

Great minds are rich in radiating force, not only exerting power, but communicating and even creating it. Thus Dante raised and drew after him a host of great spirits—Petrarch, Boccaccio, Tasso, and many more. From him Milton learned to bear the sting of evil tongues and the contumely of evil days; and long years after Byron, thinking Dante under the pine trees of Ravenna, was incited to attune his harp to loftier strains than he had ever attempted before. Dante inspired the greatest painters of Italy—Giotto, Orcagna, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. So Aristo and Titian mutually inspired one another, and lighted up each other's glory.

Great and good men draw others after them, exciting the spontaneous admiration of mankind. The admiration of noble character elevates the mind, and tends to redeem it from the bondage of self, one of the greatest stumbling-blocks to moral improvement. The recollection of men who have signalized themselves by great thoughts or great deeds seem as if to create for the time a purer atmosphere around us: and we feel as if our aims and purposes were unconsciously elevated.

"Tell me whom you admire," said Cainte-Beuve, "and I will tell you what you are, at least as regards your talents, tastes, and character." Do you admire mean men?—your own nature is mean. Do you admire rich men?—you are of the earth, earthy. Do you admire men of title?—you are a toad-eater, or a tuft-hunter. Do you admire honest, brave, and manly spirit?—you are yourself of an honest, brave and manly spirit.

It is in the season of youth, while the character is forming, that the impulse to admire is the greatest.

It was a fine trait in the character of Prince Albert that he was always so ready to express generous admiration of the good deeds of others. "He had the greatest delight," says the ablest delineator of his character, "in anybody else saying, or doing a great deed. He would rejoice over it, and talk about it for days; and whether it was a thing nobly said or done by a little child, or by a veteran statesman, it gave him equal pleasure. He delighted in humanity doing well on any occasion and in any manner."

It is the great lesson of biography to teach what man can be and can do at his best. It may thus give each man renewed strength and confidence. The humblest, in sight of even the greatest, may admire, and hope, and take courage. These great brothers of ours in blood and lineage, who live a universal life, still speak to us from their graves, and beckon us on in

the paths which they have trod. Their example is still with us, to guide, to influence, and to direct us. For nobility of character is a perpetual bequest, living from age to age, and constantly tending to reproduce its like.

"The sage," say the Chinese, "is the instructor of a hundred ages. When the manners of Loo are heard of, the stupid become intelligent, and the wavering determined." Thus the acted life of a good man continues to be a gospel of freedom and emancipation to all who succeed him:

"To live in the hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die."

The golden words that good men have uttered, the examples they have set, live through all time: they pass into the thoughts and hearts of their successors, help them on the road of life, and often console them in the hour of death.

"And the most miserable or most painful of deaths," said Henry Marten, the commonwealth man, who died in prison, "is as nothing compared with the memory of well-spent life; and great alone is he who has learned the glorious privilege of bequeathing such a lesson and example to his successors."—Selected.

(Read the article on "Personal Responsibility," Improvement Era, May, 1909, page 542. Give selections from it to your class.)

Questions on the Lesson:

What is the value of a good example?

What are some of the results of a bad example?

Have the members of the class recite again "Example."

Tell of some person whom you consider to be a good model, one whose life you consider worth imitating? Why? (Ask a number of the class this question. Be sure to discuss the Savior and the Prophet Joseph Smith as the best of models.)

FIFTH GRADE.

(Children twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Articles of Faith.
Topic for the Month of September—Revelations.

Divisions:

1. Revelations from God.
2. Revelations from God through the Savior.
3. Revelations from God through the Prophet Joseph Smith.
4. Personal Revelation.

Note to teachers: Article nine will be the basis for the lessons this month. The point to be developed being the love which God has for His people; the manner in which He has shown it in the past; how the people are blessed now and the future blessings which all faithful saints may enjoy.

Lecture sixteen of the Articles of Faith by Talmage should be used carefully by the teacher.

In preparing these lessons notice where it is advisable to suggest to your class some reading at home which will assist materially in answering questions.

LESSON THIRTY-THREE.

Revelations from God.

Aim—O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.
—Psalms 34: 3.

Development of Lesson Thirty-three:

Recite in concert the Ninth Article of Faith.

Review very briefly the lessons on the Bible and the Book of Mormon to bring out the fact that they are proofs of God's revelations to His people. Relate how the Lord revealed to Moses the Ten Commandments. Explain how God shows His love in establishing laws which help people to peace and happiness.

Questions on the Lesson:

What is there in the order of the creation that shows wonderful power and great kindness? (This question may be discussed to bring out the harmony and beauty of the earth, with its forms of life; the planetary systems; the seasons, etc.)

Why did God reveal Himself to Noah and give him instructions to build the ark?

What is the lesson to you and me in the story of the flood?

How was the patience of God shown in dealing with Sodom and Gomorrah?

Why should Moses believe that God was truly a friend to His people?

What kind of a boy was Samuel and what was God's purpose in speaking to him?

Read the eighth Psalm.

What things are mentioned in this Psalm that could be considered as revelations of God's power?

How did the rainbow come to be a revelation of God's power and goodness?

Name some other things which are revelations from God to all His children.

LESSON THIRTY-FOUR.

Revelations from God through the Savior.

Aim—That every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.—Philippians 2: 11.

Development of Lesson Thirty-four:

Concert recitation of Ninth Article.

Brief review of previous lesson.

For suggestions on this lesson read Lecture four in The Articles of Faith.

Relate briefly the story of the life of the Savior, giving carefully such incidents as reveal his relationship to his heavenly Father, such as: The divine birth, the baptism and the voice from heaven, the transfiguration and resurrection.

Questions on the Lesson:

What revelation came to Joseph, Mary's husband, so that he knew that his wife would be the mother of Jesus the Son of God?

What revelation came to the shepherds announcing the birth of Christ?

What manifestation led the three wise men to the Baby in the manger?

How did John the Baptist know Jesus was the Son of God?

How did the demons recognize the Savior.—Matthew 8: 28-29.

What did Jesus mean when He said, "I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me?"

Jesus came to earth and lived and died to save all people. His death freed us all from the results of the disobedience of Adam and Eve, so we need never worry any more because of that sin. It is very important that we should know how Jesus lived for that is the lesson we must learn. Jesus revealed to us in His daily life the will of the Father. What great principle was taught when Mary found her Son in the temple with the doctors?

Relate the incident of the baptism of Jesus and tell what principle Jesus observed?

Tell about the temptation in the desert and the lesson it should teach us? Follow with similar questions taken from the life of Christ.

LESSON THIRTY-FIVE.

Revelations from God through the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Aim—Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Matthew 23: 39.

Development of Lesson Thirty-five:

Review previous lesson. Have members of the class relate their favorite story from the life of Christ, and state what particular thought it reveals to them.

Read carefully Lecture one of the Articles of Faith and give a brief talk on the importance of these lessons and a review of the life and mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

If possible the teacher should read chapter thirteen in A New Witness for God, by Roberts.

Questions on the Lesson:

Why would you consider a revelation as a guide?

Relate the story of the Mammoth Cave, found on page 40, volume 8. The Children's Friend.

Name some of the revelations given through the Prophet Joseph Smith which are most important guides to us? (The Book of Mormon; the restoration of the Gospel plan; work for the dead as performed in the temples; the order in the Church; the Word of Wisdom, etc.)

What does the Book of Mormon reveal to us?

What is the Gospel Plan?

What is the work for the dead?

What is the Word of Wisdom?

Each of the above questions should be discussed to bring out the aim of the lesson, that the revelations from the Lord to us are blessings when understood and observed.

LESSON THIRTY-SIX.

Personal Revelation.

Aim—He that is of God heareth God's words.—John 8: 47.

Development of Lesson Thirty-six:

Read again Lecture sixteen of The Articles of Faith and explain as clearly as possible the meaning and value of revelation. Take from the three previous lessons such incidents as prove that revelations from God through His servants are always for the benefit of the people and strengthen our belief in the wisdom and kindness of our Heavenly Father.

What is that which whispers to you and assists you to do right?

Who gives the voice of conscience?

How would you consider this voice as a revelation?

How many people are affected by your attention to your inward guide?

The Spirit of the Lord is a source of special revelation to those who are trying to be Latter-day Saints. How may this blessing be cultivated?

For whose benefit does your father and mother desire to have the direction of the Spirit of the Lord? The Bishop? Presidency of the Stake? Of the Church? etc.

The teachers and members of the class may bear testimonies of the blessings which come to those who listen and obey the voice of the Lord.



THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. IX.

SEPTEMBER, 1910.

No. 9.

I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY.

*I like little pussy,
Her coat is so warm;
And if I don't hurt her
She'll do me no harm.*

*So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away.
But pussy and I
Very gently will play;*

*She shall sit by my side,
And I'll give her some food;
And she'll love me because
I am gentle and good.*

*I'll pat little pussy,
And then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks
For my kindness to her;*

*I'll not pinch her ears,
Nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her
To use her sharp claw.*

*I never will vex her,
Nor make her displeased,
For pussy don't like
To be worried or teased.*

—Jane Taylor.

A QUEER OLD GARDEN.

"I'm going into the chemist's for some turpentine, Molly," said Aunt Lou; "I have some paint on my veil."

The two were stopping for a few days at the little English village of Ross on the banks of the winding Wye River.

"Here it is, madam," said the obliging clerk, handing out a small round vial. "Are you strangers in the town, may I ask?"

"Yes, we are staying here for a short time," replied Aunt Lou.

"Then I wonder if you both would like to see a garden many years old?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" replied the two in a breath.

"Please come this way," and leading them through a rear office, smelling of all sorts and kinds of medicine, the gray-haired old chemist took them to an iron-bound door, and placed a large, old-fashioned key in the lock which turned with a squeak and a crunch as if it were aged and rheumatic.

"Would you have imagined that there was a garden here in the midst of these old houses and chimney tops?" asked the old man.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Molly; "and it's so uphill here, too."

"Oh, but you know that we English people must have our garden full of flowers, be it ever so small," he answered, smiling.

The garden was carefully protected on three sides by a high wall, and on top of that broken bottles were placed in a bed of mortar to keep the inquisitive small boy from climbing in. The broken bits of glass caught the flashes of sunlight, adding to the gayety of the flower beds. The fourth side of the garden was protected by a hedge of holly with glistening green leaves whose sharp points would also keep off visitors.

"Why, I never saw so much holly, except at Christmas time, at home in dear America," said Molly. "How pretty it must look with the red berries on it."

"Indeed it does, miss," replied the chemist.

"What wonderful begonias!" exclaimed Aunt Lou. "I think they must be at least five inches across."

"They are eight inches in diameter," proudly replied their companion. "These are red, but there are some pink, and white, and salmon, and yellow ones, too."

"See these nasturtiums—a high bank of them, and hollyhocks and shiny green box around each little flower bed, just like the gardens you read about."

Every now and then an arch had been erected of gray stones, which had been washed by the sea into all sorts of fantastic shapes. Around and above the arch, grew purple clematis whose heads waved a pretty welcome to the newcomers and seemed to beckon them on. Sprays of heliotrope scented the air, and roses grew in profusion,—red and pale pink ones, just in their prime, and moss roses which had not yet unfolded their petals.

"What is that lovely vine with large red fruit upon it?" asked Molly, pointing to the south side of the stone fence.

"The fruit, my dear, is nectarines; and the vine is a tree on which they are growing, trained with its branches against the wall to protect it from the winds."

"They look as if they were blushing apricots," said Molly, laughing softly.

"How old is this garden?" inquired Aunt Lou.

"Nigh on to two hundred years old, madam. It once belonged to a gentleman who was called the 'Man of Ross.' He was very kind to the sick and to the poor, to whom, every Sunday, he gave a piece of boiled beef and three measures of flour. The Man of Ross left this garden to one of my ancestors and it has been kept in the family ever since, and we have tried to keep it up as he did before he died. Here is his summerhouse nestled in among these vines, and hanging over it is this stately cedar of Lebanon. It was here that the good man used to spend much of his time after caring for his garden, which he watered and tended himself."

"What is this on the door?" exclaimed Molly. "Is it a bird?"

"That, my dear, is a swan made of hundreds of horses' teeth, which it must have taken a great time to collect. But you must see the old sundial before we leave. It is built on the stump of a petrified tree and was used by this noble man to tell the time of day. By looking at the shadow cast by the sun he could tell the exact hour of the day."

"It's the quaintest place I ever saw," said Aunt Lou, as the kindly old gentleman carefully locked the door again and once more disappeared amongst the shelves of drugs and chemicals, without waiting for their thanks.

"I wish he had told us the real name of the Man of Ross," said Molly.

"Oh, I knew that long ago. It was John Kyrle."—Anna E. Jacobs.

MABEL'S MUSEUM.

The mistress of the house opened the door decisively and then hesitated. Behind her was the hot, disordered kitchen; before her, the cool dining-room with its long table partially set, its shaded windows, and in its farther corner, curled up in the big rocking chair, the little daughter, smiling happily over her book. It was this part of the picture that had called the halt. Mothers do not enjoy making disagreeable requests. They really do not.

The morning had been one of unusual hurry and flurry. A belated letter announcing a party of guests for dinner had thrown the quiet household into a sudden fever of preparation. Mabel had entered into the general excitement with all the zeal and exhilaration that a prospect of "company" always arouses in a child, and her services had been invaluable. But her mother had noticed how the willing feet had lagged

a little on their last errand and the sigh of weariness that had come unbidden. She had been glad to dismiss her to rest and wonderland, and now there was real regret in her heart and voice as she spoke at last.

"Mabel, dearie, I am sorry to disturb you. I know you are tired, but Mary Ann is so busy."

The little girl looked up in a dazed way. She had traveled too far into wonderland to get back at a moment's notice. But the present with its delightful forelook was easily recalled.

"Ho! I'm not tired a bit! What is it?"

"Would you mind getting the potatoes for dinner?"

The chair rocked violently as Mabel scrambled out of it, falling over her own feet, and the book landed with a slam on the window-seat.

"Mind! Course not!"

And so, stumbling and tumbling and laughing, she burst into the kitchen.

"Where's the pan, oh, Mary Ann?" she sang.

Mary Ann made no answer. None was needed. The pan was self-evident. But Mary Ann was grumpy. She did not approve of unexpected company, and she was venting her ill-humor on a silver teapot, much to the teapot's advantage. The little girl touched her frowny head lightly with the pan as she passed by.

"Oh, I'm going down cellar—and—and—you're a good feller—yes, you are, Mary Ann!" the broken song continued.

Mary Ann's clouded face began to vie with the teapot.

"Go 'long wid ye!" but she chuckled with pleasure.

The pan suddenly became a tambourine, and a moment later landed with a clatter at the foot of the cellar stairs.

"Mamma!"—a shout from the depths.

The mother walked hurriedly from the pantry to the head of the stairs to ask softly, "What is it, dear?"

"How many shall I get?"

"Oh, that depends on the size—twenty, I think, will be enough."

Before she had reached her molding-board again, she was recalled.

"Mamma!"

"Well, dear?"

"I think I'll get twenty-one to make sure."

The protracted stay below was accounted for a little later.

"I picked out all the funny ones I could find. Some of 'em are awful funny."

The pump handle rattled and the sudden stream of water striking upon the heaped up potatoes splashed in all directions. Mary Ann's face was in full range.

"Oh, you bothersome child, you! I wish I'd got the petaties myself!" she cried, spluttering.

"I didn't mean to, Mary Ann, I'm awful sorry."

The child's face and tone were full of penitence, and the kind Irish heart behind the rough speech and manner was touched.

"Niver you moind, darlint. A little water won't spile my beauty."

Mary Ann was surprised and delighted at her own wit. She laughed until the tears dropped into her silver polish and "unexpected company" began to seem less of an unmixed evil.

But the episode had a subduing effect upon Mabel, who fell to work in silence.

"There, I've pared three. Three goes in twenty-one—that's one-seventh. Mamma, one-seventh are done."

"How fine!"

Now the art of digging potatoes is not included in any college curriculum and it was the family conviction that the potatoes carried into the cellar every year enough of Mother Earth for a next year's growth.

"This water's awful muddy, mamma. It's just black."

"You had better pour it off and get more."

"Oh, but I don't want to. I like it this way. I'm going to excavate at Pompeii and then I'll have a museum! Ladies and gentlemen, behold me as I descend into the depths! What is this that I discover! (I guess these two hugged up so close in the hill that they most grew together). Ladies and gentlemen, these are the real-and-true Babes in the Wood, just as they were left by their cruel uncle! I hope he got buried up in the ashes to pay him."

"Well, they got buried up, too."

"Mary Ann, you mustn't interrupt my museum. Here are two potatoes just as round—as round as anything. I tell you what! They're loaves of bread. Mamma, didn't you say they found some loaves of bread at Pompeii?"

"Yes, just as they were placed in the oven more than one thousand eight hundred years ago."

"Well, here they are, just as fresh as the day when they were baked. Have a slice, Mary Ann?"

"No, thank ye. I don't admire raw petaty," came from Mary Ann's tightly-closed lips.

"Seven potatoes pared; seven goes in twenty-one three times—that's one-third. Down I plunge again into the darkness! (Here's another pair of potatoes just hitched together.) I declare!—I do declare! They are the Siamese twins! (I thought twins were the same size, though.) I tell you how it was! Ladies and gentlemen, these twins didn't live happily together. One of them ate up all the dinner so the other couldn't grow. They quarreled and scolded each other, and the lava came and buried them both up. You see now what comes of quarreling."

"S'pose you remember that next time you and Jack go to squabblin'."

"Mary Ann, you do interrupt so. You disturb my excavating. And here comes the funniest one of all—a big potato with three little ones growing out of it. Ho! I know! Ladies and gentlemen, this is the Vensus of Milo! (Her head is rather crooked, but I guess I can pare it off.) These are her little stubs of arms. She was trying to 'scape and she fell down and broke off her arms!"

A silence followed only broken by the clatter of knife and pan.

"Mamma, I've got fifteen pared. Fifteen goes in twenty-one—no—three goes in fifteen and three goes in twenty-one—that's five-sevenths. That's pretty hard 'xample. Well, I must descend again—down—down—down! What is this that I behold? (That's a queer shaped one, like a pear, only it's too knobby on top). Why, so it is! I never thought! It is the Bust of Shakespeare. Mamma, it looks just like him. Ladies and gentlemen, here is the great Shakespeare himself. This is really just the splendidest museum! It's wonderf'ller than Barnum's!"

"Company'll want petaties for dinner, Barnum or no Barnum. If youse don't hurry up, I'll have to take a hand."

Mary Ann was gathering up her cloths and brushes. The silver lay in a resplendent row on the table—a regiment of glittering forks and spoons, commanded by Captain Teapot, who seemed to be swollen beyond his wont with the pride of his glory. How dazzling would be the effect on the eyes of "company!" Mary Ann surveyed them with pride and an expectation of compliments.

A few moments later the little girl stood at her mother's elbow. She brandished the potato-knife, and little drops of muddy water trickled from her finger-tips.

"Three-thirds! Seven-sevenths! Twenty-one-twenty-oneths! They're all ready, mamma. My museum is finished—ten cents admission; but you shall come in for nothing, you dear little mamma! I think it's a pretty good way, don't you, mamma? I've studied art and house-keeping and arithmetic all at once; don't you think that's a pretty good way?"

Her mother thought it was a most excellent "way"—to transform a disagreeable task into a pleasant pastime, and she told her little daughter so between kisses.

Such an odd looking dish of potatoes as we had for dinner that day! Mary Ann "hadn't the heart to smash 'em." The "Vensus of Milo" fell to me, and I ate it with much inward amusement.—Lucy P. Colton.

HOW LITTLE INDIAN GIRLS PLAY.

Lucy Hawk is a little Indian girl who lives on a reservation in Dakota. Her grandfather is the loved and honored chief of his tribe, and Lucy is his favorite grandchild. She is a great little girl with willing hands and feet ready to do the bidding of the teachers at the mission school, where she lives for over eight months of the year. She speaks English with a pretty accent.

On cold or stormy days, after the school hours are over and household tasks are done, Lucy turns with a happy heart to the play room, where she amuses herself by making moccasins for her funny babies, or making dresses for them from bits of bright calico which perhaps some child in the far-away East put in the missionary barrel.

When tired of the babies, she gets her pebble-tops, of which she has a number hidden away in the pocket of her dress, tucked away in the corner of her pigeon-hole in the row of boxes in the play-room or buried safely under the steps. It is only a common pebble, with smooth sides, and a white child would never call it a top; but Lucy drops it with a little whirl of the fingers, which sends it away with a dizzy rush, and she follows it up with her whip, lashing it until she is out of breath, the pebble whirling faster and faster the longer the lashing continues. Sometimes she pastes bits of bright paper to its sides and then the spinning pebble seems to be covered with rings of color. It is a pretty play, and never loses its fascination for the little brown children.

When at her own home Lucy goes coasting sometimes, and what do you think she has for a sled? You would never guess, so I will tell you. A buffalo skin is spread on the snow at the top of the terrace which divides the prairie from the river bottom. Lucy and her sister find a nice warm seat on the soft fur, the child in front gathers the end over her feet and holds on tight and fast as those behind give a starting push, and away they go down the steep slopes and come to a quick stop at the foot, a screaming, laughing, squirming heap of tousled heads and twisted shawls.—The Outlook.

HELPING POLLY GROW UP.

As the door closed behind Polly, Tom looked across at his older sister Grace. "How long has this been going on?" he asked. "She used to be the jolliest little youngster in the world."

Grace shook her head at him, although her eyes were troubled. "Don't be severe on her, Tom," she said, laying down her book a moment. "Polly's growing up, and sometimes a girl takes growing up rather hard. Just now her sense of proportion is a little out of focus, and small troubles loom large."

"I should hope so," Tom replied, fervently. Upon second thought he decided to say nothing to his sister of the plan he had half resolved upon, but wait his opportunity with Polly. It came in a few days, when Polly came from school tearful and indignant over her French mark. "It isn't fair," she declared. "Margaret Judson didn't do a bit better work than I, yet Margaret had ninety-six and I only ninety-three. I do think I have the hardest times!"

"Yes," Tom agreed, "I think you do."

Polly looked at him in surprise. Tom's attitude since he came home had not been sympathetic—that was one of her grievances.

Tom pulled a notebook from his pocket and began to read: "Monday was a horrid, dull day, and your hair wouldn't stay in curl, and everything went wrong—as things do on rainy days. Tuesday you went downtown and couldn't find any silk like Lena Andrews', and had to get a homely old thing that you never would like. Wednesday you discovered that nobody ever did understand you, anyway. Thursday even-

ing at Miss Jacob's, Miss Jacob acted 'queer,' and you wished you hadn't gone. Friday, Bridget let the cream custard curdle when she knew it was your favorite dessert. Saturday—"

But Polly interrupted: "O, Tom, don't! I didn't know I—" And then a deluge impending, she rushed tumultuously from the room.

"O, Tom!" Grace remonstrated, her own eyes full of tears.

"Don't you worry," Tom answered; "I know Polly. She's grit, and she'll come through all right. I am just helping her grow up."—*Youth's Companion.*

A BUTTON STORY.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Irene. "I do wish the buttons wouldn't fly off my clothes so fast. Sometimes it seems as if they must do it on purpose, and I just hate to sew on buttons."

"Of course," said Aunt Olive, to whom Irene's remark had been made, "if the buttons were alive, we might think they did it on purpose."

"They act as if they did, anyway," replied Irene. "I no sooner get one button sewed on my apron before another comes off."

"I suppose you know where the buttons, such as you are sewing on your apron, come from?" asked Aunt Olive, just as Irene's thread fastened itself into a knot. "and that they were once a part of a house?"

"Part of a house?" asked Irene, in her surprise taking time to pick out the knot with her needle.

"Yes," answered Aunt Olive, "they were part of a beautiful house with inner walls of pearl, and the house was occupied by a clam."

"O, Aunt Olive!" exclaimed Irene, looking with new interest at the button she had just put her needle through. "Do tell me about it."

"All right," replied Aunt Olive. "While you sew, I will tell you about your buttons, and I assure you they are not so uninteresting as you may have imagined. "Once upon a time," she began, while Irene plied her needle furiously, "there was a fine fat clam living on the bottom of the Mississippi River. Its house was very plain to look at from the outside, for it was brown and rather dirty from the mud of the river bottom, but inside, oh, it was beautiful! The walls were smooth and looked just like pearl—in fact they were pearl."

"The clam lived very happily for a clam, for all he had to do was to eat, and perhaps to sleep—though I am not very sure about that. But one day a grain of sand got inside the clam's house or shell. Now the clam, like all clams, was very sensitive to anything that could scratch or irritate it, and it was greatly troubled by this grain of sand. Whenever it moved, the sand scratched. In fact, that little grain of sand felt to the clam just as a grain of sand does to your eye when it gets under the eyelid."

"Well, the poor clam couldn't get the bit of sand out, and it couldn't go to a doctor and have it taken out, so it just had to do its own doc-

toring, and fortunately, nature had provided the clam with a remedy for its trouble. The clam began covering the grain of sand with layer after layer of a whitish liquid which hardened and was as smooth as the pearl walls of the clam's house. Now the clam was comfortable and happy once more. But it kept adding layer after layer of its peculiar liquid to the covering of the bit of sand until what had been but a tiny speck at first, grew to be as big as a pea. It took up considerable room in the shell house, but it was so smooth and round that it did not hurt the clam at all.

"One day, as the clam lay on the river bed with his shell open a little, waiting for something good to eat to come along and drop in, something did drop in. But it was not good to eat. No, indeed. The clam had no sooner closed his shell upon it than he found that out, and the next thing he knew he was rushing through the water, and pretty soon he found himself lifted up quite out of the river. Then a man took him in his hands, opened his shell to free the hook at which he had so unwisely snapped, thinking it a morsel of food, and dropped him into the bottom of the boat with a lot of other clams.

"A boy was rowing the boat, and the man called to him, 'We have enough for this trip: pull in toward shore.'

"The boy turned the bow of the boat toward the shore and rowed hard. While he was rowing the man began to open the shell houses and felt all round each clam with his big fingers. When he opened the shell of our particular clam and began to feel, he suddenly shouted, 'Hurrah!' and out of the shell he carefully lifted the bit of sand that had been covered and covered with the clam's strange liquid till it was as big as a pea, and exclaimed, 'It's a pearl, a big one, and a beauty!' The boy dropped his oars and clapped his hands and said: 'My, but that is worth a lot of money! We have had a good day today, father.'

"The man nodded his head and his eyes glistened as he took a little tin box from his trousers pocket and shut the beautiful pearl safe inside the box."

"And is that truly the way pearls are made?" asked Irene, who had grown so interested in the story that she almost forgot to sew.

"Yes, that is just the way they are made, although oysters, as well as clams, can make them," answered Aunt Olive.

Then, as Irene began sewing another button in its place, she went on: "After the man had put away his precious pearl, he dropped the clam, house and all, into the bottom of the boat again, and soon the bow of the boat scraped on the sand, and the boy and man jumped out.

"Without any ceremony they began to shovel the clam houses out upon the shore and by this time our poor clam was quite dead from fright, so, of course, he did not care at all what became of his house. And it was the clam's house that the man wanted; he did not care at all what became of the clam. But he scraped and cleaned the shell walls of the clam's house and took it, with a whole lot more empty clam houses, to a factory. If he had looked up when he went through the

door he would have seen the words 'Button Factory' in big letters on top of the building. But he did not look up. He had been there a great many times before. He had thousands of the empty clam houses, and he sold them to the owner of the factory and went home.

"The men at the factory never thought of calling them clam houses. They just called them shells; but one man took the shell our clam had been living in and looke dit over. Then he put it into a machine and cut out several pieces where the shell was smoothest and prettiest, and sent the pieces on to the next man. The little round pieces of shell went from one workman to another, and they were ground, polished and shaped, and at last some holes were punched right in the middle of them and they were buttons! Then a girl in the factory sewed them on a card and now"—

Aunt Olive paused, and Irene looked up. She was folding the last apron, for all the buttons were on.

"And now," resumed Aunt Olive, 'another girl has just ripped them off that card and sewed every one upon her apron.'

"O, Aunt Olive!" exclaimed Irene. "I shall never hate to sew on buttons any more for I shall have your story to think of, and, besides, I shall always feel sure that my buttons came from the shells that held the beautiful pearls."—Selected.

LAPLAND BABIES.

The Laplanders dig a hole in the snow for their babies when they go to church. Of course the little fellows are warmly wrapped, and we all know what a warm covering the snow makes. Mother Nature knows it well, and puts her plant babies to sleep for the winter under this cozy blanket. The Lapland babies are so used to this burial that they sleep straight through the services, and wake up happy and smiling when it comes time for them to be dug out and taken to the small snow huts they call home.—World-Wide.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

SHE IS ALWAYS 'WAY BEHIND.

There is a little lady,
If I'm allowed to speak,
Her name we'll keep a secret,
To save her blushing cheek,
She lives across the highway,
Her home is nice, you'll find;
• But would you ever think it?
She's always 'way behind.

She's never up till breakfast
Is served to all the rest,
And then there's such a hurry
She's hardly ever dressed.
She hastens to the table,
Her hair all in a swirl,
She hadn't time to comb it,
Or straighten out a curl.

She wonders what's the matter,
Her temper ruffles some;
Her prayers are oft neglected,
Sweet peace to her can't come,
The bell for school is ringing,
The rest are out and gone;
Her books, and cloak, and satchel
And everything, are wrong.

She oftentimes is tardy,
Her face is like a frown;
Her teacher feels no pity,
Her classmates turn her down.
She has no time to study,
The lesson's hard to find,
Her playmates often leave her,
She's always 'way behind.

These wasted hours of slumber
She's spent in bed, you know,
Will ne'er be overtaken
As school-days come and go,
And so my little lady
Is always 'way behind;
I wonder if the reason
She'll ever try to find? —Selected.

IT WASN'T EASY.

The other girls were to have new dresses for the Labor Day picnic, so Jean Baer wanted one, though she did not really need it. Father felt he could not afford it, but said she might have one if she could earn the money; and mother agreed to make it.

One day Jean came home from Dora Hall's full of the idea of working on a fruit ranch. Dora had earned \$2, and Jean was sure she could easily do as well. Father was consulted and asked questions.

"What would you have to do?"

"Pick up plums."

"All day long? You'd have the biggest kind of a backache."

"No, I wouldn't; and if I did, I'd be willing to."

"Whose ranch is it?"

"Mr. Lee's. It's a lovely place, and we'd have the nicest kind of time. The girls say it is just like a picnic."

"Well," said father, "go ahead with your picnic, then, but don't come to me for pity if your back aches."

Jean was delighted. She planned to get up at five o'clock, but the first thing she knew her father came to her door.

"Hello," he called. "Time to get up. You will have to give up your hopes of amassing wealth today, for baby is sick and mother will need you." She did not answer, and he asked: "Are you awake? Perhaps you can go some other day."

"It's just mean!" she burst out. "I don't see why baby had to go and get sick. The plums will be gone soon, and then I can't work."

"Whew!" exclaimed father. "What a tempest! Let me see. Are you the little girl who was going to do just what Mr. Charlton talked about in his sermonette last Sunday on—what was the text?"

Jean hesitated a moment, then rather reluctantly quoted:

"'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.'"

"Well, little girl, you think it over, and see if you don't conclude that there are things more important than new dresses—mothers and little brothers, for instance. Mother was awake nearly all night, but she and baby are asleep now, so we will keep quiet."

Jean did some pretty hard thinking, and, of course, came to the conclusion her father expected. But it wasn't easy. When she came into the kitchen father had the fire built and his own breakfast ready.

"That's my brave girl," he said, lovingly, as she smiled at him. "You will never be sorry, dear, when you give up things for mother; she's worth it."

"I didn't do it a bit willingly," she confessed. "I was real ugly about it, and I am not very good-natured yet."

"Well," he advised, laughing, "don't be cross, and pinch mother and baby. Goodby; I must go."

It was a tiresome day. Jean never did anything by halves. So when she finally made up her mind to bear burdens she took fully her share. She amused baby, wheeled him in his carriage, and relieved her mother in every way possible.

When father came at night he brought mother an express parcel. She opened it and took out a pretty dress.

"O, mother!" exclaimed Jean. "Is it for me?"

"It hardly looks as if it would fit me," returned mother. "Try it on."—Exchange.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

JOHNNY'S RULE.

When Johnny saw a naughty thing,
A little thing, but wrong,
He always did it, and explained
It wasn't worth a song,
And so it didn't really count,
So Johnny said, at all.
It would be foolish to object,
It was so very small!

When Johnny saw a different thing,
A little thing, but right,
He never did it, and explained
It wasn't worth a mite.
And so it didn't count, you see,
So Johnny said, at all.
It was no use to do a thing
That was so very small!

When Johnny grew to be a man,
His ideas grew up, too;
He did a wrong thing, large or small,
Whenever he wanted to.
And Johnny now wears prison stripes.
It serves him right, you say?
Well, when it comes to little things
Don't you do Johnny's way?

—Priscilla Leonard.

THE BOYS AND TOT.

"Baby doesn't seem to feel very well this morning," Mrs. Warren said. "Suppose you take her out in her carriage, Philip."

The little boy puckered his forehead into a frown. "Oh, dear!" he whined. "I wish I didn't always have to push a baby carriage around. The boys call me nurse girl!"

"I think anyone of them would be glad enough to take such a sweet, little sister to ride, if she were theirs," Mrs. Warren smiled.

"I don't believe John Wilmerding would—such a big boy as he," replied Philip.

"Is he one that called you a nurse girl?"

"No, mother," admitted Philip; "I guess he wasn't there then. I love Tot, of course, but I don't like to be laughed at."

"It doesn't seem as if I'd mind being laughed at for giving my little sister a good time," said Mrs. Warren.

"Well, I guess I'll not mind either," laughed Philip. "I'll go."

At first it was very pleasant, pushing Tot up and down along the sunny sidewalk. Then Ralph Carter came by.

"Hello!" he said. "We're going to play ball, Arthur and I. We wanted you, but you're nurse girl again. I will tell Arthur you can't come. Say, take the baby in, and come on over!"

"I can't," Philip replied slowly. "Tot isn't very well, and she likes to be outdoors."

"Well, stay and be nurse girl, if you want to! I wouldn't!"

"I would!" spoke up John Wilmerding, coming along in time to hear what Ralph said. "I wish I had a little sister to take to ride. I did have; but she's gone to heaven. My! I'd push that carriage up and down all day long, if Tot were my sister!" and he went around in front of the little girl, and smiled down into the sweet face.

Tot smiled back, and put out one of her little hands.

"Isn't she a darling?" said John.

"I guess she is!" cried Philip.

"May I push her a little while?" begged John. "I'll be just as careful!"

So he rolled the carriage slowly along, Tot turning to laugh up at him.—Selected.

INDOOR SUN.

Once on a time, in far Japan,
There lived a busy little man,
So merry and so full of fun,
That people called him "Indoor Sun."

Now Indoor Sun made mirrors fine,
Like those in your house and mine,
And in these looking-glasses bright
His own face saw from morn till night.

It made him feel so very sad
To see his face look cross and bad
That he began to take great care
To keep a sweet smile always there.

And soon he found that those he knew
All seemed to like him better, too;
For, like the mirrors, every one
Began to smile on Indoor Sun.

Now try this just one day, and see
How bright and smiling you can be:
You'll find both happiness and fun
In playing you're an "indoor sun."

—Inez G. Thompson.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

THE HOME.

"A house is built of brick and stones, of sills and posts and piers;
But a home is built of loving deeds that stand a thousand years.
A house, though but a humble cot, within its walls may hold
A home of priceless beauty—rich in love's eternal gold,
The men of earth build houses—halls and chambers, roofs and domes.
But the women of the earth—God knows; the women build the homes.
Eve could not stray from Paradise, for oh! no matter where
Her gracious presence led the way, lo! Paradise was there.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The heart of a child opens to a mother's love as a flower opens to the sun. The mind of a child is as wax in her touches, and she can mould it how she chooses. She may demand higher education for women; but she must please to remember that education and capacity are not one and the same thing; nevertheless, she herself has the moulding of the future world. What can we men do against the women—we who are bound down to our desks, tied to the miserable metiers of teaching, writing, painting, sailing, fetching, carrying, butchering, speculating, cheating, trading, chaffering, cheapening and making money—what can we do against a woman who has a child's heart in her hand, and the long days of infancy and childhood (and days are so long then, and so short now) to teach her children in! Our first prayers are taught us by our mother's lips; by her our first impulses are given us; let her give us an impulse to honor women, to love her, and to do justice to her, and who shall uproot it? It is in the most important years of our lives that woman's influence is most prevalent and most felt.—James Hain Friswell.

WOMEN'S OPPORTUNITIES.

I wonder sometimes if we fully realize the great privilege we have, by virtue of our sex, of being women in the home. In all climes and with all people, the sentiment which clings about home, especially the childhood home, is the strongest and most lasting of any which holds sway over the human heart.

The influence of the home reaches the life of the outside world at every point. It is the women who make the home; and the home life of a people give their standard as a nation.

Are we as thoughtful and as wise as we should be in the care and culture we bestow upon those within these kingdoms of home, over which we women reign.

We have the multitudinous needs of the physical natures to meet, and in each physical body is developing a soul, whose future is in large measure affected by the home life. Have we given to those going out from our homes each morning to take part in the daily struggle with the life of the outside world, the safeguard of influence which every pure, tender-hearted woman always exerts?"

Have we always greeted with gentleness and sympathy those returning with the evidences of victory or defeat written on their faces?

"The ideal which the wife and mother makes for herself, the manner in which she understands life and duty, sustains the life of the community. Her faith becomes the star of the conjugal ship, and her love the animating principle that fashions the future of all belonging to her. Woman is the salvation or destruction of her family. She carries its destinies in her mantle."

We are anxious that the influence of the school life of our children should be of the best; but do we always remember that the home is the first school, and that we are the first teachers. And wherever the path of life leads into the world outside, or whatever the lessons learned or the interests accumulated there, the mind will revert to those first lessons of home and the impressions formed in that first school. There are vital truths underlying the saying, "as the twig is bent, the tree inclines," and "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." Dr. Bushnell tells us that more is done to affect the character of children before they learn to talk, than after; that this is their impressionable and plastic age; that whatever is impressed or inserted here at this early point, must be profoundly seminal as regards the future development of character.

Do we then take up the sacred duty of being women in the home with sufficient understanding of its infinite importance. When an acorn is dropped into the soil, if it develops life at all, it will be of the oak type; if cabbage seed is planted, we know what the growth will be. Yes, the home is both a school and a garden, and the flowers which bloom there are immortal souls, each with its different characteristics and possibilities.

We are the gardeners, and we must study the needs of our several tender plants, and supply the required nourishment for the rootlets of physical, mental and spiritual natures, which combine to form the human plant. Arrested development, whether in the human or vegetable plant, means trouble at the roots.

"The mother should consider herself as the child's sun, a changeless and ever radiant world, whither the small, restless creature, quick at tears and laughter, light, fickle, passionate, and full of storms, may come for fresh stores of light, warmth and electricity, of calm and courage. She represents goodness, providence, law, and the divinity under that form which is accessible to childhood.

The inner and unconscious ideal which guides her, is precisely what touches the child. He sees what she is, behind what she wishes to

be. Self-government, with tenderness, are the conditions of authority over children. A child who can cause in us anger, passion or excitement, feels himself stronger than we are; and a child respects only strength. This is why the first principle of education is: train yourself; and the first rule to follow, if you wish to possess yourself of your child's will is: master your own."

We are sowers of seed; our whole work, rightly understood, is to develop life, to sow it everywhere. It is the mission of humanity; and of this divine mission, the great instrument is speech. We forget too often that language is both a seed-sowing and a revelation. The influence of a word in season, is it not incalculable? And what a mystery. But we are blind to it so often. We see the stones, the trees by the roadside, and the furniture of our houses, because all these are palpable material; but we have no eyes for the invisible phalanxes of ideas which people the air and hover incessantly around each one of us.

Every life is a profession of faith, and exercises an inevitable and silent propaganda. As far as lies in its power, it tends to transform into its own image.

Thence comes the great responsibility which rests upon us all, and because of which it has been said: "It were better for a man to not be born than to offend one of these little ones."

Home. The mere word summons to the soul a feeling of warmth, protection, and an invincible courage born of its love in the heart.

Keep then the altar fire on the home shrine brightly burning, for its rays penetrate to the heart of the wanderer, far, far from home, and are often the only light which falls on the dark pathway over which the feet gone out from the home circle have to travel.

Great power is given to each one of us, and use it we must. The manner in which we use it may be largely of our own choosing.—*Health Magazine.*

The supreme need of the hour is prevention. Teaching that prevents evil is vastly better than teaching that reforms. Healthy homes are better than the best of hospitals, and kindergartners than doctors. I see every day the tremendous truthfulness of the proverb, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." To keep boys out of sin is the best way to keep men out of prison.—*Selected.*

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

Life's Mirror.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best shall come back to you.

Give love and love to your heart will flow.
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

The Primary Class Without a Separate Room.

One of the many things which the little child does not possess, and must gain through a slow and long-continued education, is the power of paying attention. The teacher must attract and hold his thoughts to the subject of the lesson. This is not an easy thing to do under the best circumstances; it is well-nigh impossible amid the unavoidable distractions that are found in a main school-room; and yet without attention on the part of the scholar nothing can be taught.

The child receives much more lasting and vivid impressions through the eye than through the ear, hence the necessity of blackboard work and pictures if the lessons are to be taught in the best way and their truths fixed in the mind. But blackboard work and lesson reviews adapted to the older grades are incomprehensible by the younger children.

Music has always been recognized as a tremendous power in religious training; but if it is to influence the small child, it must be upon his plane. Words which are adapted to adult scholars are not suited to the little ones; and yet if singing is done, the youngest are the most eager to have a part in it. The result is that where there is but one room for all ages we hear children five years old singing songs, the words of which are entirely unsuitable to their ages. Such words upon such lips are not merely an utterance of sound without meaning; their use cultivates irreverence and destroys their value for a time when they might express an experience.

The first years in Primary is a time when indelible impressions are made upon the mind; impressions which of necessity color and influence all future action, and have great power over the formation of character. It is also the early habit-forming period. Farrar has said that "when he is five years old you have done half you can ever do to influence him religiously." This may seem an extreme statement, but it suggests a fact which none can deny. How important then, that the teacher of little children should have every possible advantage for meeting this high responsibility in the best way.

But with a larger number of our associations a separate room for the primary class is not within the range of possibility; so we are obliged to face this question: How may these necessary conditions be met when there is but one room for the entire association?

Since the attention of little children is distracted more easily by what they see than by what they hear, something which prevents their seeing the movements of scholars, teachers and officers of the main room will be a great help. Therefore, to put the little children in a corner of the room and curtain and screen it off during the lesson period; is the next best thing to having a separate room.

Such an arrangement permits the use of the blackboard, which could not be done in the main room without drawing the attention of scholars outside the class from their own class work. In a curtained corner a blackboard may be hung upon the wall. If screens are used, the frames should be made about five feet high. Two of three divisions each would probably be sufficient, each division being twenty-four to thirty inches wide. When the frame has been made and hinged together ordinary burlap should be tacked on the outside screen. Inside dark red or green burlap can be put on the two outer sections; on the upper half of the middle section silicate cloth tacked tightly over a backing of stiff pasteboard will make an excellent blackboard, and the lower part may be finished with some of the burlap. The two side sections of this screen should be used as a mounting place for Perry or other pictures representing the various lessons as they are taught. At the top of each of these sections one of the large Perry or Prang pictures could be placed, those representing the "Annunciation to the Shepherds," the "Nativity," and "Christ Blessing Little Children" being especially appropriate; and in such a place they would have the unusual advantage of being where the children could see and enjoy them without dislocating their necks or using a telescope. For the remaining sides section babies' faces cut from magazine pictures of different kinds, flowers may also be used for decoration. The screens can be folded and put away when not in use, and are better than curtains because they can be made to serve so many purposes when constructed as suggested.

While screens do not shut out sound, they are about as effectual in that particular as most of the movable partitions which shut off many so-called separate rooms from the main school; and soft singing may be carried on by the primary classes behind the screen without disturbing the others in the room. The other children will hear and doubtless take part in the general singing, but they may at least have a few songs that are their own and will help to impress the lessons taught.

The primary teacher who has no separate room, but has a screened corner, can teach the lesson of the day and the supplemental lesson, aided by blackboard and pictures; she may have special exercises, that is, the recognition of birthdays, and welcoming of new members.—Josephine L. Baldwin.

Remarks by Mrs. Emma Ramsey Morris.. Tabernacle, June 5, 1910. 2 p. m.

My brethren and sisters, I most earnestly desire an interest in your faith and prayers the few moments that I may stand before you this afternoon. I have been asked by President Felt to say a few words in behalf of the General Board of the Primary Association, and to impress upon you, a little bit more, if possible, the immensity of the splendid opportunities that we have for good in the Primary Association.

To my mind, this organization is one of the most important in our Church, because it has to deal with the children at the tender age when their minds are most susceptible to influences from the outside, for either good or bad. It is for us as teachers and parents to see that the influences that are brought to bear upon young lives are good, because these impressions will last during a lifetime. When we realize that between fifty and sixty thousand children are enrolled in the Primary Associations, we may have some idea of how far-reaching the effect of good instruction may be

in these associations. We have twelve thousand women engaged as teachers in the Primary associations. We have 9.1 per cent of the Church population enrolled in the Young Ladies' associations; 8 per cent enrolled in the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations; 10 per cent in the religion classes; 19 per cent in the Primary associations. So you see we have a chance to reach a great many of the children of Zion, and they are being reached by this band of teachers who are laboring so earnestly for the up-building of God's kingdom here upon the earth. Sometimes we become discouraged in the work, and feel that little is being accomplished, but if we stop to think of one single truth given out and absorbed by this great army of workers, it means a general uplift and a general improvement of conditions. If just one-half of the teachers and pupils do their duty, or even half of their duty, it means a great betterment of conditions.

There is no more important work in the world than the work with little children. Great good can be done in all of the organizations of our Church. A great deal has been said during our Primary Convention about the continuation of the Primary work during the summer. A great deal has been said for and against this movement. I think those who are against it are of those who do not understand the conditions, or they would be strongly in favor of it. Certainly they believe what President Smith said this afternoon—that as a body of people we are a good people, but we want to be a better people. We are surrounded by evils and by temptations, it seems to me, more than ever before. It seems so to us because we live in this time. We do not know what were the conditions of the early saints, but we do know the conditions that we have to contend with, and it seems to me that the parents of the children of the Latter-day Saints would be grateful and glad to have this Primary work established during the summer. Then, of all times, they need the guiding hand and the good influence of their teachers. Whenever a new movement for good has been started in the Church, or at least often when a new movement has been begun, there has been a great deal of opposition from some members who do not fully understand the importance of the move. Of course, there are always those who doubt. The "doubting Thomases" are always to be found among us, who tell us that we will fail; that we cannot make a success; but there are always enough good, loyal members who are willing to support the presidency and those in authority in any move that is made for the betterment of our people. When the nickel fund was first instituted, a great deal was said against it. They said: "You cannot make a success of the nickel fund; it is against the desires of the people; they won't have it." But we have got the nickel fund, and it is a success.

When the grading of the Primary work was first undertaken, some of our officers said, "Our teachers will resign; they will not respond to this; they cannot do it." But we have grade work in our Primaries, and it is a success.

When the religion class work was started, there was a great deal of opposition, but we have good religion classes now, and we are doing a good work in this line. And so it is with the summer Primary. It will be a success, and those who doubt it will ultimately fall in line and work with those who are ready to work now.

I feel that so much good has been said, during this conference, that the people who have heard the instructions from the authorities, will go home to their different organizations and spread the spirit of this work among their aids and teachers.

I believe that we need better support from the parents of the children. The fault is not with the workers themselves, nor so much with the children. The children are all right; it is the parents, in many cases, who feel that they cannot give their children this one hour a week, which is so necessary for them; that is the trouble. We have had arguments come up in our meetings, and among some of the sisters, who, while they are not expressing

their own views on the subject, are endeavoring to show us how the people in their different stakes feel about this summer Primary work. They present the argument that there is so much fruit and so many beets to be taken care of that they cannot give their children this little time for their Primary work. One sister said that her children work early and late, and were so tired that they could not go to Primary. Now, this is, it seems to me, a very strong argument in favor of the Primary work during the summer. Those children need it; I do not believe in child labor to such an extent as that. A child should be employed in good work a part of the time, but not so much of the time that he is so tired that he takes no interest in anything else. I believe—in fact, I know that great good is going to come from this movement on the part of the authorities to have the Primary work continue through the summer. The parents of our children—the children of Zion—may have to take their choice between allowing the Primary officers and teachers to help instruct their children, or having the Juvenile Court do it. The Juvenile Court is doing a great work; it is helping and benefiting a great number of children; but they would have no work to do, so far as the Latter-day Saints are concerned, if the parents of our children would send them to Primary. The Juvenile Court would not then have so much work on its hands. Not only are the children benefited by this work, but their parents. They take home new thoughts and questions to their parents, which sometimes cause the parents to have more interest in the work, and to study up on certain subjects with which they are not familiar. It is a good thing for a man who has fallen over a precipice to be taken care of by the “good Samaritan” who finds him. Perhaps he can be patched up by a doctor and made good enough to go on through life, but he is never the same man physically as before he fell over the precipice. How much wiser it would be to guide that man into the right path and away from the precipice, before he has fallen. This principle would apply to our children of the Primary associations, of the Religion classes, and of the Mutual Improvement associations; how much better it is if they are guided away from the precipices, and prevented from falling into sin. The one great aim of the Primary work, after all, as in all our Church organizations is to give the child a firm conviction, a firm and true knowledge of the gospel of Jesus Christ. This, I believe, is the whole thing in a nutshell—to give them a knowledge of the truth, to know that this gospel has been sent to earth by the Lord through His prophets. What is the best way to accomplish this? There are a great many ways of reaching out and getting the children to believe this truth, and it is an easy matter to teach them in their early infancy that they should never be ashamed of the gospel, nor ashamed to say that they are from Utah, or that they are Latter-day Saints or “Mormons.” The children cannot remember all the details of all the lessons that are given them in the Primary associations and in other organizations. It is not expected that they should, but the general impression and the influence of these teachers will stay with them through their lives and be a great factor in forming their characters. These children are the men and women of tomorrow; they are the leaders of this Church and this people in the future. We have no others to look to, and it is for us, who are older and more experienced, to get these young minds started in the right way.

I believe that a very effective way of reaching the children is through the music that is given them in their associations. We all remember dear Brother Goddard who used to work so hard in the Sunday Schools, how he used to go from stake to stake, from Sunday School to Sunday School, and sing his songs to the children, and have them sing them and stand up and recite them, until they were filled with interest and with the Spirit of God. Those children have never forgotten those songs, and they never will forget them; nor will they ever forget Brother Goddard. He loved the children, and he loved the music. When he used to have them sing “Who’s on the Lord’s side, Who? Now is the time to show,” every child was so filled

with the spirit of that song, that he was ready to stand up and say he was on the Lord's side. He might forget it a few minutes after, when he was out of Sunday School, but it would be easier to stand up the next time, and he would remember it sometime, that he had pledged himself to be on the Lord's side. All of this has its effect on the child.

The question of music in our associations is an important thing to be considered; and I feel that it is time to call a halt in some of the organizations of our Church, on the music that is given. In some organizations they have played coon songs, rag time and other foolish and vicious music, you might say. Often the spirit of the whole meeting is marred by the thoughtlessness of the organist who strikes up some foolish coon song for the children to march by. These songs are often vulgar and suggestive in their meaning, and although the children do not comprehend their meaning, entirely, yet they do know enough to take their minds from the things they are being taught. After a good lesson has been given, and the Spirit of the Lord has been with the meeting and inspired the teachers, and the children feel that they have learned something, it is entirely out of order to have one of those coon songs, or rag-time pieces given for the children to march out by. If such music is played when they march out they feel more like dancing a cake-walk than going home and telling their parents of the good things they have learned. A great deal of the good that has been done is wiped out by this foolish method; we have so much good music in our hymn books, composed by our home composers, that we do not need to look outside so much for music. We have enough of good music here at home. Our hymns are inspired by men of God. They contain the gospel lessons, and if you are at a loss to know what to teach the children, go to the hymns and you will find plenty of material there. It has been said of us that the Latter-day Saints establish their religion in the hearts of their children. We must see to it, then, my brethren and sisters, that we do establish the gospel, through means of song, in the hearts of our children,—and not take up a foolish, vicious sentiment. I feel that it is not beneath the dignity of any singers—I do not care who they are, or how well educated they are—it is not beneath their dignity to sing the songs of Zion, and to sing them with spirit, as if they meant it, and as if they enjoyed what they are singing. These hymns contain words of inspiration. I feel that it would not be out of place to read one of the hymns that I think is very appropriate for children to learn. It gives them a feeling of patriotism for their home and country. A man or a woman without patriotism does not amount to very much. If a man loves his country, he will love his home; if he loves his home, he will love his parents, and brothers and sisters. I feel that we should never lose an opportunity to instil into the hearts of the children a love of country and a love of home. One of the best hymns in our books, I think, is this:

“O ye mountains high, where the clear blue sky
Arches over the vales of the free,
Where the pure breezes blow and the clear streamlets flow,
How I've longed to your bosom to flee.
O Zion! dear Zion! land of the free,
Now my own mountain home, unto thee I have come—
All my fond hopes are centered in thee.”

That verse is full of the inspiration to patriotism, full of love of country and of home: “Our fond hopes are centered in thee.” That thought can be impressed upon the children to very good advantage.

“Tho' the great and the wise all thy beauties despise,
To the humble and pure thou art dear;
Though the haughty may smile and the wicked revile,

Yet we love thy glad tidings to hear.
 O Zion! dear Zion! home of the free,
 Though thou wert forced to fly to thy chambers on high,
 Yet we'll share joy and sorrow with thee."

Are we willing to share joy and sorrow with Zion? That is the thought—are we willing to share the sorrow as well as the joy and the honor that shall come to Zion?

"In thy mountain retreat, God will strengthen thy feet;
 On the necks of thy foes thou shalt tread;
 And their silver and gold, as the prophets foretold.
 Shall be brought to adorn thy fair head.
 O Zion! dear Zion! home of the free,
 Soon thy towers shall shine with a splendor divine
 And eternal thy glory shall be."

That is full of promise to those who are faithful, those who are willing to give their best efforts for the upbuilding of God's kingdom here on earth.

I feel that I must bear my testimony, this afternoon, to the truth of the gospel. I know that this is the work of God, in which we are engaged; and I am proud and glad to have membership among the saints of God. I pray the Lord to bless us and fill us with a desire to accomplish His righteous purposes here upon earth; I ask this, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

G. Stanley Hall has said, "Of all the things that a teacher should know how to do, the most important, without any exception, is to be able to tell a story." To be able to do this we must know our story perfectly, we must have before us a vivid mental picture of what we would paint for the little people and we must have a sure knowledge of what will attract children. Having fulfilled these requirements, the telling of a story is not a difficult task, but a pleasure. We shall have given our story the touch of reality and that something which makes even the difficult boy listen whether he wishes or not.

Do not make the mistake of filling your stories with words that do not belong to these little people's vocabularies. Such a story quickly loses its fascination. Do not forget to permit the voice, the hands, the expression of the face to help in the interpretation. Modulate the voice according to the feeling that you wish to express. Do not forget that conversation, and plenty of it, charms the little child. Make the setting attractive from his point of view. Watch your audience of little folks for the first signs of flagging interest, and, as soon as these unmistakable signs appear make some decided change and different appeal to hold attention.

A great part of the power of the successful teller of children's stories lies in the ability to carry back what he wishes to tell and put it down to the level of the inexperienced child's mind.

When we have gained the power and learned the art of telling a good child's story we shall be able to wield a magic influence. We shall have gained the power of making the children want to know what we wish them to learn.

"No man becomes a saint in his sleep," wrote Carlyle. It is only in an active life that real virtue is developed and proved. Let us not complain then over the sharp jolts of circumstance which keep us broad awake."

RECITATIONS

SIX JOLLY LITTLE ESKIMO.

"Six jolly Eskimo
Lived in the land of ice and snow;
They played with their ivory dolls all night
In a stuffy igloo, with a smoky oil light.
I wouldn't live in a smoky igloo,
Would you?
"They dressed in sealskin from head to heel.
I wonder how such a suit would feel!
They chewed their blubber and smacked their lips,
And wiggled their toes and finger-tips;
But I wouldn't like such food to chew,
Would you?"

—Charles Keeler.

THE JAPANESE AND ME.

I'm sure I shouldn't like to be
The funny little Japanese,
Who lives across the world from me.

I think 'twould not be very nice
To eat, with little sticks, some rice,
And never taste a plum-cake slice.

The world is round, I've heard it said:
He must be standing on his head!
How does he ever stay in bed?

And now I think you will agree
It's better far myself to be
Than any little Japanese.

—Ada Taylor Dawes.

WHEN GRANDMA GOES AWAY.

When grandma goes away, I think I'll have a resting spell
From hunting up her spectacles, and handkerchief as well.
For she forgets the mostest thing; and asks the time of day
A dozen times an hour, and then forgets what one may say.

When grandma goes away, she talks beforehand for a week;
And packs her clothes, and then unpacks, some missing thing to seek,
And tells us once, and tells us twice and several times again,
To all be good, and mind the house and take great care of Jane.

Old Jane's the cat that grandma loves, and tends 'bout half the day.
She fears the cat will grieve for her when she has gone away.
She bids us water all the plants, and lock the doors at night,
And wipe our feet, and say our prayers and try to act just right.

When grandma goes away, we smooth her cushions and her bed,
 And pick her little notions up, and think of all she said;
 And hope she'll have a lovely time a-visiting in town,
 And that at last she will consent to wear her bestest gown.

But, oh! the rooms seem large and queer; I want to see her sit
 And rock in her old comfy chair, and tend the cat, and knit.
 The hours grow so very long that I get tired of play;
 I'd love to hunt her glasses and find out the time of day.

—Emma A. Lente.

IN BED.

Sometimes I like to have a cold,
 For then I stay in bed,
 And have my paints and all my toys
 Arranged upon the spread.

And I can have the button box
 That lies on mother's shelf;
 Of course when I am well no one
 Can touch it but herself.

I do not have to eat the things
 That come on other days
 But oranges and jelly, too,
 To tempt me, mother says.

O, every one is good and kind,
 And thinks it very sad;
 But mother knows I like the fun—
 Unless the pain is bad.

—Selected.

MY AGE.

(For a little girl five years old.)

"I'm one and one, and one and two,
 That is my age all told;
 And if I live as long again,
 I shall be twice as old."

—Selected.

TEDDY'S IF.

If I were Henry, this I'd do:
 I never would get cross or "blue!"
 I'd go to bed when I was told,
 I wouldn't ever cry or scold,
 I wouldn't at a picnic take
 The biggest piece of pie or cake,
 I wouldn't with the fellows fight,
 I'd go right home from school at night.
 I wouldn't whistle in the house.
 When bringing wood I'd wear my blouse!
 I'd do these things if I were he.
 I guess I will though,—since 'tis me!

—Adelbert F. Caldwell.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

LESSON THIRTY-SEVEN.

Helpfulness.

Memory Gem:

"It wants a lovely spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by his love."

Review Lesson Thirty-six:

Repeat the memory gem from last lesson and talk over with the children the meaning of thinking, speaking and acting kindly. Illustrate all three points by the use again of the story, "Old Friends or New."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Thirty-seven:

Relate the story of Jesus' curing the infirm woman, Luke 15: 10-13. Let the children tell how they help at home.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "One Afternoon."

Mother and Eleanor had only yesterday come down to the pretty little cottage at the shore, where they were going to stay all summer. Mother and Bridget had worked so hard getting things unpacked, that today mother had such a headache after luncheon was over that she said:

"Eleanor, dear, I have to go upstairs and lie down awhile, for I'm so tired I cannot do another thing. You'll not go off the piazza at all, will you, dear?"

"But what shall I do all the afternoon, mother," asked five-year-old Eleanor. "Bridget's cross and won't let me go into the kitchen."

"Bridget's tired, dear, the same as I am; that's what makes her cross. Can't you play with Lucille till I come down?"

"Perhaps so," Eleanor answered doubtfully. "I'll try."

She stood out on the broad veranda, holding Lucille by one arm, and looking rather wistfully at a merry group of children way down on the beach, when she suddenly heard the sound of a baby crying, near by, and a little girl trying not to speak crossly as she said:—

"O, baby, I don't know what to do with you today? You're dreadful hard to get along with today! Please play with this lovely rag doll."

But baby pushed the doll away with no gentle hand, and rubbed his fists into his eyes, while one or two tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Well, baby, dear, see this nice lamb!" and the little girl poked a woolly sheep into one of the chubby fists.

Baby stopped fretting for a minute and looked at the lamb, then threw it as far as his small strength allowed, and cried harder than ever, while his little sister sat down on the piazza floor and looked ready to cry herself.

"O baby, I can't think of one thing more to do for you!" she cried in a discouraged way.

Eleanor leaned over the piazza fence and called shyly: "Can't you bring baby over to my house? Perhaps I could amuse him."

The little girl jumped up quickly, and the baby stopped crying to look at the small stranger.

"I'll go ask mother," she exclaimed eagerly. "I guess I can."

In a minute she came back, and very soon the two were happily seated on Eleanor's piazza, and Baby John had forgotten to be fretful.

"You see," Anna explained, "we only came early this morning, and mother and Jane are dreadful tired and busy getting things to rights. Mother told me to amuse John while she rested, and John's tired, too, and all he did was to cry. You don't know how glad I was when you called, because I'm tired, too, for we came on the boat and didn't sleep much."

"Why, that's just what we did!" Eleanor chimed in; "only we came last night, and we haven't any baby. Mother has a headache and told me to stay on the piazza till she got up, and I was lonesome, for I didn't know there was any other little girl right in the next house till I heard you talking to baby."

So all the afternoon they kept the baby still while their mothers rested, and from that time till the summer was over and they went home, Eleanor and Anna were what father called "bosom friends."—May G. Moorar.

LESSON THIRTY-EIGHT.

Temptation.

Memory Gem:

In everything I do or say,
At home, in school or in my play,
May I remember, every day,
Bravely to serve my King.

Review Lesson Thirty-seven:

Let the children tell the story of the healing of the woman whose back was bowed. If any of the children have been away on vacations let them relate some instances of helpfulness which they may have observed or performed.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Thirty-eight:

Recite and discuss the meaning of the memory gem. Help the children to understand that Jesus is our King and if we are good and kind He will be pleased with us.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "Harold's Temptation."

Uncle John had come for a visit, and had brought the children a box of jackstraws, dainty little ones carved out of wood, in all sorts of shapes. The first evening they sat around the table, and Uncle John taught them to play the game. He held all the jackstraws tightly in his hand, and then quickly let them fall in a pile on the table. One at a time the children took a tiny hook and drew out as many of the jackstraws as they could, without moving any except the one they were trying to get.

Ruth had the first turn, and she managed to draw out several before

she made some of the others in the pile move a little, and then it was Harold's turn.

He tried to get a gun, for he liked the guns the best, and he was very happy when he managed to draw one slowly out of the pile without moving any other. When they had drawn them all out, they counted to see who had the most, and the one who had, had won the game.

It was great fun, and they played it over and over. Harold did not often win, for he tried to get the ones that were the prettiest, instead of the ones that were the easiest to get, and by and by he began to be dreadfully disappointed when anybody else won the game.

The next day Uncle John was going out with the children's mother, and while he was waiting for her to get ready he sat down to play a game with the children. Soon some one called him, and he went out of the room for a few minutes. Ruth wanted a drink and ran downstairs to get it, and Harold was left alone. He looked at the little pile of jackstraws that he had drawn out, and then he looked at Ruth's and Uncle John's piles, which were much larger.

"I wish I had that many!" he said to himself. All at once came the thought, "Why not take some out of the big pile while there is no one around? They will never notice it, and you will have a big pile, too. You will have to hurry, for they will be back in a minute." Quickly he drew out several and put them on his pile, and in a minute Ruth and Uncle John came back.

"We'll have to hurry to get through," said Uncle John. "It's your turn, Harold." But Harold did not play. Instead he put his head down on the table and began to cry.

"We can't go on," he sobbed, "for the game is spoiled! I took some out while you were gone!"

Uncle John came quickly around to the other side of the table and gathered the sobbing little boy into his arms.

"Dear little laddie!" he said. "I know all about it; for when I was a little boy I was like you—I loved to win in any game I played, and it was so hard always to play quite fairly."

"I supposed you never even had to try to be good," said Harold wonderingly.

"That is why I can understand how you happened to take the jackstraws," said Uncle John. "Now we'll begin a new game, and we're all glad that we have a boy who could be brave enough to tell about it when he had done what was wrong."

"And I think we ought to be very glad that we have an uncle who remembers how he felt when he was a little boy," said Ruth lovingly.—Elizabeth Donovan.

LESSON THIRTY-NINE.

Kindness.

Memory Gem:

"How blessed 'tis to give;
And they who think of others most
Are the happiest folk that live."

Review Lesson Thirty-eight:

Repeat the memory gem and let the children tell you how nearly Harold was a bad boy. Discuss some of the games the little ones play, and help them to be careful to try and be polite and gentle as well as just in their games.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Thirty-nine:

Relate the story of The Good Samaritan, Luke 10: 30-37. Recite memory gem and discuss with the children home life and how happy we are when we are kind to one another.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "Nothing but Tansy."

The assistant teacher at the kindergarten was ill, and hadn't been to school for four days. It seemed very strange and lonesome to Lucy without her. Lucy loved Miss Wells, the principal, but to sweet-faced Miss Allison, who was little more than a girl, her heart went out with loving devotion. For, on that first day when mother took Lucy to kindergarten, and she was too shy and frightened to join in any of the games or songs, Miss Allison had kept her arm round her all the morning, and Lucy's little heart responded loyally.

When Lucy came home Thursday noon mother said, "I think you and I will go out to Aunt Myra's this afternoon, if it doesn't rain."

"Oh, goody!" exclaimed the child, "and we'll see Alice, and Rob, and Stacy, and all the chickens, horses, cows and everything, won't we?"

Aunt Myra lived on a farm, and it took a whole hour to get there.

It was October, and Uncle James was picking apples, and the men were bringing in the winter vegetables from the garden. All the afternoon the children helped pile the red and yellow apples, or rode up to the barn on the loads of corn, and Lucy thought she never had had such a good time in her life.

"O mother!" she cried, coming in breathless from the field with the three cousins, "I do wish we could live on a farm like this! Can't we move?"

"I'm afraid not, dear; it's almost too far from father's work," mother answered. "But now in half an hour we must go, so there'll only be time for one more romp."

The four children darted away at this, and as they were hurrying down the lane to the big nut tree to see if the nuts were ripe, Lucy suddenly stopped short. "Oh, look there," she called, "isn't that be-au-ti-ful!"

"What have you found?" the others asked.

"That! That's nothing but tansy," exclaimed Robert.

"Who cares for that?" said Alice.

"I think it's lovely," protested Lucy, "and I'm going to pick a great big bunch. Oh, I know what I'll do," she went on, hastily breaking the stalks, "I'll take some to Miss Allison, for she's sick, you know."

"I don't believe she'll care much about it," Stacy said; but they all helped, and before mother called Lucy that it was time to take the train, they had a big bunch of the bright yellow blossoms.

The next morning on her way to kindergarten, Lucy stopped at Miss Allison's home with the bunch of tansy, and when she saw it Miss Allison cried out, as Lucy had done, "Isn't it beautiful!" Then she added, "I was born and brought up on a farm, Lucy, dear, and these flowers carry me back to the days when I played in the fields, just as you did yesterday. I thank you very much."—May G. Moorar.

LESSON FORTY.

Forgiveness.

Memory Gem:

"Do you look for wrong and evil,—
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor,
He will measure back to you."

Review Lesson Thirty-nine:

Retell stories of The Good Samaritan and Nothing but Tansy.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Forty:

Relate simply the story of The Merciful Servant, Matthew 18: 23-35. Recite memory poem and help the children to understand its meaning.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "Selwyn's Marching Orders."

"Here, little boy! What are you doing in my garden? Don't you stir another step until I get to you!"

Selwyn stood still, his face very red, and there was a lump in his throat that made him feel as if he must cry.

"There!" said Mrs. West, the new neighbor, "see what you have done?" and she pointed to a great flower bed lying at his feet. "That was the finest flower in my garden, and you've broken it off short and stepped on it! You deserve a good whipping, and I hope your mother will give it to you!"

Selwyn tried to swallow the lump in his throat and said quickly, "I didn't break your flower. I'll tell you all about it; I was going"—but she interrupted him.

"Stop! you mustn't tell a lie; that will only make things worse. Of course you broke it. There's your mother now, looking for you. I'll tell her the truth.

"Good morning, ma'am; your little boy here climbed into my garden. I saw him, and he broke the finest flower in it; there it lies. I think he ought to be whipped!" Then the angry woman tramped away.

Selwyn ran to his mother. "Mother, I didn't! I didn't! Jim's dog, old Towser, did it; I saw him. I tried to tell her about it but she wouldn't let me. She is a cross, bad woman, and I don't like her! I hate her!"

"Selwyn!"

"Well, mother, I do. I can't help it. She said I told a lie!"

"If I were you, Selwyn, I wouldn't want to be bad myself because I thought some one else was bad?"

"Well, mother, I'm never going to like her again; I can't."

The more his mother tried to help him, the more sure he seemed to be that he never could forgive Mrs. West. At last she said, "Selwyn, aren't you a soldier?"

"Why, yes," said Selwyn, stopping to think about it. "Yes, mother, soldiers don't have to like such people as Mrs. West."

"You go and ask grandfather what your marching orders are about this very thing."

So grandfather was told the whole story. After he had asked all the questions he wished, he drew the big, open Bible a little nearer and turned the leaves.

"Here are the orders," he said. "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another."

"Well," Selwyn said, speaking very slowly, "Mrs. West isn't 'one another,' is she?"

Grandfather smiled. "Don't you feel pretty sure that she is, Selwyn?"

When Selwyn came home from school that afternoon, his mother met him at the door. She had a potted plant in her hands, and on it was a great red flower, like the broken one, only much larger and finer.

"Selwyn," she said, "I'm going to give you this plant. If you want to take it to Mrs. West, with your love, you may. But you need not go unless you choose."

"I want to," said Selwyn. "A soldier has to, you know, mother."—Pansy.

SECOND GRADE

(Children six and seven years of age).

Subject for the Year—The Lord's Prayer.

Subject for the Month of October—God's Providence.

Divisions:

1. Providence is Over All.
2. Protection from Harm.
3. Saving of Life.
4. Answers to Prayer.

LESSON THIRTY-SEVEN.

Providence is Over All.

Aim—The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous and His ears are open unto their cry.—Psalms 34: 15.

Result Desired—The feeling strengthened that the Lord is taking care of His children all the time.

Suggestions:

The lessons for this month are based on the petition "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." The aim to be developed being faith in God, and a strengthened belief that He desires to help and bless His children.

Review the thought developed in last month's lessons by reciting The Lord's Prayer and talking with the children about the meaning of "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Help the children to understand the meaning of this petition, especially of the second part. Tell the following story to illustrate how children may receive help from the Lord.

Story: "I Can't."

"I can't." How many times a day Harry says, "I can't," not even he himself knows. In the morning when his mother asks him to dress quickly so as not to be late for breakfast, he says, "I can't." When his father asks him to try with all his might to keep from biting his nails, he says, "I can't." When his teacher asks him to copy the sentences she has written upon the board or to do any other part of the school work, his answer is, "I can't." When the boys say, "Oh, do run a little faster and play ball as though you knew how to play it, he still says, "I can't."

Do you for one instant think that Harry cannot run and play ball as other boys play it, or learn the lessons other boys of his age learn, or try to keep from biting his finger nails, or dress as quickly as his brothers and sisters dress? He is able to do each one of these things now, but if he always says "I can't," there will come a time when he cannot do them. If he does not run now, he will grow heavy and his muscles will grow stiff, and when he has grown to be a big boy and wants to play ball on some school nine, he will not be allowed to play, for he will not be able to play well, and who wants a poor player on a ball nine? If he does not learn the lessons he is given to learn now and train his mind how to study and think, he will be dull and stupid when he has grown to be a man, and who will ask a man to work for him who is stupid and cannot think, or who puts his fingers in his mouth, or is slow?

Do you know what we call Harry's habit of saying "I can't"? We call

it an enemy, and an enemy is one who seeks to do us harm because he does not love us. "I can't" is Harry's enemy, but, alas, other boys and girls have other enemies. Tell me of one. If we are to get rid of these enemies, what must we do? We must fight them with all our might. How may Harry fight "I can't"? He may fight it by trying hard to do whatever he is asked to do. How may we fight "I don't want to," "impatience"?

Shall I tell you how it is we know that God wants us to fight our enemies until we overcome them? We know because He sets a still small voice within us which tells what He would have us do. When Harry says "I can't," the still small voice says, "Try." When we say "I don't want to," the still small voice within us says, "Do gladly what father or mother or teacher has asked you to do." The still small voice is one of the ways by which God speaks to us.

Memory Gem:

"Our Father's love is sure,
And very wise His care;
He gives us what He knows is best,
And hears our every prayer."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

(For story tell some personal instances of God's Providence or the story of The Ravens Feeding Elijah, or adapt the following to the understanding of your children).

Story: "A Precious Promise."

It was evening, and Paul Henson lay beside the scanty fire, after a day spent in a vain search after work, feeling gloomy and disheartened.

"I wonder if God really does care for us poor fellows who are out of work?" he said, at length, looking up at his wife, who sat patiently mending the well-worn garments for her husband and little ones. "There are at least a dozen other families as bad off as ourselves, right in sight, and I know not how many more;" and then Mr. Henson sighed and turned to look at the bed, where their three children were sleeping.

Mrs. Henson dropped her work for a moment, and took the Bible from off the stand, and read: "'Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land; and verily thou shalt be fed.'" And then said: "These are strong words, Paul, dear, and you know these words are true; He cannot lie. I do not think the Lord will supply our needs until we fully trust Him; and I think He requires faith and submission to His will. You remember it says: 'Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him.'"

"I feel condemned; I have been laying the blame of our hardships upon the Lord, while I had not placed myself in a condition for Him to bless me," said Mr. Henson.

"Then let us make confession, and begin trusting Him," said the wife as she knelt beside her chair.

It was a prayer full of deep penitence and reaching after larger faith, which Mr. Henson made that night.

"I feel better than I have for a long time," said Mr. Henson as they were about to retire, "although I know the flour is gone, and there is only bread enough for tomorrow."

"And I know we have a rich Father, and One who says, 'All things work together for good to them that love God,'" said his wife.

Mr. Henson had a refreshing night's rest, and early in the morning was awakened by a man who came to hire him for some length of time.

"There is a little money to get necessities for your family before you leave," said the man handing him five dollars. Mr. Henson was deeply moved as he went and gave the money to his wife.

"You read in the Word, 'Verily thou shalt be fed,' and it has proved true. I do not think I shall ever distrust the Lord's goodness again."—Selected.

LESSON THIRTY-EIGHT.

Protection from Harm.

Aim—To make known to the sons of men His mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of His kingdom.—Psalms 145: 12.

Result Desired—Faith established and the belief strengthened that the Lord will bless His faithful children.

Suggestions:

Review last lesson. Relate simply the story of the Flood or some other story from the Bible which illustrates the kindness of the Lord in protecting His children.

Memory Gem:

"Jesus delights to bless,
And when His children plead
For help and strength to do His will,
He gives them all they need."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "The Wind Storm."

Amy and Alice had come to stay a week with Uncle Robert and Aunt Mary. They had often been there in the summer time when the leaves were green and the garden full of good things to eat, and the flower beds gay with flowers; but this was their first winter visit. The ground was white with snow, but that meant sleigh rides and coasting. The big cellar was full of good things to eat, even if the garden was hidden under the snow, and the girls had almost decided that a winter visit was better than a summer one.

Uncle Robert's home was just at the edge of the town, and his front yard sloped down to the river. The river was not deep or wide, and in the summer the girls could fish from the pretty bridge that crossed it. Now they could skate on the smooth, firm ice.

One morning Uncle Robert and Aunt Mary had some errands to do, so the sleigh was brought out, and soon they were snugly tucked in and away they whirled.

"We'll hurry back," called Aunt Mary, "then Uncle Robert can take you for a ride."

"It really looks as if it would rain," said Uncle Robert, looking at the sky.

"So it does," said Aunt Mary. "But I scarcely think it will rain soon."

The errands took longer than they expected, and before they were ready to start home the big drops were beginning to fall. In a few minutes it was raining so hard that they had to drive into a barn that stood near the street until the worst was over.

At the house Amy and Alice had been so busy playing that they did not notice the storm until the rain began beating against the windows.

"Uncle Robert and Aunt Mary will get soaking wet!" cried Amy.

"Just hear the wind blow!" cried Alice.

All the morning the air had been growing warmer and the snow had been melting, and soon there were little streams running down the road and over the lawn into the river. The same thing was happening all along the

river bank, and very soon the small, quiet river began to grow and to go whirling and foaming along as if it were a big river. Then pieces of ice melted and went tumbling and bumping clumsily along.

Higher grew the river and faster came the whirling bits of ice.

"Look at the bridge!" cried Alice suddenly.

Amy ran to the window, just in time to see the bridge break away and go whirling down the river.

"Oh, oh!" cried Alice. "How can Uncle Robert and Aunt Mary get home? The river will wash away the house, too. Oh, I wouldn't be afraid if Uncle Robert were here!"

"Uncle Robert couldn't stop the storm, but Jesus can," said Amy quietly.

"Let's ask him to," said Alice. The little girls knelt down and there was no sound to be heard in the big house but the whistling of the wind and the roaring of the river. They were not so much afraid after that, and soon the wind began to go down and the rain stopped. Uncle Robert and Aunt Mary crossed a large bridge farther down the river and came home as fast as they could.

Amy and Alice never forgot the storm, but whenever they thought of it, they thought too of the One who kept them safe.—Elizabeth Donovan.

LESSON THIRTY-NINE.

Saving of Life.

Aim—The Lord will hear thee in the day of thy trouble.

Result Desired—A greater reverence established for God's power.

Suggestions:

Relate how Moses was saved by the Egyptian Princess; or Daniel in the Lion's Den. Review memory gem and story from last lesson.

Memory Gem:

"God cares for me."

Singing, rest exercises and games.

Story: "Louisa Free."

Once upon a time there was a little girl who lived in the country, not many miles from a large city. It was a beautiful spot, with a river running through it, and it was surrounded by forests of black-berry thickets and hazel nut trees. There were also hickory trees and walnut trees which the people cut down and used to build their houses with.

This little girl whose name was Louisa Free lived in one of these walnut tree houses that her father and brothers had built. They first cut down the trees and let them dry; they then sawed off the bark on four sides so as to make the logs square; they next mixed plaster and built their houses just as some people build log cabins. As these logs were square the plaster stayed in better, and when the seams were all filled up and white-washed on the inside, it was just as nice and warm as a modern brick house. The wide porch along the front of the house gave the little girl plenty of freedom when the weather would not permit her to play in the forests, so she was quite contented and comfortable. But do you know in this place the houses are very far apart, sometimes a mile away from one-another.

The little children who were lucky enough to go to school had a very long distance to go. Louisa's papa and mamma managed to let her go, but as there were no street cars she had to walk often-times in the deep snow which came right over her shoe tops, and sometimes the mud was so deep

and sticky that she could hardly get it off at all, and sometimes it was so hot and dusty that she was all tired out, and could hardly get her lessons when she got to school. But notwithstanding this fact, she loved her school and was very unhappy when she had to stay home and help her mother. She was a brave little girl and never let her mother know how much she hated to miss her lessons even for one day, for she knew her mother needed her on the busy days and she would work very hard and be just as bright and cheerful as could be. Every day there was lots of work to do, for Louisa was the oldest girl in the family and there were many little brothers and sisters to do for, so she would always hurry home from school.

In this country place they sometimes had dogs who went mad, and of course everyone was afraid of a mad dog. One day as Louisa was going home she saw a mad dog running straight toward her. At first she was so frightened that she could not move, but the next minute away she flew right into a prickly blackberry thicket, and the dog went past her, down the road. She was saved from the dog but something else had happened, she had scratched her hands and face and torn her dress, and worst of all she had a blackberry thorn in her foot, right under the toenail, and oh! it did hurt so she could not help crying as she went limping home. When she got there and took off her shoe, her foot was all swollen. It was necessary to send several miles for a doctor take out the thorns. By the time he came she was in a high fever with the fright and the pain. He took out the thorn and thought she would soon be all right, but whether he did not get it all out or whether it had poisoned her they did not know for it kept getting worse, and she was very sick for a long time, and her whole foot was nearly black. The doctor came and said she must have her foot taken off but Louisa said "No, no, I would rather die," and she begged so pitiously, the doctor said he might save her life if he only took off the big toe, but again she begged so hard her mother said she would not have it done without her consent, and the doctor said she would surely die.

About this time some strange men came to this country place and they were preaching on the streets or in the houses or anywhere they could get the people to listen to them. They were telling of the restoration of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints through the Prophet Joseph Smith.

One night when Louisa was very, very sick, these men came to her father's house, he invited them in and they talked and told some wonderful things, and one of the wonderful things they said was, that the sick could be healed by faith.

The door leading into Louisa's room was open and she heard all they said and she believed. She called her mother and asked if she might be baptized. Her mother was surprised as the elders were not baptizing children in those days, but she said she would speak to the Elders about it, she did so and they said yes. They went to her room and talked to her for some time and she asked them if they would bless her and heal her poor little foot. Seeing her perfect faith they administered to her and she dropped into the first peaceful sleep she had had for weeks, and from that hour she began to get better and was soon well enough to go back to school again. All her life she thanked her Heavenly Father for sending the Elders to her just at that time.—Emmeline Wells.

LESSON FORTY.

Answers to Prayers.

Aim—"Lord, teach us how to pray."

Result Desired—More appreciation aroused for the goodness of the Lord and a desire established to be worthy.

Suggestions:

Recite the Lord's prayer and discuss with the children its meaning. Help them to understand that prayers are heard and answered. Though the answers may not come as expected they are answered in the way that is best. Give illustrations from experience or knowledge.

Memory Gem:

Same as for Lesson Thirty-seven.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story: "Bringing Up a Girl."

"How do you s'pose you're ever going to keep me out of mischief, mother?" asked Polly Carrol.

"I don't know, Polly. Really, I don't think I can do it at all," answered her mother gravely. "You see, there is really only one person in this wide world who can manage Polly Carrol, and make her do as she ought, and that is Polly Carrol. I am trying to help you; God will help you if you ask him; but after all He has given her to you to take care of, and you will have to make her a good girl yourself if you want her to be one."

"Oh!" exclaimed Polly with a long-drawn breath. Left to herself, she walked to the mirror and surveyed the little figure reflected there. "You know as well as anything that if you'd truly honest asked the Polly Carrol inside of you if you could play down cellar she'd have told you no," she said, shaking her head reprovingly. "After this you have to stop havin' fun first and thinkin' about it and being sorry afterwards. You have a little girl to bring up," and Miss Polly Carrol shook her curls emphatically at the little girl in the mirror.

Story: "When Mother Helped."

"Oh, bother! These examples won't come out right, and I have all my other lessons to do besides! I know I shall never be through in time for my music lesson!" and Hortense flounced in her chair and frowned hopelessly.

"Dear me, is it as bad as all that?" exclaimed her mother, looking up at the face of despair. "Let me see if I can't help you."

"Oh, never mind, mother; I can work it out, somehow, I guess!" But, nevertheless, Hortense gladly made room for her mother's chair by her side, and she gave a sigh of relief when her mother took up her arithmetic. Already she felt that things were straightening themselves out—mother had such a comfortable way when one felt cross and out of sorts.

"Division, is it? That's good, for I was always fond of division when I went to school. Let me see what you have done. Why, you have subtracted wrong, don't you see, dear?"

And so mother went on, pointing out the little, careless mistakes, advising her, or showing an easy way there, until at the end of a very short time Hortense folded up a neat arithmetic paper and turned to her spelling lesson.

"Now," suggested mother, "suppose you sit over there in one of those five chairs, and pretend you are a whole spelling class; every time you miss a word you must move down a chair, and when you spell it correctly, the next time I ask it, you may move up."

Frowns were quickly chased away by the peals of merriment over trying to be a whole class, as Hortense bobbed up and down among the five chairs. But when she had been able to stay at the head while she spelled the whole column of words correctly, mother decided that this lesson was learned too.

"Thank you ever so much for helping me, mother, dear," and Hortense gave her mother a hug when the last book was put away.

"I am glad to be able to help you, dear; not only with your lessons, but whenever you need me," said her mother. "But in your little life you will have temptations to meet, unkind words to bear, hard things to do, when you will need a better helper than I ever could be. So, if you will do as the text says, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord,' that is, talk everything over with Him, just as you have talked to me about your lessons, and then trust Him to lead you, he will help you over all the hard places, because He has promised to do so."—Margaret Warren.

THIRD GRADE.

(Children eight and nine years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Ten Commandments.

Topic for the Month of October—Truth.

Divisions:

1. Bearing False Witness.
2. Keeping Promises.
3. Courage in Telling Truth.
4. Gossip.

LESSON THIRTY-SEVEN.

Bearing False Witness.

Aim—"To be as careful of words as of actions, and as far from speaking as from doing an ill."

Result Desired—The desire aroused to be very sure before making an accusation.

Development of Lesson Thirty-seven:

Review previous lessons and show that honesty and truthfulness are closely related. To tell an untruth about a person is to try to take something that is of greater value than worldly possessions. Discuss the ninth commandment and explain how the bearing of false witness is telling untruths. Give instances of people who have suffered because of the bearing of false witness; for instance: Against Joseph by Potiphar's wife, Genesis 39: 7-20. Against Moses by Korah, Num. 16: 1-13. Against Stephen, Acts 6: 11-13. Against the Savior and the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Memory Gem:

"But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

Story: "Kate Leland's Five-Dollar Bill."

Three girls were walking along the corridor of Madame Skinner's Select Boarding School, arm in arm, talking earnestly.

"Isn't it dreadful!" said Edith Livermore. "I never should have mistrusted Dorothy of doing anything like that. She has such an innocent face. I believe, girls, we've made too much of her. We don't know where she came from, or who her parents were. We only know that she is poor, and works for her board and tuition. She may have inherited a propensity for appropriating articles which do not belong to her. Who knows?"

"Oh, I am sure Dorothy Little never could have taken the money!" said Marion Kellogg. "There is no one in school more honest in every way. There must be some mistake."

"Well, then, I wish you would tell me where my money did go so suddenly," said Kate Leland, excitedly, stopping short in her walk, and facing Marion. "I am positive Dorothy took it, and I will give you the reason for my suspicions. Then you can judge for yourself. I am not in the habit of jumping at conclusions. Tuesday, Dorothy brought me a letter, and I asked her into my room, as I often do. When I opened my letter a five-dollar bill dropped out."

"Isn't it lovely of mamma," I said, "to send me this money for my birthday! Don't you like to find money in a letter?" "I don't know how it would seem," said Dorothy. "I never had any sent me, but I am pretty sure I would like it. I have had only a dime in my purse for so long it must be lonesome. And if I had five dollars I could hardly decide how to spend it, there are so many things I really need. So you see I am saved a great deal of trouble in not having any."

"That's true," broke in Edith. "Her clothes are so shabby she is really a disgrace to the school. But she doesn't often speak of herself or her clothes."

"I know it," said Kate; "she is usually very reticent on that subject. But I didn't think about it at the time. The bell rang just then, so I put my money in my purse, and Dorothy and I went out together. I didn't say a word to anybody about it, because I wanted to surprise you girls; and I was going down alone for nuts, fruit and candy this morning, but when I opened my purse the money wasn't there."

"Have you looked everywhere?" asked Marion. "If your bureau drawers are in the condition that mine often are, you would have to hunt some time before you could be sure the money was not there."

"I am sure I put it in my purse," said Kate. "Of course I would, but I have looked everywhere—in my water pitcher, under my mat, and in every other probable or improbable place—and it isn't in my room, I'm sure of that!"

"But why should you suspect Dorothy, any sooner than any of us other girls?"

"I will tell you," said Kate. "Last night when the girls all went out on the lawn to see that barn burn in the village, I went back to my room to get my shawl. I came up the stairs at this end of the corridor, and just as I reached the top of the stairs, I saw Dorothy come out of my room at the other end, and run down stairs without seeing me. I thought at the time she had probably brought up some clean clothes or something else, but when I went into my room, everything was just as when I left it so far as I could see."

"Madame Skinner might have sent her there on some errand," said Marion.

"Wait until I have told you all I know about it," said Kate impatiently. "This morning Lida Dennis came into my room. She had just come from the milliner's, and she asked me if I knew that Dorothy had had a fortune fall to her. 'A fortune?' I said. 'Why, she must have had,' said Lida, 'for Miss Cummings says she came in there this morning and bought a new hat. Just think of it! Dorothy with anything on her head but that old straw, with green ribbon on it! She bought a pretty black turban, with velvet and tips on it, and paid five dollars.'"

"I don't understand how anyone can doubt it," said Edith. "The temptation was evidently too strong for her to resist."

Marion looked grave.

"Have you said anything to Madame Skinner?" she asked.

"Not yet," said Kate, "but I am going to now. I think she ought to know it. Come with me."

With a little embarrassment Kate told of her loss and suspicions, growing positive and earnest as she proceeded. Madame listened with a pained, serious face. When Kate had finished, Madame Skinner said in a low tone:

"My dear, do you know you have made a very grave charge? Many reputations have been lost, and lives ruined, by accusations no greater than this. I have known Dorothy for three years, and I am confident there is no one in school more honest than she. I have never known her to deceive me in any way. I beg you to say nothing of your loss to anyone. I think it will be explained sooner or later."

"I do not accuse Dorothy," said Kate. "But she has no parents, and never speaks of any intimate friends, and I should like to know where the money came from to pay for her hat. She told me two days ago that she only had a dime, and she spoke as if there was no prospect of her having any more. I can't help thinking she took my money, but I will say nothing about it to anyone. I am sure I do not want to injure Dorothy."

There was a low knock at the door and Dorothy came in with the afternoon mail. "Madame Skinner," called the girl to her and slipped an arm around her waist.

"I have heard some news," she said, smiling. "Miss Cummings says our Dorothy has a new hat, and that it is very becoming."

Dorothy gave Madame a quick look, then dropped her eyes, while her face flushed.

Kate and Edith quickly exchanged glances.

"What is it, dear? Are you keeping something from me?" Madame Skinner asked kindly. "You know my interest is great in whatever concerns you. Tell me what troubles you."

Dorothy raised her eyes. There were tears on her eyelashes.

"I wanted to tell you," she said in a low tone, "but I was afraid you would think me extravagant, and I was ashamed. I almost decided to ask Miss Cummings to take the hat back. I paid five dollars—just think of it! But I did so want to have something pretty once, so the girls would not be ashamed of me. Do you think it was very wrong?"

"But the money was yours, Dorothy? You had a right to do with it as you pleased?"

"Yes," said the girl, drawing a letter from her pocket. "And if you will read this, perhaps you will not think it so strange that I bought the hat."

She laid the letter on the table, and slipped quietly from the room.

Madame Skinner unfolded the letter.

"I think, girls, that you should hear this. I am sure Dorothy would be willing, if she knew her character was called in question;" and she read aloud:

"Dear Niece Dorothy:

"It is a great undertaking for me to write a letter, but I must tell you of our good fortune. Your Uncle Joshua has sold the clay swamp to a brick company for six hundred dollars. We enclose five dollars for you, with our love, and we want you to spend it for something that will make you happy—something special, because it doesn't seem like common, everyday money, anyway.

Your loving

"AUNT BETSY."

Madame Skinner laid down the letter. "I was sure Dorothy could explain about the money," she said quietly.

"But that does not make it any plainer where my money went," said Kate.

"You are sure you saw the bill? Is it not possible that your mother forgot at the last moment to enclose it?" asked Madame.

"Oh, Madame!" said Kate, "it dropped from my letter when I opened it, Dorothy could tell you that—and I remember I put it in my purse. Mamma says the very last thing that she enclosed it."

As she finished speaking she took the letter from her pocket, and opened it. The missing bill dropped upon the table.

Kate's face crimsoned with shame.

"Why I thought—I was sure I put it in my purse!" she stammered. "Oh, Madame, what have I done! I am so sorry and ashamed!" And she hid her face in her hands and burst into tears.

Madame stroked the bowed head tenderly.

"I am glad you came to me with it," she said, "before telling the others. I trust this will be a lesson which we shall not forget. We should always be careful how we judge others. It is better to lose valuables than to bring a false accusation against an innocent person."—Julia D. Cowles.

LESSON THIRTY-EIGHT.

Keeping Promises.

Aim—To teach the way of the Lord and how to walk in the truth.

Result Desired—That the children will understand that a promise is a sacred thing and when one is made it should not be broken unless by circumstances which are not under the control of the person making the promise.

Development of Lesson Thirty-eight:

Review last lesson. Let the children tell of mistakes made by permitting themselves to believe something which they may have seen or heard which influenced their opinion of friends or playmates.

Discuss the meaning of a promise. Suppose we agree to meet someone at a definite hour or place and fail to keep our promise, whom have we injured? In what way are we dishonest? Untruthful? How do you feel about a person who does not keep promises? How about those who do keep their word? What is the story of the rainbow? When it rains very hard what does the thought of the rainbow mean to you? How could the rainbow be a false witness? What was the promise of the Lord to the Israelites when they started on the journey from Egypt to the Promised Land? (See Exodus, 3rd chapter.) Name some of the remarkable ways in which the Lord fulfilled His promise? (Crossing the Red Sea, the protection of the cloud and the pillar of fire, the manna, water from the rock, etc.)

Memory Gem:

"Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with willing mind and heart;
Do your duty and be blest."

Story: "A Boy Who Missed a Chance."

"But I cannot, Jeanie; I promised to give warning. And I'm not just a message-boy. I serve in the shop."

"You're nothing but a message-boy, no matter what the old man says. If he wanted to get rid of you, he'd give you no warning. And this is such a grand chance, Jim. You'll not get another like it."

"If I had not promised; but I did. I cannot break my word. Can I, mother?" And the speaker, a lad of thirteen, turned to an elderly woman, who was clearing the small tea-table.

"It's no easy to say, laddie," was the answer, and the thin lined face looked anxious and care-worn. "Ye did promise, but we need the money;

your jacket'll no last much longer, and where's a new one to come frae?"

"Sit down, mother; I'll do that. I've plenty time, and try you to make Jimmie see things right. John says it's the first step on the ladder for him;" and Jeanie, a comely girl of eighteen, took the towel from her mother's hand, and began to wash the tea-things. Jimmie stood at the window of the little kitchen, his hands in his pockets, looking out on the street in its Sunday quiet, but seeing nothing. His brows were drawn, and his lips closed firmly; he was fighting with giants; his own wishes were on their side, and mother and sister were fighting for them. All three were silent for a little. Jeanie moved about, putting cups and plates in their places, and doing all she could see needed doing. That was not much, though, for the little kitchen was clean and tidy, and everything spoke of the good housewife, as plainly as of scanty means.

Then Jimmie turned, went up to his mother, and said, earnestly: "Can I do it, mother? I did promise, and you have learnt me to keep my word, even when I gave it to my hurt," he said.

"Aye, it's true, Jimmie, and I was faithless; ye must keep your given word, so long as it's no a sin."

Jeanie cried out in dismay. "It's true, Jeanie, it's very kind of John and you, but how could his masters trust Jimmie if he began by breaking his word? They would aye mind on it."

The question under discussion was a situation for Jimmie, much better than his present one, which Jeanie had heard of. But it was to be filled up at once; and Jimmie, who was messenger-boy in a shop, had promised to give his master, an old man and "queer," as people said, proper notice before leaving, and this promise he felt he must keep.

A knock came to the door, and Jeanie ran to open it, saying, "Here's John, he'll show you how stupid you are."

Almost immediately, a young man, smartly-dressed and conceited-looking, entered with Jeanie, who had already told him of the difficulty. Scarcely taking time to say "Good-evening," he attacked Jimmie at once.

"What stuff is this, Jim? No fellow in his senses would lose such a chance. I tell you the place is promised me, for you, if you go at once."

"I cannot. I must give Mr. Simpson warning. Won't they wait?" pleaded Jimmie.

"Wait! a likely story; why, Stewart's can pick out of crowds. You may get to be head porter, and that's worth something. You'll never be such a fool as to refuse, Jim," said John, staring at the boy.

Jimmie looked at his mother, silenced, but not convinced. She drew him to her and said: "He cannot break his word, John; we're obliged to you for the trouble, but no good comes of broken faith. God will open some way for us."

"People don't think of these old stories now, Mrs. Henderson," said the young fellow sneeringly.

"People may not, but God does. The man that cannot stand before God will not stand long before men," was the solemn answer. "Must ye go, Jennie?" Mrs. Henderson added, as she saw her daughter with her hat on.

"Yes, I've to be in soon; it'll be long or I trouble with you again, Jimmie;" and she turned away, too hurt and angry to cry, for she had tried to help her brother, and could not understand her mother and him.

"Read the 15th Psalm the night, Jeanie," whispered the widow, as she said good-bye.

It was a silent evening in the little kitchen; but when worship was over, Jimmie said: "I could not break my word, mother. Even if nobody knew, I'd always have minded it."

"Ye've done right, Jimmie; noo think no more of it, but get to your bed and sleep."

Monday morning found Jimmie at work, wondering between times who

had got the place. He had not much time to think, though, for old Mr. Simpson, his master, was worse to please than usual. He seemed ill, too, and had, more than once, to ask Jimmie's help in trifles. Altogether, it was a hard day, and Jimmie was glad when work was done. He could not help saying over his porridge: "Mother, Mr. Simpson must be queer to live all alone in that wee room behind the shop; he's nobody to do a thing for him."

When Jimmie got to the shop next morning it was not opened, a thing that had never happened before. He knocked and waited, and knocked again, till at last the neighbors grew alarmed, and applied to the policeman, for "something must be wrong." And something was wrong. All alone in the darkness of his comfortless room, Mr. Simpson was lying helpless and speechless, and before the next morning he was dead.

So Jimmie lost his place and had to find another, with no character from his late master to help him; and places were so few, and boys so numerous.

The gentleman who took charge of Mr. Simpson's property, and tried to find out his relatives (about whom no one knew anything) was very kind. He gave Jimmie a month's wages, and wrote a statement of the way in which the lad had lost his place; but that was not of much use. Week after week passed, and Jimmie was still without work. Winter was near; no work for Jimmie meant less fire, less food, no new boots or jackets, however much they were needed; and the thinner and shabbier Jimmie was, the less chance of a good place. Jeanie, helped as much as she could, but was unable to resist saying, "If mother and you had only not tried to be wiser and better than other folk, you'd have had a good place now."

It was a hard trial, and many a time Jimmie wished he had taken his sister's advice that night; yet when he spoke to his mother about it, he always ended by saying, "If I had broken my word, mother, I'd have known it myself, and might have done worse next time."

Next night, as the gas was lit, a knock came to Mrs. Henderson's door. A gentleman asked to see James Henderson; and Mr. Stewart, for it was he, was taken into the kitchen. As Mrs. Henderson put forward a chair, he looked round him. Rich man as he was now, he well remembered another kitchen, as clean and as poor, and a boy as thin as this one, whose jacket and trousers were as well patched and as small for him.

"Are you the James Henderson whose sister is nurse at Mrs. Al-lardce's?" he asked; and bit by bit Jimmie's story was drawn out, and the lawyer's paper with Mr. Rose's signature shown. At length the lost chance of a good place was mentioned.

"But why did you not take the place? It was a good chance," said Mr. Stewart.

Jimmie's face flushed; everyone said that and thought him a fool.

"I had given my word and could not break it," he answered, nervously.

"Why not?" was the quick question. "Let him speak for himself, Mrs. Henderson."

Jimmie paled and flushed.

"You hurt yourself, you see," continued this questioner, looking keenly at the boy.

Something gave Jimmie courage. He lifted a Bible, and opening at the 15th Psalm, pointed to the 4th verse, and said, "That's why, sir. My mother learnt me that."

The long disused speech of his boyhood came back to Mr. Stewart. "Haud fast tu that, laddie; ye'll gang far wi' that guide!" He paused for a minute, then resumed in his usual tone, "I need a boy in the warehouse just now, and will give you the place if you like. The pay will not be much, but, if you are attentive, and quick at figures, you have a chance of learning there."

"Oh, sir, hoo can we thank ye! But, indeed, he's no' decent: he must

have new clothes first," said Mrs. Henderson; and her face fell as she looked at the well-worn suit, long outgrown.

"I used to wear a jacket the neighbor of that," said Mr. Stewart, smiling. "James can repay this out of his wages. He must come on Monday at eight o'clock. But, remember, my lad, you claim a great thing; great things are looked for from you;" and Mr. Stewart turned to the boy as he rose to go.

"I'll do my best," was the earnest reply.

And Jimmie did his best. People learned that he was trustworthy, and they trusted him. He was called Stewart's pet, and the favorite; but no one could say the favor was wrongly gained or badly used. Prosperity came in time. The small, barely-furnished kitchen was changed for a comfortable sitting-room, where the easiest chair in the cosiest corner was his mother's place. Her hands, so busy once earning daily bread, were busy now for others' comfort; and Jimmie's boys and girls clustered round grandmamma's chair, and clambered on her knee, to listen to the often-told story of how father kept his word when a boy.

And so Jimmie climbed the ladder. He put his foot on the first step, I think, when he refused to break his word for his own advantage; but the top of that ladder is not visible to us on earth.—Selected.

LESSON THIRTY-NINE.

Courage in Telling Truth.

Aim—That true courage is the result of reasoning.

Result Desired—The habit encouraged of taking time to think about our actions.

Development of Lesson Thirty-nine:

Review last lesson. Consider some of the difficulties which are met in trying to keep promises, such as resisting temptation. (see January number of *The Friend*, page 56), and power to say no (see February number, page 105.)

Truth is spoken and acted, it sometimes requires great courage to do either. The Savior lived day by day to establish truths. He told the people many things which were to help them to be better and in His actions showed how to be honest and true as well as good and kind. The Prophet Joseph Smith had a message to give and it needed great courage to give it. (Illustrate with some incidents from the life of the prophet).

Memory Gem:

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead."

Story: "How Ruth Lost and Won."

You see the one that stayed at the head of the spelling class the most days in the term was to have as a prize, the most elegant Bible you ever saw, or, at any rate, I never saw one so handsome; but you have lived in the city and I haven't. Well, Luena Shaw and I were just even, and that very day was to decide it, because next day was examination.

The baby—our baby, I mean—was sick, and I told mother that morning Luena Shaw's baby was always well, and that was how she got ahead of me in arithmetic; but she said it was because Luena's mother was stronger than she, and so didn't need her little girl's help. That made me sorry I had been cross, and I stayed till the last minute, carrying him around and around the room, singing to him. I'm glad enough I did, for he didn't live long after that, and I know he was pleased to be carried, because he kept as quiet as could be; but when the school bell rang, of course I had to go.

The spelling class came just after the prayer, and I saw Luena's book

open under her desk when she bent her head. I didn't like to do that; it seems to me I'd never pretend that way; but, if I didn't study, I felt like crying, I was so anxious. And I guess I didn't pray any more than Luena, till it came to "Deliver us from evil." I thought missing a word would be a dreadful evil and I know I did pray then.

When the class was called I stood at the head, Luena next. All the chance I'd had to look at my lesson was just a little time till mother came and kissed me good-night and took the light away, the evening before. I was so sleepy then I could hardly see the words. But I was sure on the first part, and I made up my mind, by the number of words we generally had, we were almost through the lesson, when the teacher gave out "Tyranny." I couldn't remember I'd ever seen the word, and I couldn't imagine how it was spelled; but as it went on down the class, everybody missing it, I listened to the best spellers, and felt sure it was Tyr for the first syllable and an for the next. If there had been one boy below Tom Peters I should have known whether the last syllable was ny or y. As it was it came to me without my being sure. I was so frightened; I spelled well enough till it came to that last syllable; then I hesitated a little, long enough, I suppose, for the teacher to think I'd put in the two n's, but I truly didn't put in but one.

Just then somebody knocked at the door; and, as he started to answer it, he gave out another word. But Luena called out: "Aren't there two n's in Tyranny?" "Yes, and Ruth put in two; didn't you, Ruth?" he asked. And then he opened the door, for the rap was repeated, and I had to wait while he showed in a visitor. The school desks seemed to swim before my eyes. I knew he would believe me, because he had said once I was truthful; and then there was that Bible, with its splendid clasps shining like gold. Besides, it hadn't been my fault that my lesson wasn't learned, and Luena had studied hers in prayer time. I don't know how I thought of so much in so short a time, but I seemed to see in a flash all the reasons why it wasn't fair I should lose the prize.

But just as soon as I thought of prayer time, I remembered the place where I had joined in it, and the evil seemed now to be a lie and not losing the prize. I couldn't make it that any more; it was as if I had said, "Deliver us from lying." And I thought of mother and what she would say, and how the teacher would look if he found me out. As soon as he turned towards us again, if you'll believe me, he gave out another word, as if nothing had happened. I spoke up loud now: "No, sir, I didn't put in but one n."

He looked puzzled first, then said, "Didn't you?" and looked sorry. If he hadn't looked that way I shouldn't have done it; but when Luena went above me, biting her lips to keep from laughing in my face, I couldn't speak to spell the next word he gave me. He seemed to want the visitor to hear me spell a hard word, because I had just failed. If I had spoken I should have burst out crying, and I hate to see a big girl like me do that, so I went down again.

I told my mother about it at noon, and said I'd lost the prize, another place besides, all for asking to be delivered from evil, for by that time all my wishing had come back. But she kissed me and said it was better so; I would never have enjoyed the most beautiful prize, if it couldn't be honestly mine, and that she would give me a pretty Bible because I had told the truth. But I thought she could never afford to get me one like that I had lost; and I should have been cross, but that she seemed so worried about the baby.

When examination day came, the teacher told us to take our places in the spelling class in alphabetical order. That is, if a girl's name began with A she should stand first. Mine did, you see, so I was at the head again; but there was no comfort in that now. When the class were all in their places, he made a little speech to the visitors, for the room was full by this time.

explaining about the prize. Then he said Luena Shaw had been perfect one more day than I had, and called her up to take the prize. She was dressed beautifully; but I had to wear my old plaid that had faded in the wash, because baby was too sick for mother to finish my new gown. I felt as if everything was against me that day.

Luena made the prettiest bow, and said, "Thank you, sir," and came back up the aisle looking so pleased. But she was good when she came to me, for she looked another way and was sober. When she was seated, the teacher cleared his throat and said—well, I can't tell it just as it was, for I was so surprised, but he spoke of my having been perfect in spelling so many times, and that he would have thought that I had spelled the word right, only I said I hadn't. He ended by saying he wanted me to have a present; and, calling me up, handed me a Bible exactly like the other.

I didn't make a pretty bow like Luena; I just bent my head, for fear he would see the tears; I saw them in his eyes when I tried to whisper, "Thank you." I didn't look nicely, nor carry it off nicely, either, and told mother so. But she didn't care; she just hugged me, and we were so happy over it.

On the fly-leaf of the Bible was written:

"Ruth Ainslee—From her teacher.

"They that deal truly are His delight."—M. A. Parsons.

LESSON FORTY.

Gossip.

Aim—To keep the tongue from evil and the lips from speaking guile.

Result Desired—That the children may be helped to feel that irreparable injury may be inflicted by tattle and gossip.

Development of Lesson Forty:

Review of three previous lessons. Explain what is meant by gossip. How gossips often harm their neighbors. How nearly can you repeat a story using the exact words which you heard? How many people does it need to start a gossiping story? How may we try to prevent a story from spreading?

Use following incidents to illustrate the lesson.

Story: "Not So Fast."

"Oh, mamma," cried Blanche, "I heard such a tale about Edith! I did not think she could be so naughty. One—"

"My dear," said her mother, "before you tell it we will see if your story will pass three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?"

"I will explain it. In the first place let me ask you about your story, is it true?"

"I suppose so. I had it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid it was."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need for mentioning it at all."

"Always ask these three questions first when you are tempted to tell something about others. They are good sieves."

Story: "Slander."

A lady visited Sir Philip Neri on one occasion, accusing herself of be-

ing a slanderer. "Do you frequently fall into this fault?" he inquired.

"Yes, very often," replied the penitent.

"My dear child," said Philip, "your fault is great, but the mercy of God is greater. I now bid thee do as follows: Go to the nearest market and purchase a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers. Then walk to a certain distance, plucking the bird as you go. Your walk finished, return to me."

The woman did as directed and returned, anxious to know the meaning of so singular an injunction.

"You have been very faithful to the first part of my orders," said Philip. "now do the second part, and you will be cured: Retrace your steps, pass through all the places you have traversed, and gather up one by one all the feathers you have scattered."

"But," said the woman, "I cast the feathers carelessly away, and the wind carried them in all directions."

"Well, my child," replied Philip, "so it is with your words of slander. Like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions. Call them back now, if you can. Go, sin no more."—Ex.

Recite the following:

"Three Gates of Gold."

"If you are tempted to reveal a tale
Some one to you has told
About another,
Make it pass, before you speak,
Three Gates of Gold—
Three narrow gates:
First, Is it true? Then, Is it needful?
And the next is last
And narrowest, Is it kind?
And, if at last, to leave you lips,
It passes through
These gateways three,
Then you the tale may tell,
Nor fear what
The result may be."

—Selected.

Story: "What Mattie Said."

"Della," said Irene Van Horne, just after school was dismissed for the day, "did you hear what Mattie Merrit said about you at recess?"

Della Adams, who was walking briskly out of the schoolhouse gate, stopped and faced the indignant-looking girl who had arrested her attention.

"No," said Della, quietly, "I did not hear her say anything about me, and I do not think she did!"

"O, yes, she did," said Irene, eagerly; "and I told her right to her face I'd tell you the very first chance I got. O, it was mean!"

"Was it?" said Della, with a gentle smile. "Perhaps you had better not tell me, then."

"O, but you ought to know! I'm sure you'll be furious."

Della checked her.

"Do you not care to hear what she said?"

"I think not," replied Della, gently but very firmly. "'What good would it do me to hear that Mattie slandered me, as I infer she did? I could not punish her even if I wished. I could not make her recall the words, and I am sure it would not give me pleasure to hear them repeated.'"

"Then you don't want to know—"

"Not a single word. If I knew, I might find it impossible not to show Mattie that I felt badly over it."

"Why, I should think after your quarrel you would not care much for her opinion."

"My quarrel?" said Della, in surprise. "We have not quarreled. Mattie is angry because I excelled her in school studies this week, but it takes two to make a quarrel, and I am not angry at her. What ever she may have said, I'm sure she will be sorry for it."

"Well, you are the queerest girl!" exclaimed Irene, as they walked along, and Della began to talk on other subjects. "I don't suppose there's another girl in school who wouldn't have been curious to hear what Mattie said. And to think that you don't care what anybody says about you!"

"I do care," said Della, rather sadly; "and that is why I prefer to hear nothing but favorable comment. I would like to believe that all the girls liked me."

"So they do," said Irene, impulsively; "and that was why I was so indignant when Mattie—"

"There you go again," cautioned Della. "Now, dear, don't say a word to anybody about Mattie, and I am sure it will turn out all right."

Irene kissed Della good-by, and walked away, shaking her head in a doubtful manner.

A week passed, and every day when Della met Mattie Merrit she spoke to the girl just as pleasantly and smiled just as sweetly as she ever did.

Mattie at first returned the salutation with a defiant toss of her head; then with a scornful look; then with a puzzled expression and finally she came to Della one day at recess, and said, shortly: "Della, I owe you an apology."

"I think not, Mattie," said Della.

"Yes, I do," persisted Mattie, very red in the face. "Last Tuesday at recess, you know, I said—"

"Please don't tell me what you said!" exclaimed Della, putting her arm around Mattie's waist. "I would rather not hear it."

"Well, you know what I said. I saw Irene Van Horne telling you, and then I was sorry, because I didn't mean a word I said, and every girl knows I didn't."

"I know it," said Della, giving her a warm squeeze, "even if I do not know what you said. Irene did not tell me, and I haven't the slightest idea of my own."

"O, Della! And to think I—"

"Don't think anything about it, dear. As I never heard what you said, it is just the same as if it never was uttered; so we will not say another word about it."

And not another word was spoken about it, and Della and Mattie were just as good, nay, better, friends than before.—Golden Days.

FOURTH GRADE.

(Children ten and eleven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Word of Wisdom.
Subject for the Month of October—Ambitions.

Divisions:

1. Having an Aim in Life.
2. Choosing Companions.
3. Being Somebody.
4. How Study Helps.

LESSON THIRTY-SEVEN.**Having an Aim in Life.**

Aim—High aims form high characters, and great objects bring out great minds.—Tryon Edwards.

Result Desired—The thought aroused that it is good to try to know what is worthy and to seek after it.

Memory Gem:

Not failure, but low aim, is crime.—J. R. Lowell.

Suggestive Talk:

Review the lessons on Example in the August number of the Friend and make clear and definite the fact that we are much indebted to those who have given us good examples. Some of the incidents given may be discussed and gratitude expressed for what has been done for us and a desire aroused to do our share in making the world better for our having lived in it.

In our previous lessons we have praised those who have lived and done things. We are very much interested in ourselves and our success in life. What kind of a record shall we have for others who will follow us? We should have an aim and desire to be worth something in the world. We should be ambitious, it is one of the great forces of human life. It may be described as a strong, fixed desire in the heart to get honor, or to attain the best things. It is a kind of hunger or thirst for success that makes men dare danger and trial to satisfy it. A person is of little use in the world unless he has ambition to set it in motion. Small talent with great ambition often does far more than genius without it.

Ambition is a noble quality in itself, but like any other virtue it may be carried to excess, and thus become an evil. Like fire or water, it must be controlled to be safe and useful. Boys and girls may become so ambitious to win their games, or to get the prizes at school, that they are willing to cheat, or take some mean advantage; and then ambition becomes to them not a blessing but a curse. We want to be very careful in choosing an aim, be sure it is a good aim, one that will be a benefit and a blessing not only to yourself but to the world. After deciding what you would like to be we should do everything that is right and proper to reach the aim, but we ought now and then to stop and test our ambition just as an engineer tries the steam in the boiler; if we do not, it may in some unexpected moment wreck our lives. There are two ways of finding out whether our ambition is too strong for our safety.

First, if we discover that ambition is hurting our own character, there is danger. Second, if we find ambition blinding us to the rights of others, it is time to stop? These are the two tests; and so long as your ambition is harming neither your own life nor the lives of others, it is good and wholesome, and will add value and brightness to your life.

Questions on the Lesson:

Explain what is meant by an aim?

From what you know of his history, what do you think was the great aim in the life of George Washington?

How was this aim successful, not only for George Washington but for the world?

Repeat this question and discuss briefly. Abraham Lincoln, Benjamin Franklin, Bell, the inventor of the telephone, Edison, Marconi, etc.

Review the aim in the life of the Savior and the Prophet Joseph Smith.

The Prophet gave us a good example, he led a good life and was willing

to do the will of his Heavenly Father. What good rules did he leave to us that would help us to choose a good life?

What is the aim in the Word of Wisdom?

In how many ways will this revelation assist us to have a good aim in life.

Note.—Self-help and Character will be found helpful in supplying material for the lessons this month.

LESSON THIRTY-EIGHT.

Choosing Companions.

Aim—"That if you wish to be held in esteem, you must associate only with those who are estimable."

Result Desired—The desire aroused to make and keep good friends.

Memory Gem:

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.—Jeremy Taylor.

Suggestive Talk:

It is in youth that we choose the companions of our age. No new friends, be they ever so kindly, can fill the place which belongs to those who have known us all our lives.

But there is one guest who will come to see us, unbidden, in the twilight hours of life; one guest against whom we cannot bar the door, who will sit with us at our lonely firesides, and recall to us dead days and by-gone hopes;—this intrusive guest is Memory.

A man who had not lived, to outward observation, a worse life than most others was begging his friend to come and see him.

"Come often and stay late," he said; and then he repeated in a tone which sounded as sad as a sob, "Above all, stay late.—I have bad company in the midnights."

The next week his friend went to visit him, and the two men sat together late into the night. They had talked cheerfully enough at first, but, at length, they fell into a long silence, which suddenly the visitor broke:

"You said you have bad company in the midnights."

"Yes," answered the other. "All the memories of my past life come back to me, and they are bad company. It might have been otherwise. I might have lived for better things and found in Memory a genial friend instead of a bitter taunting enemy. I might, but I did not."

I did not rob, nor steal, nor lie—at least, not much. I was over-sharp in business sometimes, and I said some things I did not quite mean; but the harm wasn't in the special acts of my life so much as in the whole principle and spirit of it. I did not try to see how much good I could do, but how much money I could scrape up, and how I could push myself on. And now it's all over and the things I worked so hard for seem less than nothing. I find Memory very bad company."

"But there are books. It's the one compensation, I take it, for living a good deal alone, that a man has time enough to read such things as he's wanted to read all his life."

Ah! but there it is again. I haven't wanted to read, and I don't want to, now. Books are among the friends a fellow has to make in youth, if ever. If I had formed a habit of reading, I should like it now. I should have furnishing Memory with something to do beside holding all my old mistakes up before me as if they were written on parchment. "No: there's no getting away from the consequences of the life we chose for ourselves. I chose mine—and the cup my youth brewed is a bitter draught for my age

to drink. If only youth would or old age could—didn't somebody write a verse about that?"

Ah yes, if youth would! If the experience of ~~ave~~ ^{age} could serve as youth's warning! Memory is the unbidden guest to whom none of us can say, "Not at home!" How terrible a thing it is if we arm this guest against us—if when Memory comes to us in solitude her presence fills our souls with fear and shame.—Selected.

Michael Angelo, one of the most famous painters and sculptors the world has ever seen, began life under very inauspicious circumstances.

As a boy he and a friend named Peter gained a livelihood by taking care of swine. The man who employed them for this uninspiring service often treated them harshly. One day while they were talking together under the clear Italian sky, keeping a careful eye on their grunting charges meanwhile, he approached and, with angry gesticulations, ordered them to remain out in the pasture with the swine until nightfall. This was a dreary prospect for two tired, hungry lads who had been dragging around after the slowly moving herd, as it rooted and nosed in the ground, since daybreak. It brought to a climax a plan which, undoubtedly, had been forming in their minds for some time past.

That night, when the pigs were safely penned, Michael and Peter tied up their few poor belongings in two small bundles and started on foot for Rome. Arrived there the first thing they did, in accordance with their early training, was to go into one of the beautiful churches and kneel down to pray. And there the artist soul in young Michael Angelo stirred and awoke. In an ecstasy so keen that it was almost pain he knelt and gazed at a marvelous painting of the ascension of Christ. The picture seemed to take possession of him, body and soul. Even after he had left the church he could not break away from the compelling influence of that sublime figure with hands outstretched in blessing. Again and again he visited the church and all the time, unknown to himself, that wonderful thing called genius grew within him and clamored for expression.

Peter, meanwhile, had found employment as cook's boy in the kitchen of a cardinal. Michael, although he looked and prayed for work, was not so fortunate. When hunger gnawed beyond endurance he stole to the back door of the cardinal's house, there to receive a share of Peter's daily rations, with whatever scraps of broken bread and meat the cook had thrown aside. At night he shared Peter's bed in an attic, the good-natured cook making no objection—and with regard to the kitchen help her word was law.

After a while Michael, also, through the intercession of his friend, obtained employment in the cardinal's household. There the boys lived and worked happily for some time. But Michael's visits to the church and the great painting did not cease, and at night, with a few pieces of charcoal, he reproduced upon the staring, white-washed walls of the little attic chamber the figures which filled his imagination all day long while, with nimble limbs, he moved hither and thither at the bidding of the kitchen autocrat.

One day the cardinal had occasion to visit that room—a very unusual occurrence. Spellbound he stood staring at the walls with their vivid, if crude, reproduction of subjects which were to him so familiar. Upon learning who slept in the room he sent for Michael and Peter. The boys came, trembling. They had known what it was to be footsore and hungry, to tramp day and night without food or shelter, and the possibility of losing this comfortable home loomed up before them like a great, blank wall. Poor Michael confessed at once that it was he who had "disfigured" the walls, eagerly voicing his ability and willingness to clean it all off and make them just as they were before. But the cardinal only smiled, while his face showed the excitement and joy of one who had made a great discovery.

The next day Peter was raised to a much better position in his household and Michael's education in art was begun.

Thus the world gained one of its greatest sculptors and painters.

But what of Peter—poor, insignificant, faithful Peter, of whom the world has never heard? Only for him, for his loyal friendship, and faithfulness to the pledge of comradeship which he and Michael undoubtedly made when they started on foot for Rome, Michael Angelo might never have survived those first discouraging weeks of hardship, when, a poor, unlettered Italian lad, knowing little more than how to take care of swine, he wandered about the streets of a great city. It was Peter who fed and sheltered him during that dreary time. Peter, who secured for him the position in the cardinal's house, where, no longer hampered by anxiety about the necessities of life, the marvelous gift with which he was endowed could expand and grow. Peter, who opened for his friend the door to a great and brilliant career.

The genius of a Michael Angelo is given to very few, but it is given to us all to be what Peter was—a loyal friend and faithful comrade! And thus we, too, may save for the world some master mind, through whose inspiration the minds of other men may be lifted to higher and nobler things.—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson:

What is your opinion as to the value of the friendship between Ruth and Naomi? See Book of Ruth.

Who was David and who was Jonathan and what do you think about their friendship for each other? See I Samuel.

Why was Delilah a poor friend to Samson? Judges 16.

What kind of a friend did Judas prove himself to be? What was his temptation? Matthew 26:46-50.

Why is it true that "birds of a feather flock together?"

What is your opinion of the boys who get together on corners, or behind barns and stay out late at night?

What kind of a person do you admire most?

What is meant by "A person is known by the society he keeps?"

What is the meaning of the memory gem for this lesson?

What is a good test of friendship?

Why is it true if you wish a friend you must be one?

There are some things which are known as companions, name some of them? (Books, music, work, animals, birds, etc.)

Why does a man who smokes consider his tobacco his friend?

What kind of a friend is liquor?

What is your opinion of a person who tries to help you to be better and happier?

Give some reasons why Jesus is a good friend?

Give some reasons why the Prophet Joseph was a good friend?

LESSON THIRTY-NINE.

Being Somebody.

Aim—The important thing in life is to have a great aim and the determination to attain it.—Goethe.

Result Desired—The ambition encouraged to make the most of every opportunity for good.

Memory Gem:

The work of the world is done by a few;
God asks that a part be done by you.

—Sarah K. Bolton.

Suggestive Talk:

When James Mears began helping in the office of Simmons & Wentworth he was not a very promising worker. He was ready to do what he was told, but he seemed unable to set himself tasks. He took no interest in the business. When his regularly appointed work was done he would drop with a sigh into his chair; and when five o'clock came he would leave the office, even if others were working overtime.

His employer, watching him, sighed for a boy with a soul above fixed limits for work, and a readiness to find work for himself, and to train himself for greater usefulness by learning how to do his tasks in the very best way. He was thinking he would have to let James go when, all of a sudden, the boy surprised everyone by beginning to do the very things he had before neglected. He looked for chances to work. He showed an interest in the business; instead of watching the clock he began to watch his employer's interests. He used his spare moments in picking up odds and ends of information that might make him of more use to the man who paid him his wages.

One day there was urgent need for a mislaid package of letters. No one seemed to know anything about them. Annoyed, the head of the firm was resigning himself to the loss, when James laid the missing bundle before him. He explained that he had heard the request for the letters and had resolved that if they were in the office he would find them. After an hour's diligent search he had been successful.

Then the employer changed his mind about letting James go. "He's just the sort of boy we need here," he said to his associate. "We cannot afford to let a worker go when he is doing his best to increase his usefulness. There's a future for a boy like that."

The ability of his employer to say such a thing as this of Frank A. Vanderlip, some years ago assistant secretary of the treasury, now vice-president of the National City Bank of New York, was the great secret of his rise from obscurity. When he was sixteen years old he was thrown on his own resources by the death of his father. He took the only work he could find, without worrying because it was not as pleasant work as he would have liked. As apprentice in a machine shop he began, but he resolved that he would not remain an apprentice. Charles F. Speare, writing in the *Review of Reviews* of this period of his life, says: "He had no mechanical bent, but his demand for knowledge of the thing that was closest to his workaday world was a conspicuous quality in his make-up. He was all the time studying his surroundings, studying from machines and from men and from books."

A writer in *Harper's Weekly* tells how a young man with the same determined spirit commanded the success that has come to him. "A club reporter in a small city in the western part of New York state coveted a position on a certain New York paper. Somehow the chances of getting on that paper's exclusive staff seemed mighty few. But one day his city editor told him to go down to the railroad station, see Lord Charles Beresford, who was to wait there a little time between trains, and get an interview from him. The boy was country-bred, and Beresford was a little more than a name to him. But he had an hour to spare before he would have to be at the depot, and that hour was spent in a library reading of the fight before Alexandria and of revolving guns in the Soudan.

When he found Lord Beresford he succeeded in securing the interview for which he had been sent. But he was not satisfied as other reporters were. His hour of special reading enabled him to ask a question that brought an answer of tremendous import. After turning in his copy to the home paper he sent a special to the city paper on whose staff he longed to be. It was not only printed in its columns next day, but was cabled around the world. The result was a flattering offer to join the staff in New York.

It was not very long till he was receiving a salary of \$5,000 a year. And he owed his advancement to his readiness to do what other reporters thought unnecessary work; to set himself tasks just a little larger than were expected of him.

Those who are winning their way to success today, whether in the office or in the shop, are advancing for the very same reason. Instead of trying to do as little as possible, they are seeking opportunities to do extra work, and they count no sacrifice of time or pleasure too great if they may thus become more useful to those who employ them, or better fitted for their work.

It is said that when Miss Frances Willard was a girl of eighteen she made this resolve: "I will spend my coming years in being somebody and in doing something for somebody." An exchange, speaking of this resolution which contributed much, doubtless, to the making of this magnificent woman whose name is known and revered the world over, says:

"She kept it, as everybody knows. But when we look at her life, we can see that she continually laid more emphasis on the last clause of it than on the first. It was a double-barreled resolve. Frances Willard was a splendidly able woman. She would have been somebody in any case. But her greatness came from using her extraordinary powers for the service of others. Doing something for somebody was her daily, steady thought, which made her the noble and inspiring leader that she was."—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson:

Think for a minute about the people that you have heard of or read about and tell which one you admire the most? Why?

(Let as many as possible answer the above question).

If you could make a choice today what would you like to become when you are grown up?

What would you need in the way of preparation?

How many people would you need to assist you?

(This question may be answered by some who think that it is possible to be independent, the teacher should be careful to prove that no one is independent, that without assistance one would surely die).

What is the Golden Rule?

If we desire to be successful how must this rule be observed?

What is meant by "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all else will be added to you."

What did our Savior earn as a reward for His work on the earth? Philippians 2: 7-11.

Why would you consider the Prophet Joseph a somebody?

How did he earn the honor which the Lord bestowed upon him?

If what you do today helps to make you what you are tomorrow, why is it worth while to think about what you do today?

What is there in our Church which will help you to be a somebody?

LESSON FORTY.

How Study Helps.

Aim—Knowledge is the eye of the soul.—Watson.

Result Desired—The truth impressed that it is very important to know what is necessary in the making of good men and good women.

Memory Gem:

No one but yourself can make your life beautiful, no one can be pure, honorable and loving for you.—J. R. Miller.

Suggestive Talk:

Take up briefly for review the memory gem and aims given in three previous lessons.

It has been well said that "Nothing is so costly as ignorance. You sow the wrong seed, you plant the wrong field, you build with the wrong timber, you buy the wrong ticket, you settle in the wrong locality, you take the wrong medicine or eat the wrong food—and no money can make good your mistake."

The knowledge attained by any man appears to be a poor thing to boast of, since there is no condition or situation in which he may be placed without feeling or perceiving that there is something or other which he knows little or nothing about. A man can scarcely open his eyes or turn his head without being able to convince himself of the truth. And yet, without a fair working knowledge of the ordinary affairs of life, every man is, in some respects, as helpless as a child. Indeed there is no kind of knowledge which, in the hands of the diligent and skillful, may not be turned to good account. Honey exudes from all flowers, the bitter not accepted, but the bee knows how to extract it, and, by this knowledge, succeeds in providing for all its needs.

Learning is like a river. At its first rising the river is small and is easily viewed, but as it flows onward it increases in breadth and depth, being fed by a thousand smaller streams flowing into it on either side, until at length it pours its mighty torrent into the ocean. So learning, which seems so small to us at the beginning, is ever increasing in its range and scope, until even the greatest minds are unable to comprehend it as a whole.

Sir Isaac Newton felt this when, after his sublime discoveries in science had been accomplished, he said, "I do not know what I appear to the world; but to myself I seem only like a boy playing upon the seashore, and diverting myself by now and then finding a choice pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the greatest ocean of truth lies all undiscovered before me."

Strabo was entitled to be called a profound geographer eighteen hundred years ago, but a geographer who had never heard of America would now be laughed at by boys and girls of ten years of age. What would now be thought of the greatest chemist or geologist of 1776? The truth is that, in science, mankind is constantly advancing. Every generation has its front and its rear rank; but the rear rank of the later generation stands upon the ground which was occupied by the front rank of its predecessor.

It is important that our knowledge should be as full and complete as we can make it. Partial knowledge nearly always leads us into error. A traveler, as he passed through a large thick wood, saw a part of a huge oak which appeared misshapen, and almost seemed to spoil the scenery. "If," said he, "I was the owner of this forest, I would cut down that tree." But when he had ascended the hill, and taken a full view of the forest, this same tree appeared the most beautiful part of the landscape. "How erroneously," said he, "I have judged while I saw only a part!" The full view, the harmony and proportion of things, are all necessary to clear up our judgment.

Walter A. Wood, whose keen business ability made him a wealthy man, and sent him to congress as a representative from the great state of New York, is reported to have said, "I would give fifty thousand dollars for a college education." When he came to measure his ability with that of men, who had had greater opportunities in an educational line, he realized his loss. Chauncey M. Depew is also reported as having said, "I never saw a self-made man in my life who did not firmly believe that he had been handicapped, no matter how great his success, by deficiency in education, and who was not determined to give his children the advantages of which he felt, not only in business, but in intercourse with his fellow-men, so great a need."

There is a difference between knowledge and wisdom and understanding; but without the first the rest cannot be gained, any more than you can have a harvest of wheat without seed and skill of cultivation. Understanding is the right use of facts; facts make knowledge; knowledge is the root of wisdom. Many men know a great deal, but are not wise or capable; many others know less, but are able to use what they have learned. Wisdom is the ripe fruit of knowledge: knowledge is the beginning of character.

The love of knowledge has been characteristic of most great men. They not only loved knowledge but they were willing to work hard to attain it. As examples of this: Gibbon was in his study every morning, winter and summer, at six o'clock. Milton is said to have stuck to the study of his books with the regularity of a paid bookkeeper. Raphael, the great artist, lived only to the age of thirty-seven, yet so diligent was his pursuit of knowledge, that he carried his art to such a degree of perfection that it became the model for his successors. When a man like one of these wins success, people say "he is a genius." But the real reason for success, was, as you may see, that the love of knowledge led to the effort to obtain it.

Useful knowledge is the knowledge of what is of benefit to ourselves and to others; and that is the most important which is the most useful. It is the belief of those who have spent their lives in the search for it, that knowledge is better than riches, and that its possession brings more comfort to the owner. To be acquainted with the great deeds enacted in past ages; to find out how some nations have grown powerful while others have fallen; or to learn something about the great mysteries of nature, brings with it to the diligent searcher many hours of pleasure. Also the experience of man teaches that the exercise of the mind brings great satisfaction. Even in seemingly little things the same holds true.

There is a fountain in London that is opened by a concealed spring. One day the Bishop of London wanted to drink, but no one could tell him how to open it. At last a little dirty bootblack stepped up and touched the spring and the water gushed out. He knew more than the bishop about that one thing, and so was able to render the great man a real service.

The power of intellectual knowledge, without the power of moral principle, can only tend to evil. It has been said that education would empty our jails; but the greatest criminals, whether of scientific poisoning, or of fraud and forgery, are well educated. It has been asserted lately that, "there is a race between scientific detection and prevention, on the one hand, and scientific roguery on the other."

Character is the criterion of knowledge. Not what a man has, but what he is, is the question, after all. The quality of soul is more than the quantity of information. Personal, spiritual substance is the final result. Have that, and your intellectual furnishings and attainments will turn naturally to the loftiest uses. Add obedience to knowledge, and your education will be worth all that it has cost.

Questions on the Lesson:

How did Washington prepare himself for whatever might come into his life?

(Follow this with discussions of others who have done great deeds).

Discuss, also, characters from the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Church History to show how they took advantage of opportunities to make themselves strong and worthy.

FIFTH GRADE.

(Children twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Articles of Faith.)

Topic for the Month of October—The Gathering of Israel.

Divisions:

1. The Gathering of Israel.
2. The Pure in Heart.
3. Zion.
4. Renewal of the Earth.

LESSON THIRTY-SEVEN.**The Gathering of Israel.**

Aim—Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe His prophets, so shall ye prosper.—II Chronicles 20: 20.

Development of Lesson Thirty-seven.

Read carefully Lectures seventeen and eighteen of The Articles of Faith and relate briefly how Israel was dispersed and the prophecies about the gathering of Israel.

Questions on the Lesson.

Recite in concert the tenth article. How did the Israelites come to be divided, and what were the names of the two kingdoms? (See paragraph three, Lecture seventeen of The Articles of Faith.)

From whom were the Israelites descended?

How was the kingdom of Israel finally scattered? (Paragraph fifteen, The Articles of Faith.)

How did the people of the kingdom of Judah become captive and whom were they compelled to serve? (Paragraph eighteen, The Articles of Faith.)

When Joseph became one of the rulers in Egypt what blessing was he able to bestow upon his people and how did he bestow it.

What happened after the Israelites became numerous in Egypt?

Whom did the Lord raise up to deliver the Israelites from the power of the Egyptians and how did he accomplish his wonderful work?

Why was Canaan called the Promised Land?

What must the Israelites do to be worthy to live in the Promised Land?

What great laws did the Lord give to them that would help them to be a good people?

How were these laws obeyed?

Whose fault was it that these kingdoms were destroyed?

When the Savior came upon the earth what did He do that is helping to gather together the dispersed of Israel?

How did the Jews receive the Gospel which Jesus taught?

When the Prophet Joseph Smith, through the power of the Lord, restored the Gospel, what effect did that have in assisting onward this great gathering?

How did the people receive the message which the Prophet Joseph proclaimed?

Where do you find humble people?

Read the third and fifth verses of the fifth chapter of Matthew.

How do these verses explain why the Savior and the Prophet Joseph Smith came and taught the gospel in humility and not to the great and powerful of the earth?

LESSON THIRTY-EIGHT.**The Pure in Heart.**

Aim—Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—Matthew.

Development of Lesson Thirty-eight.

Review last lesson and make clear the thought that the Lord has a purpose in all that He does, that the dispersion and the gathering of His people

is part of the plan for the redemption of the earth. Tell as plainly as possible the extent and purpose of the gathering. See Paragraph nineteen Lecture eighteen of The Articles of Faith. Review the lives and works of the Savior and the Prophet Joseph Smith. Help the class to understand how by following in their footsteps all may be helped to be worthy of a part in the millennium when the "pure in heart" will dwell upon the earth in peace and happiness. Every man or woman who tries to help the world to be better is doing a part towards bringing about this happy condition.

Questions on the Lesson.

How do we know that the Lord is now gathering His people?

What did Isaiah say about the gathering in the last days? (Read Isaiah 2: 2-3.)

How did the Saints come to live in this mountainous country? (Let class relate as much as they can of the establishment of the Gospel and the incidents in Church History which finally led the people of the Lord to this country. Find out how many of the class are descendants of the pioneers, how many of more recent converts, and let them tell some of the experiences of their parents in obeying the commandments of the Lord.)

What is expected of the Saints who are gathered here?

Read and discuss with the class the hymn, "Think not when you gather to Zion," or "O ye mountains high."

Discuss the quotation given as the aim of this lesson.

LESSON THIRTY-NINE.

Zion.

Aim—Lift up your voice in praise and thanksgiving for the many mercies of the Lord.

Development of Lesson Thirty-nine.

Review the previous lessons to deepen the feeling of reverence for the wisdom of our Heavenly Father whose mercy and blessings are seen in His dealings with His people.

Read Lecture nineteen and explain as simply as possible about Zion and Jerusalem.

Tell how Moses established the ten commandments and their value to us now.

Read to the class the second chapter of Isaiah.

Read and discuss the meaning of the fifteenth Psalm.

Questions on the Lesson.

What special acts did Jesus perform when upon the earth that should be done by every one of us?

After the Savior was baptized what manner of life did He lead?

How do we know that He was kind-hearted?

How do we know that He was forgiving?

What can you tell about His affection for His mother?

How much was He willing to suffer and sacrifice for us?

What do you think about His being a good example to follow?

What did He say were the greatest commandments?

How can you love your neighbor as yourself?

Can you think of anyone who has helped his neighbor?

Do you enjoy anything today that is the result of another person's labor? (Some of the many inventions which make life more enjoyable may be discussed.)

The Lord has blessed you with many blessings; how do you expect to show your gratitude?

LESSON FORTY.

Renewal of the Earth.

Aim—To learn to live so that we may enjoy the millennium.

Development of Lesson Forty.

Read Lecture twenty-one of The Articles of Faith and give a description of the conditions of the earth after the first resurrection. Explain how this resurrection will be another step in the preparation of the earth for the final resurrection.

Questions on the Lesson.

How and why was it necessary for Moses to establish the ten commandments?

What great blessing came to the earth with the birth and life of the Savior?

What benefit is it to us that Joseph Smith was chosen to restore the Gospel?

How is the message of the Gospel preached to the people of the earth?

How are missionaries called to this work of proclaiming the Gospel?

What should be the character of a missionary?

How are missionaries paid for preaching the Gospel?

What is the greatest reward that a good missionary can receive?

Have any of your family been on a mission? (Let a number of the class answer this question and relate where the mission was filled and some of the experiences which they may have heard.)

How would you like to go on a mission? (Let the class state what they would like to do in the Church.)

How could you be getting ready to go on a mission?

Have the following recited by a member of the class:

"Dear Master, we are only boys and girls,
We may not travel yet across the sea
To tell the Gospel story in far lands,
But when we pray we whisper, "Lord, send me."

And "here am I," we say to every task
Thou sendest in this our training-time:
We listen for thy errand day by day
And, looking up, we catch thy smile divine.

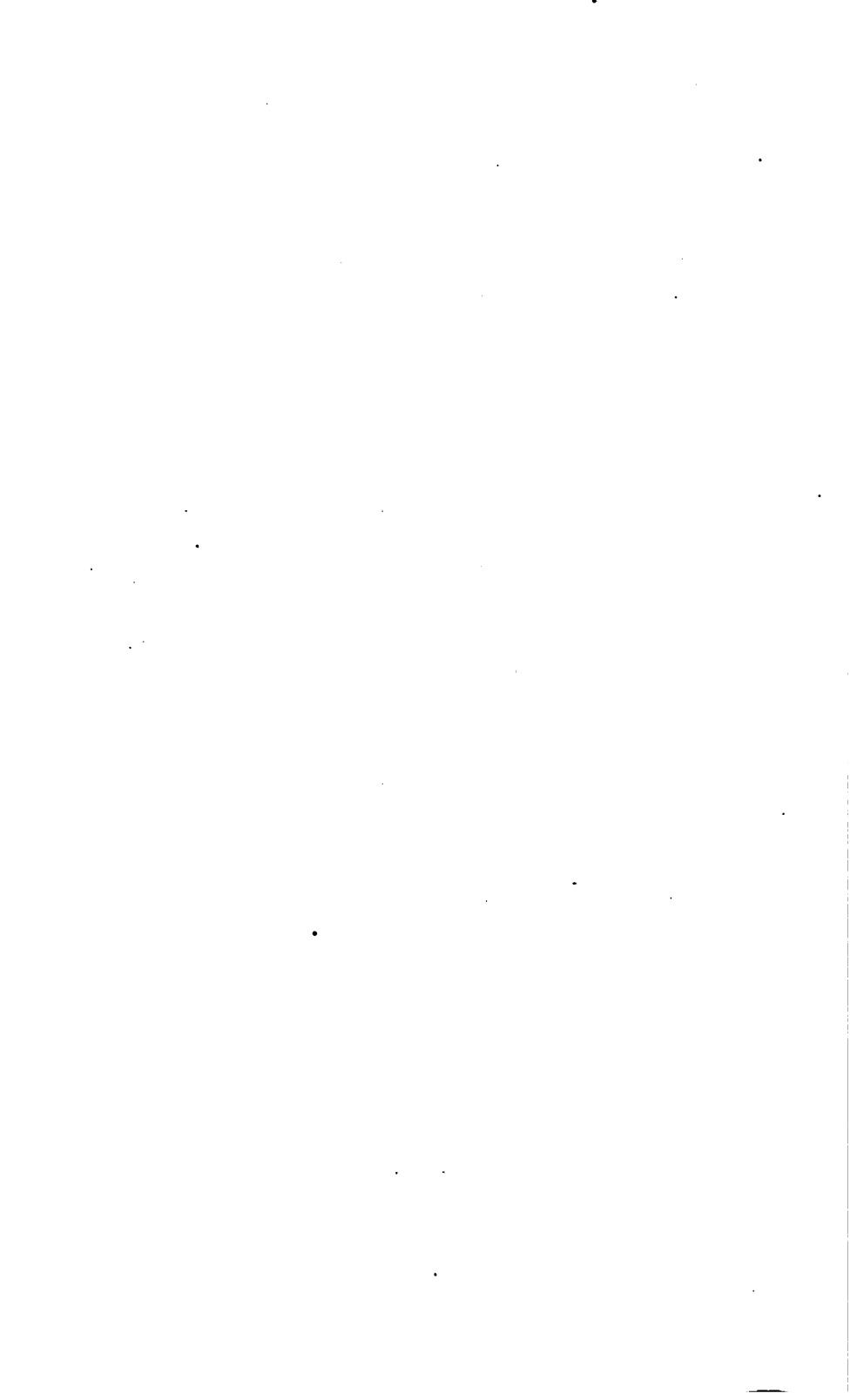
Love's secret is to ever work for God,
And not to mind because he seems to care
To have us do such very little things
So, Lord, we'll serve Thee any-everywhere."

(It would be a fine thing to have this poem duplicated ready to give to the children to take home, as it expresses so beautifully ways in which children may be doing the Lord's will.)

What may we do to help to bring about the time when we will all be pure in heart?

The commandment to us is that the Gospel must be preached to every person. How may that be accomplished?

The teacher should give a brief outline of the great missionary work which is being done in the temples, and encourage the children to pay tithing and observe the laws of the Church so that they may be worthy to go there and assist in the great work that needs to be done before the millennium can come.)





CHILLY AUTUMN.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. IX.

OCTOBER, 1910.

No. 10.

AUTUMN.

The dying year! the dying year!
The heaven is clear and mild;
And withering all the fields appear,
Where once the verdure smiled.

The Summer ends its short career;
The zephyr breathes farewell;
And now upon the closing year
The yellow glories dwell.

The radiant clouds float slow above
The lake's transparent breast;
In splendid foliage all the grove
Is fancifully dressed.

On many a tree the autumn throws
Its brilliant robes of red;
As sickness lights the cheeks of those
It hastens to the dead.

That tinge is flattering and bright,
But tells of death like this;
And they, that see its gathering light
Their lingering hopes dismiss,

O, thus serene, and free from fear,
Shall be our last repose;
Thus, like the Sabbath of the year,
Our latest evening close.

—W. O. B. Peabody.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

"Well done, Mortimer; you've just escaped the deluge," cried Lionel Gregory, laughing as his friend, arrayed in a mackintosh, and carrying an umbrella, hurried into the office of Wilson & Barrett, accountants, one sultry morning in June as a few heavy drops of rain began to splash down on the pavement outside. "We're in for a terrific thunderstorm, I fancy."

"Glad to hear it," responded his fellow-clerk. "We've been broiled enough this week."

"Old Mr. Wilson has been in here already, asking for those books, Mortimer," remarked another clerk, Alan Fairfax, quickly. "He seemed rather impatient when I told him you hadn't come in yet."

"Bother old Wilson," muttered Edmund Mortimer. "What possessed him to turn up so unconscionably early today?"

"Don't ask me," exclaimed Lionel. "The very spirit of perversity and all that's most erratic is incarnate in the old fellow."

"Hand over those books, will you, Ferguson?" continued Mortimer, hurriedly, addressing a fourth clerk who had not joined in the previous conversation. Eric Ferguson stopped his writing, and passed over the volumes required without a word, re-commencing his work immediately.

"What a queer fish that new clerk is?" whispered Gregory. "I can't make the fellow out."

"You must remember he's a Scotchman," remarked Alan Fairfax, in the same low tone, "and naturally reserved."

Mortimer laughed, and shrugged his shoulders, and then hastened into Mr. Wilson's private office, finding much to his relief, that that eccentric and aged head of the firm was absent. Hurriedly divesting himself of his mackintosh and gloves, he drew out his purse, muttering, "Now, I believe I've left that list at home. No, there it is in the gold compartment. Oh, bother. Come out will you?"

This last remark was addressed to a sovereign which appeared to adhere to the folded paper beneath. Just then a querulous, imperious cry reached in the clerk's ears.

"Mortimer, Mortimer, come here at once." Alarmed and startled Edmund left the coin on the little table by which he had been standing, and ran to another room, fully expecting to find his employer in one of his periodical epileptic fits. Mr. Wilson, however, was simply in a particularly irritable and aggravating temper, and the careless, easy-going young fellow had a very "Bad quarter of an hour" with him on this occasion. It was in a very subdued mood that he again entered the little room to gather up his belongings, and his state of mind was by no means improved when, on glancing at the spot where he had left the coin, he perceived that it was gone.

"I say Jim," he remarked to the errand boy, who arrived at that moment at the door, "have you been in this room during the last half-hour?"

"No, sir," replied the lad; "I've been out in the town since ten."

"Have any of you fellows entered Mr. Wilson's office since I left you?" inquired Mortimer of his fellow-clerk.

"I went in once," replied Ferguson, looking up, while the rest shook their heads.

"Then did you see my money on the table?" asked Mortimer.

"None whatever," answered Ferguson, with a look of surprise.

"Well," remarked Edmund, with an air of perplexity, "it's a queer thing. I left a sovereign there twenty minutes ago, and it's vanished utterly."

"Fallen on the floor, perhaps," suggested Fairfax. At this, all the clerks except Ferguson proceeded in a body to the room and ransacked the place, but with no result. At the conclusion of their search, Gregory glanced significantly at Mortimer.

"It looks queer, I must say," he remarked in a low tone. "We know that nobody else can have entered the office, and I've heard, too, that Ferguson is pretty hard up!"

"We have no right to suspect him," said Fairfax, rather sternly. "The firm must have had a good reference with him."

"Then how do you account for the disappearance of my sovereign, Fairfax?" inquired Mortimer, rather contemptuously.

"It's not my business to account for it, answered Alan. "It's a queer affair, certainly, but I'll never judge a man guilty of theft on mere suspicion."

To this the others made no reply, but they seated themselves at their desks in an ominous silence, which was not lost on the new clerk.

ACT II.

"Oh! dear! I wish Eric would come! I want my tea so badly, and feel so faint!" said Grace Ferguson, in a weary, wailing tone. The poor girl was a helpless cripple, always in pain, and unable to obtain the little comforts and luxuries which she needed, on account of the straitened circumstances of her widowed mother.

"He's just coming, dear," replied the latter, soothingly, from her station at the window, and, in another minute, her only son appeared in the shabby little sitting-room.

"I'm sorry I'm so late," he said, gently, stooping to kiss his sister, "but you will forgive me when you know the reason. I went into Silver street, and got these for you!" And he held up a magnificent bunch of hothouse grapes and a large bouquet of roses before the invalid's delighted eyes.

"Oh! Eric, it is good of you!" exclaimed the poor girl. "I have been longing for some fruit all this week! And what perfectly lovely flowers! They'll fill all the vases, mother!"

Mrs. Ferguson's eyes were dim with grateful tears, for she knew how difficult it must be for Eric to save anything at all from his small salary, which was barely sufficient for his own wants.

"You are really too extravagant, dear," she said, anxiously, as he seated himself at the tea-table.

"There's a good time coming, mother!" replied her son, cheerfully. "I heard today that Mr. Ross, the senior clerk, is ordered abroad for his health. Fairfax will be sure to take his place, and I trust I shall have a move up, also. That will mean a considerable rise in salary, you know. I'm hoping to get you both away to the sea in the Autumn."

"Oh! Eric!" cried his sister, clasping her thin hands together, "how glorious that would be!"

Thereupon, the three proceeded to build some radiant "castles in the air" for the following September, Ferguson chatting and laughing in a manner which would have amazed his fellow-clerks, had they been present. But, when Grace and her mother retired for the night Eric threw himself into a chair near the window, and a dark shadow crossed his brow. He was recalling the strange incident of the morning, and, evidently, his reflections were anything but agreeable ones.

ACT III.

It was Mid-Summer Day, and one of some excitement at Messrs. Wilson & Barrett's, as the vacancy caused by Walter Ross's illness necessitated some important changes in the office. Alan Fairfax and Lionel Gregory were in Mr. Wilson's private room in consultation with the old gentleman, who was in a more amiable mood than usual.

"I have much pleasure in promoting you, Fairfax," he remarked, "to the post of head clerk, and you, Gregory, will take the position next to Fairfax. Mortimer is a careless fellow, but he has slightly improved lately, so I suppose I may as well try him for a few months in your place, Gregory. What about Ferguson, Fairfax? Are you satisfied with him?"

"Perfectly," replied Alan, quietly, but a curious expression passed over Lionel's face, which did not escape the chief's notice.

"Well!" he said, sharply, "what's your objection to Ferguson, Gregory? Out with it!"

Rather annoyed with himself now it was too late, Lionel related the strange incident which had occurred in that very room a fortnight before, the old man's face becoming graver and graver as he proceeded.

"We have no proof whatever against him," exclaimed Fairfax, warmly, as Gregory concluded.

"Except some very strong circumstantial evidence," remarked Mr. Wilson, dryly. "The affair has a decidedly nasty look about it! Still, as the young fellow's guilt cannot be proved, I shall retain him for a while in his present post under strict surveillance, but I shall certainly not promote him to a higher position. I heard only yesterday of a very clever youth who could easily take Mortimer's work. I shall send for him."

Fairfax and Gregory left their chief's room with very grave countenances—the former was grieved at the thought of Ferguson's coming

disappointment; the latter could have bitten his tongue off now, rather than have caused the Scotchman's humiliation, though he was still firmly convinced of his guilt.

When Eric stood alone before the keen-eyed, old accountant, he was bitterly surprised at being informed that he would continue his work on the old terms, and a dark flush overspread his face.

"Would you kindly tell me why I alone am not to be promoted, sir?" he inquired haughtily.

Mr. Wilson hesitated.

"I have my reasons," he said, after a pause. "You can please yourself whether you leave, or remain in your present post."

Ferguson stood as if stunned, for a moment. He was but a boy in years, after all, and had set his heart on the increased salary for the sake of his mother and sister. He was not long, however, in deciding the point raised by Mr. Wilson.

"I will remain, sir," he said, in a quiet steady voice, which made the old man look at him with some interest.

"Very well, remarked his employer. "Now, will you send Jim to me?"

"I'm awfully sorry, Ferguson," said Alan that evening, lingering behind after the other clerks had departed. "I spoke up for you!"

"Thank you, Fairfax," replied Eric, flushing painfully. "You are the only one in the office who has faith in me, and I'm not ungrateful."

"All things come to light at last," continued his friend, earnestly. But the Scotchman made no reply.

ACT IV.

Day by day throughout July and the early part of August, Ferguson and the other clerks toiled backwards and forwards to the office under a broiling sun, which seemed to burn up earth and air and every living thing with its fierce rays. Many people still remember that Summer of 188—, when prayers for rain were offered for months at a time in vain, and farmers had to spend several pounds each week in supplying their cattle with water. Ferguson, especially, longed for a change, for Grace seemed almost dying away in the heat, and a storm of agony raged in his heart as he felt his own inability to give her the means of enjoying the fresh sea breezes.

Life was very hard for Eric now, both at the office, where everybody except Alan treated him with coldness and suspicion, and at home, where he had to watch helplessly his mother's anxiety for Grace, and his sister's sufferings. Yet he plodded on and uttered no word of complaint.

One morning Mortimer amazed his fellow clerks by walking in upon them, carrying his mackintosh and umbrella, though the sky was cloudless.

"Are you mad?" exclaimed Gregory, while a burst of laughter greeted the easy-going youth from the others.

"Laugh as much as ever you like," retorted Edmund. "It seems to amuse you, and it certainly does not hurt me! But see who is right by five p. m. today! I suppose none of you fellows happen to possess a barometer!"

For once, the careless boy was proved to have exercised a wise forethought, for, much to everybody's astonishment, by closing-time the long-desired rain was descending in torrents. Mortimer was in high glee, and jokingly offered to share his mackintosh with all the others. He put on his cloak with a triumphant air, and then ostentatiously opened his umbrella at the office door. They were all idly watching him, and everyone observed some bright object drop out of the umbrella, and fall on the pavement.

"Ah! what's that?" cried Fairfax, stooping to pick it up. As he did so, a gleam of joy flashed into his kind eyes, and he held out to Mortimer's astonished gaze a gold sovereign! Edmund and Gregory colored painfully, and Ferguson, who was behind, looked on quietly. Mortimer spoke first.

"I declare I never came across such a thing in my life before," he said; "but I understand it all now. I put my umbrella, which had been used in the thunderstorm that morning, beside a chair in Mr. Wilson's room, and I remember I nearly knocked them both over when he called me. I suppose I swept the coin off the table with my sleeve, and it fell into the umbrella, which has never been opened since! Ferguson, old fellow," he cried, earnestly, "will you ever forgive me for suspecting you of dishonesty?"

"It's all right now," said Eric, smiling. "I thought it would be cleared up some day!"

"Let us go and tell old Wilson all about it!" cried Gregory, who was feeling very small just then.

The old man listened to their strange story intently, and at the end shook Ferguson warmly by the hand.

"You shall not lose by this, after all," he said, "for I have a berth for you in the High street office, which will be much more lucrative than the one you lost by our unkind suspicions."

"Oh, sir, I do thank you," cried Eric, joyfully, as he thought of his mother and sister's happiness, and the holiday which they could all spend, after all, by the sea in September.

"Why did you stand by me through it all, Fairfax?" inquired Ferguson of his friend that night.

"Because I think our Lord's command ought to be obeyed: 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' Consequently, I always believe a man innocent till he's proved to be guilty," replied Alan. "And how did you stand all the suspicion and annoyance so calmly, old fellow?"

"I was determined to live it down," answered Ferguson. "I left it to God to vindicate my innocence, and I remembered the text—'Commit thy way unto the Lord: and He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and the judgment as the noon-day.'—Selected.

BEAUTIFUL ESTHER.

"She has such a sweet disposition that no one can help loving her. All she says or does is calculated to make everyone feel the goodness and purity of her life."

"I wish I had some of her goodness, then, I would like to know how it would seem to have just one person say of me, 'she lives a beautiful life.'"

Esther was so much in earnest that her words seemed almost impatient.

"I don't see why everybody should give Margaret Stone all the praise and all the kinds words, and none to anybody else. It seems to me there is no incentive to any of the rest of us to be good. No one appreciates it, no matter how hard we try to do right."

"Have you ever tried it to see, Esther?"

Mother's voice was full of sadness as she looked toward her daughter, waiting for an answer.

"Why, I can't say that I ever really set out about it to see just how much I could do in a day to win people's praise. Seems to me that could hardly be expected, could it?"

"I am sure we would all appreciate it if you did, Esther. Margaret Stone has no monopoly upon the good will of her friends. There is plenty to go around."

Mrs. May was going as she spoke. As she disappeared through the door, Esther's voice came after her.

"Well, I shan't try to rob Margaret of her favor. She is welcome to it all."

Her mother did not hear the sigh which came afterward nor the words softly spoken:

"But I wish I could share her disposition."

"If she would only try!" Mrs. May said earnestly. She paused by a window, and leaning her head against the casing whispered:

"Oh, Father! Help Esther to win Thy favor; then she will have that of Thy children."

But you would hardly have thought, the next morning, that Esther cared very much for a share in Margaret's kindly disposition. She scolded Tom because he brought his little wagon into her room. She gave Lizzie not a few sharp jerks when she came to have her dress buttoned, and instead of going out to see what she could do to help mother about getting breakfast, she sat reading a book until the bell rang. This was the story of many another morning, until at last Esther said one day to Margaret, on the way home from school:

"Margaret, I'd like to know one thing. What makes you so good and me so mean?"

"You so mean, Esther?" Margaret laughed. "What makes you talk that way? You know we all love you."

"You all love me! That's queer. I'm always saying short and

hateful things to you. I guess you don't really mean that anybody cares for me. Now, do you? Do you honestly love me at all yourself, Margery?"

"Do I? Why, of course, I do, Esther. I love everybody."

"Well, I don't see it, and I don't hardly believe it is true, because I am so hateful to everybody. It just comes natural to me to do it. The cutting words seem to come to my lips first of all. But really and truly, Margery, I'm terribly ashamed of it afterward; and then I take a solemn vow that I never will do it again. Vows don't count for anything with me, though. I just can't keep them."

Margaret came closer and put her hand up under Esther's arm.

"Don't try to keep them alone, Esther," she said softly. "You can't do it. Trust Him to help you."

They had reached the corner at which Esther must turn to go home. She walked on by herself very thoughtfully.

"I don't believe I ever thought of that before," she said to herself. "I have just tried all by myself and I couldn't do it. What is trusting, anyway, I wonder?"

Many times within the next few days this question came into Esther's mind; "What is trusting?" She watched Margaret more closely, trying to learn the secret which seemed to have such power over her life. Esther could hardly understand how it could be that Margaret or anyone else should love her when she never had a good and helpful word for her.

But one day she learned more about it.

Margaret was visiting Esther for a few days in her home. The time had been spent very pleasantly, and the two seemed to be more closely drawn toward each other than ever before. The evening before Esther was to lose Margaret for the time, the two were out upon a small lake in a boat. The water had been very still and they had drifted to and fro across the lake a number of times, chatting as only young friends can.

Before either of them noticed it, a change came over the sky. The wind began to blow fiercely. The little boat was tossed hither and thither like a leaf. Suddenly both were whirled about. The boat rose upon its side into the air, and Esther and Margery were thrown into the water.

Margery, who was much the stronger of the two, grasped Esther, who was struggling violently, and tried to bring her to the shore. The water was not deep where the boat had been overturned, and Margery was able to walk, though with difficulty, owing to Esther's wild efforts to reach the shore herself.

"Be still, Esther, won't you? I can help you, if you will only trust me."

Then Esther sank into the arms of her friend, and the next she knew she was safely at home, in her own room and bed, with Margaret bending over her.

She reached up, and drew Margaret's face down toward her own, and kissed her many times.

"Dear, dear Margery!" she said gently. "Now I know what you meant that day when you asked me if I could not trust Him a little to help me. I have tried hard to find out what it means to trust. Now I know. When you told me to trust you out in the lake I just leaned right back upon you and you carried me safe to the shore. Now I am going to try Him in the same way. Do you suppose He will carry me through the times when I am tempted to say and do hateful things?"

"I know He will, Esther; I have tried Him many times."

Ah! So Margery had not come all at once to be so kind, patient and loving. She had tried the Great Helper many times.

If you had known Esther you could not have failed to notice that she, too, placed her hand many times in that of Him who never fails, and that she was led by Him along the way she so much longed to go. It was not long before her friends began to see the change which was being worked out in her, and to speak about it. "Beautiful Esther" they called her, and she was worthy of the name.—Edgar L. Vincent.

"MY DARLING."

These were the words a New York newspaper reporter saw in the unlikeliest place imaginable—on the dashboard of a huge Broadway truck. The truck was caught in a dense blockade, but the driver sat patiently waiting, while truckmen all about him were swearing or abusing their horses.

"Yes, mister," said the driver, in reply to the reporter's question, I painted those words up there myself. I wanted to have them where I could see them all the time, to remind me of my promise to my little girl when she was dying. 'Father,' she said, 'I'm going to die, and I want you to promise me one thing, because it will make me so happy.' 'Yes,' said I, with the tears running down my cheeks, 'I'll promise.' Then she looked me in the eyes so sweet, and said, 'O father, don't be angry, but promise me you'll never swear any more, nor whip your horses.' That's all there is about it, mister; and I've just put those words up here to remind me of my little girl when I'm tempted."

The young reporter passed on, with a mist in his eyes. He wrote the story out for his paper, just as it was told him, and thousands of hearts were touched and helped.

"A little child shall lead them." No one is too young to exert influence. We begin to lead others, appreciably, as soon as we have any character of our own. And there is a certain innocence of heart and purity and refinement of feeling, peculiar to youth, which affect older people more vitally and potently than we are accustomed to think

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

POLLY.

Polly's the merriest girl I know;
She's packed full of gladness from top to toe;
She keeps the household brimful of fun
From early morn till day is done.
If you are ever so doleful or ever in tears,
You'll have to laugh when Polly appears;
And truly there's hardly a chance to be blue,
For Polly is cheerfulness through and through.
Oh, none so merry as Polly I see,
And Polly's the girl—the girl for me!
—The Child's Hour.

ONLY A LITTLE THING.

On one of those dark, leaden cold days so common in December, the following little insignificant incident occurred: A dull, close street car, crowded as usual toward evening, was halfway out on its five-mile course. Quite a number of people were standing, looking none the less gloomy on account of it. Presently some person left a seat vacant. Faces turned instinctively to the place, but only two near by had a chance for it. One of these was a rosy-cheeked school girl, with an armful of books. The other was a gaunt, hollow-cheeked working man, who carried his dinner pail in his hand.

The man looked at her questioningly, as she did not offer to take the seat. The girl met his eye, and instantly she had never felt more brisk in her life.

"I am not a bit tired. I'd really much rather stand," she said, in such a tone as could leave no doubt in the man's mind that she was enjoying life and was so full of energy that she could not think of suppressing it by sitting. The girl watched him take the seat with a satisfaction, and could not help noticing that he looked relieved. It was a very, very small denial on the part of the girl, but it somehow put her in a pleasing mood. Her heart went out in strong sympathy to any one who struggles against the current of life and finds it almost too hard to breast; yet whatever his trial might be, for the time being she had done what little lay in her power.

Some years afterward, in company with her husband and child, she was introduced to a man to whom she expressed the belief that she had seen before.

"Yes," said he, "I have seen you before. You were not married then, I think, but at that time went to school. But I was coming home on the same street car. There was an empty seat and according to rule.

you ought to have had it, but you made me have it. I never forgot your face as it looked when you said it."

"Oh, I do remember now," said she, "but that was such a little thing to do."

"You might have thought so," returned he, his sincerity showing in the big blue eye, "but to me, it was very much. I had the rheumatism that day so bad I could scarcely stand, and I had worked all day."

The husband turned a smiling face toward his wife. "It's like her," he said.

And she, in her heart remembered the saying, "Cast your bread upon the waters, and after many days it will return unto you."—R. A. A. R.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Alice Freeman Palmer, during a hot summer, used to come up to Boston from the seashore once a week, to talk to the slum children at the Vacation School. She told this story of her experience on one of these occasions:

I found a great many girls in the room, but more babies than girls, it seemed. Each girl was holding one, and there were a few to spare. "Now," I said, "what shall I talk to you about this morning, girls?"

"Talk about life," said one girl.

"I'm afraid that is too big a subject for so short a time," I said. Then up spoke a small, pale-faced, heavy-eyed child, with a great fat baby on her knee:

"Tell us how to be happy!"

The tears rushed to my eyes and a lump came to my throat. Happy in such surroundings as no doubt she lived in! Happy, with burdens too heavy to be borne, seemingly! But the rest took up the word, and echoed, "Yes, tell us how to be happy!"

"Well," I said, "I will give you my three rules for being happy; but mind you, you must all promise to follow them for one week, and not skip a single day, for they won't work if you skip one single day."

So they all promised faithfully that they wouldn't skip one single day.

"The first rule is that you will commit something to memory every day, something good. It needn't be much, three or four words will do, just a pretty bit of a poem, or a Bible verse. Do you understand?" I was so afraid they wouldn't but one little girl with flashing black eyes jumped up from the corner of the room and cried:

"I know; you want us to learn something we'd be glad enough to remember if we went blind!"

"That is it exactly!" I said. "Something you would like to remember if you 'went blind;'" and they all promised they would not skip a single day.

"The second rule is: Look for something pretty every day; and

don't skip a day, or it won't work. A leaf, a flower, a cloud—you can all find something. Isn't there a park somewhere near here that you can all walk to? (Yes, there was one.) And stop long enough before the pretty thing that you have spied to say, 'Isn't it beautiful!' Drink in every detail and see the loveliness of it. Can you do it?" They promised, to a girl.

"My third rule is—now mind, don't skip a day—do something for somebody every single day."

"Oh, that's easy!" they said. And I thought it would be the hardest rule of all. Just think, that is what those children said—"Oh, that's easy!"

Didn't they have to tend babies and run errands every day, and wasn't that doing something for somebody?

- Yes, I assured them it was.

Well, at the end of a week, the day being hotter than the last, if possible, I was wending my way along a very narrow street when suddenly I was literally grabbed by the arm, and a little voice said: "I done it!"

"Did what?" I exclaimed, looking down and seeing at my side a tiny girl with the proverbial baby asleep in her arms.

"What you told us to, and I never skipped a day, neither," replied the child.

"Oh!" I said, "now I know what you mean. Put down the baby, and let's talk about it." So down on the sidewalk she deposited the sleeping infant, and she and I stood over it and talked.

"Well," she said, "I never skipped a day, but it was awful hard. It was all right when I could go to the park, but one day it rained and rained, and the baby had a cold, and I couldn't go out without leaving baby, so I thought sure I was going to skip, and I was standing at the window 'most cryin', and I saw"—here her little face brightened up with a radiant smile—"I saw a sparrow taking a bath in the gutter that goes around the top of the house, and he had on a black neck-tie and he was so handsome!"

It was the first time I had ever heard an English sparrow called handsome, but I tell you it was not laughable a bit—no not a bit.

"Then there was another day," she went on, "and I thought I should have to skip it, sure. There wasn't another thing to look at in the house. The baby was sick, and I couldn't go out, and I was feeling terrible, when"—here the most radiant look came to her face—"I saw the baby's hair!"

"Saw the baby's hair?" I echoed.

"Yes, a little bit of sun came in at the window and I saw his hair, and I'll never be lonesome any more." And catching up the baby from the sidewalk, she said, "See!" and I saw the baby's hair.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she asked.

"Yes, it is beautiful," I answered. You have heard artists raving over Titian hair. Well, as the sun played on this baby's hair there

were the browns, the reds, the golds which make up the Titian hair. Yes, it was truly beautiful.

"Now shall we go on?" I asked, taking the heavy baby from her.

The room was literally packed this time, ten times as many girls, and as many babies as your mind will conceive. I had no more than got in at the door when a pretty little Jewish girl with flashing black eyes leaped to her feet, and, striking an attitude in the middle of the floor, shouted: "Give me liberty or give me death!" This evidently was the thing she would like to remember if she went blind.

I wish you could have listened, with me, to the experiences of those little ones. Laughter and tears were so closely commingled that I don't know which had the mastery.—Woman's Journal.

FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

It is, or should be, every little girl's desire, even ambition, to be as useful as she can to her mother in the household affairs. Real usefulness does not consist of doing only what one is asked, but in anticipating things to be done, and relieving mother of the necessity of asking for help. But the most important part of the service is willingness and cheerfulness. One would much rather do a thing oneself than beg to make someone else do it, or even ask anyone who is not cheerful. Be real helpful and try to make your mother wonder what she would do without your assistance.

Someone has suggested a few things that every girl can learn before she is twelve. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach:

Shut the door and shut it softly.

Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Have an hour for rising, and rise.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Always know where your things are.

Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.

Learn to make bread as well as cake.

Never go with your shoes unbuttoned.

SPEAKING FACES.

"I didn't say a single word," said Annie Barton to her mother, who was reproving her for her unamiable temper.

"I know you didn't, Annie: but your face talked."

What volumes your faces say! Some speak of love and kindness, some of anger and hatred, others of pride and rebellion, and others still of selfishness. We can't help our faces talking; but we can make them say pleasant things.—Selected.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

WHEN DADDY WAS A LITTLE BOY.

When daddy was a little boy
All the little boys were good,
And did just what their nurses
And their parents said they should
And sometimes, when I'm naughty,
He takes me on his knee
And tells, when he was little
How good he used to be.

He never stole a cherry tart,
Or hid in a passage way
To "boo" at Jane as she came by
With dishes on a tray:
He never once put currant jam
Where grandma'd prob'ly sit,
And when he fell and hurt himself
He never cried a bit.

He didn't pinch his brother's legs
When going up the stairs,
He never told poor little Ted
His bed was full of bears;
He never kicked good Mary Ann
Or hit her with a spade:
I guess perhaps my daddy was
The best boy ever made.

—Saturday Evening Post.

FROGGIE'S NEW COAT.

One morning my mother sent me into the garden to pick English peas for dinner. I was busily picking away when I noticed a queer-looking toad under the vines. It was old and rusty, and there were white spots on its back. Then it was all in a quiver, as if having a chill. It acted so funny that I stopped picking peas and watched it. It kept shaking its hind legs as a cat does when its feet are wet.

Soon the white places on its back and legs grew larger. Finally, as it continued to kick and quiver, a little, black, shiny slit appeared in the brown skin, down the ridge of its back, and down its hind legs to its feet. The rusty skin had parted here, and the black, glossy skin underneath showed through in a little streak down the back. As this slit grew larger, its rusty outside coat began to curl up, the edges turning under where the little streak had appeared, and kept rolling upward from the tail toward its head, leaving the blackest, glossiest coat under this that you ever saw.

Froggie kept shaking himself, and also clawed at the skin with his hind feet as it rolled up, as if to get it loose from the fresh coat underneath, and make it roll faster. Now the old coat also began to peel off his fore legs and to curl up into a little roll, like a black slate pencil, toward his head.

You have no idea how strange it looked to see this toad rolling his old coat up this way with his fore feet and pushing it up over his neck and head, and squeezing it into a tighter little roll with his feet. When the old coat had peeled off clear up to his nose what do you suppose happened? Why, Froggie had his old rusty coat in his fore leg, pressing and squeezing it into a tight little ball against his mouth and nose, and then—would you believe it?—when he got it into a little black ball about the size of a pebble, he simply opened his big mouth and swallowed the cast-off garment at one gulp, and then sat there winking, and blinking at me, in a black, glossy new coat, just as if he were saying, "I'm sure you couldn't do that!"—Selected.

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

Show me the boy who is open and frank,
And carries a smiling face;
Who looks you straight in the eye when he speaks.
And listens with modest grace.

A boy who follows his mother's advice,
And is not afraid to work,
And attends to his duties, day by day,
And never attempts to shirk.

A boy who is ready with heart and hand
To help you in time of need;
Who stands by his principles firm and strong,
Whatever may be his creed—

And I'll show you a little gentleman
Who'll be a great man some day;
For a man is only a boy full grown,
No matter what men may say.

—Selected.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

THERE'S NOBODY ELSE.

Two little hands, so careful and brisk,
Putting the tea things away,
While mother is resting awhile in her chair,
For she has been busy all day.
And the dear little fingers are working for love,
Although they are tender and wee;
"I'll do it so nicely," she says to herself—
"There's nobody else, you see."

Two little feet just scampered upstairs,
For father will quickly be here,
And his shoes must be ready and warm by the fire
That is burning so bright and so clear.
Then she must climb on a chair to keep watch:
"He cannot get in without me;
When mother is tired I open the door—
There's nobody else, you see."

—Mary Hodges.

HELPFUL CHILDREN.

"She's the most thoughtful, considerate little tot that ever breathed," exclaimed a young mother enthusiastically, in describing a neighbor's child who seemed to have developed to a remarkable degree this habit of helpfulness. It did not take long to discover how this habit had been formed. The little one had been taught from mere babyhood to wait upon itself and upon its parents. To bring father his hat, cane, slippers and gloves, and mother her workbasket, thimble or book.

She was encouraged to perform any little office that came within her childish powers, and when only a baby was proud to execute these small commissions, and as she grew older she formed a fixed habit of considering the wants of others.

It is sometimes claimed that while some mothers are not thoughtful enough in training the children to be helpful, others over-do it, and make perfect little slaves of their children, especially of the oldest daughter, who is compelled to wait upon herself and numerous small brothers and sisters as well. But this is quite another matter. This is want of consideration on the part of the mother. The child is not only willing but anxious to perform little helpful offices for various members of the family. The one who is thanked for these small commissions, whose every impulse springs from the thoughtfulness and courtesy that so quickly shows the proper home training, will be the truly helpful child, and the one most loved in her home and among her playmates.

The mother whose interests in this topic is most keen will study the tendencies of her children, and take time to teach them to be orderly and polite and helpful, while their natures are pliable.

Said an experienced mother recently: "Children are too often

totally uninstructed in those small courtesies of everyday life, which go so far toward making our domestic and social relations harmonious. They should be taught, almost from infancy, to be polite, to enter and leave a room properly, to respect their elders, to remove their hat when they enter a house, to seat themselves quietly, instead of throwing themselves boisterously upon chairs or lounges, to close doors gently, and to do many other things naturally and politely which they now do awkwardly and rudely, simply because they have never been instructed otherwise.

A little time devoted each day to this good work will surely bring an ample return in the end; will, in fact, bear good fruit from the beginning, since a child who is being taught to be polite is at the same time learning consideration for others, and so is cultivating unselfishness of character. In the same way, a child who is encouraged to be orderly, to do little offices for itself, such as folding up his clothes, of putting a hat or top in its proper place, is not only mastering one of the most valuable of lessons, but is also saving the mother many weary steps in the present and heartaches in after years.

A little watchfulness on the part of the mother, a few timely words from day to day, from babyhood until maturity is reached, is the only cost of such training, and the gain is out of all proportion to the cost, since this simple attention will produce a generation of polished, graceful-mannered young people, who hold elders in respect and consideration, and are a joy to their parents and friends.

The mother who walks after her children, picking up their clothes and toys, hanging up their hats, folding their napkins, performing other little duties for them which they should attend to themselves, does them a grievous wrong, for she is sowing the seeds of selfishness which can never be wholly eradicated.

The mother should take a stand between these two extremes: carelessness in allowing the children to become selfish and dependent, and that of forcing them to be responsible for the care of certain members of the family until they are imposed upon by smaller brothers and sisters.

It is helpfulness and courtesy that springs from right motives, from a real desire to help others, the consideration for others which has become a habit because it has been constantly encouraged by the proper appreciation on the part of the mother, that it is to be of real worth in later life.

It may seem a little thing to pass unnoticed a baby's petulant selfishness that demands others to wait on it and "humor" it. It may seem a little thing to pause and encourage a child by a loving word of appreciation, when some little act of helpfulness has been performed, but it may be these little things that will make the great difference in the future between the child of high aspiration, noble impulses, and useful character, and the one who is shunned because of the inherited selfishness that is constantly showing itself in home and business and social life.—P. W. Humphreys.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

PHYSICAL EXERCISES IN THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATION.

Paper by Anne Nebeker, read at the Annual Convention, June, 1910.

This paper is an attempt to show the purpose of physical exercise in Primary work with a few suggestions on material and method, taking as a basis statements made by some of the best directors and thinkers along lines of physical education.

I am pleased that motor activity has a place in our associations, and that it is our privilege and purpose to foster many of its phases in every possible way.

In its broadest sense, physical education furnishes motor activity along lines of recreation, stimulation, postural correction, co-ordination, inhibition, etc.

It is not our purpose to emphasize every form and give it due consideration—time during association period would not permit nor would such be advisable. But in as much as our meetings continue during the summer months and it is desired that special effort be made to provide general entertainment outside of regular work, there is abundant opportunity for variety of expression out of doors as well as in.

Mental education is provided far in excess of physical. The close observer of the child will note its natural tendency toward excessive activity. Proper growth and development demands this.

It has been well said, "One can no more suppress youthful spirits with safety than he can tie down a safety valve of a boiler and keep up its fire. The boy who will go away from his fellows to pore over a book (however interesting) and persist in this course either is mismanaged or needs to be subjected to some sort of energetic treatment." At the age of from 6 to 10, the time for reading should be much less than that for play. From 10 to 14 it should be about equally divided.

Let us consider the general needs of the child and the opportunities afforded for supplying them in the associations; outside; and on the play ground.

The careful, thoughtful observer will note his condition when he enters the association especially if he came directly from the school room. What has he been doing during most of the day? Sitting perhaps in a cramped position pouring over book or paper, or in a strenuous way attending to the demands of an over zealous, nervous, irritable teacher in a poorly heated or partially-ventilated room.

This picture is not entirely overdrawn. There are such instances, I feel assured. Perhaps a child's feet have scarcely touched the floor or the desk was too high. His fingers have been in a cramped position and eyes strained to utmost—often weak at beginning. Mental work alone is very wearing and soon produces in itself exhaustion in a growing child. The nutritive processes of his body are at a low ebb—need stimulation. How can a dear Association teacher, who has his all-around welfare at heart, expect him to remain perfectly quiet, pay strict attention and grasp Gospel truths (often uninteresting because he cannot interpret them) in the white heat of interest and go away to act for good upon his emotional promptings thus impressed.

It has been well said, that "Muscular knowledge was fundamental in

the race, and it is the basis of all true learning in the individual." Sensations come from precepts. There are no sensations without muscular activity. "Learn by doing" in the slogan of the new education, "and the school that lacks recreation, favors dullness," says Hall. He also pleads for physical education on the grounds of good morals, believing that the temptations that overcome young people at present would not do so if their muscles were strong. "Men grow old because they stop playing and not conversely, for play is at bottom growth."

People generally take physical exercise (of free will or choice) for its recreative value—boating, fishing, hunting, dancing, etc., thus 'arousing the deeper interests, emotions and enthusiasms through those activities and by which the central nervous system was developed in the past of the race and to which alone it responds in children, especially, with full effectiveness, thus determining the energy of nervous discharge and consequent vigor of all after life."

Our work should be largely recreative with the play element predominating.

With reference to the body, says Dr. Sargent, "Creation means forming and recreating vital energies." To him recreation is, or ought to be, not a pass time entered upon for the sake of the pleasure it affords, but an act of duty undertaken for the sake of the subsequent power which it generates and the subsequent profit which it insures." Recreation may be defined as that which, with the least expenditure of time renders the exhausted energies best fitted to resume their work. Most games are for fun, enjoyment, or recuperative power, and in the control of these the teacher has splendid opportunity to note the character of the child, to instil habits of obedience, promptness, alertness, perseverance, courage, justice, courtesy, good fellowship. The educative value of the child's recreative life is well worth our consideration.

To educate means to draw out, and in no way can the real life of the child be brought out better than during play time. Here the sensitive plate of his soul receives most indelibly its impressions. They open to the effect of every influence involved in things that interest him. He is molded, or grows through unconscious suggestion acting upon instinct of imitation.

"Whoever controls the ideal of children controls their character, for it is the ideal that determines character.

The child comes to meeting either worn out through mental exhaustion, poor nutrition, or full of pent up energy, ready to burst forth explosively at any moment. In either case, physical activity will aid materially, either as a means of stimulation or a mode of natural expression.

Thirty minutes of play, says Mann, will do more to control a rebellious, mischievous spirit than any amount of punishment. Play is defined as "motor poetry." It may be a means of entertainment (increasing interest in routine work), of control, of correlating work, of reaching the indifferent or the natural hero worshiper, keeping the child off the street (if play grounds are furnished and by all means they should be, the child will never think of some things in that environment that he would on a paved walk.) In play an opportunity often neglected to appreciate the humorous, to respond to the rhythmic, to sense the joy of life, by which the soul is harmonized and unified and a play spirit for life's work acquired. "It is doubtful," says Johnson, "if a great man ever accomplished his life work without having reached a play interest in it." "The more play grounds, the fewer hospitals, asylums and prisons."

Much can be done in doors in form of games, semi-gymnastic exercises, folk dances, etc., but a greater and far better work outside on the play ground.

Jacob A. Riis says: "To play in the sunlight is the child's right, and it is not to be cheated out of it. And when it is cheated of it, it is not the child, but the community, that is robbed of that besides which all its wealth

is but tinsel and trash. For men, not money, make a country great, and joyless children do not make good men."

The play ground movement in a general sense is comparatively new with us; yet it is, in reality, a revival of the old games and plays of merry England, carried farther to Germany, spreading onward, and onward. We cannot afford to let it pass unnoticed. The eyes of the world are being opened to its benefits. Consider the action of the Play Ground Congress, of those who are actually engaged in formal play ground work as teachers, then participate in a properly conducted, systematized play ground exhibition, be thrilled with the flag salute, the splendid march, then at the bugle signal see twenty-five hundred girls run quickly forward to the circles which had been drawn on the grass, and in perfect step or rhythm dance the Hungarian Garlash, Mt. March, etc. This followed by single stick exhibition of 3500 boys and girls, dances of various nations, Indian club and dumb-bell drills. Special features, Grecian dance, Irish Reel, and most beautiful, May Pole dance. Such took place in the Annual Exhibition of Public School Play Grounds, Newark, August 19, of last year.

What can we do? What will we do, is the question. The field is very broad here. Let us seek the inspiration of our heavenly Father to guide us in providing suitable activity for our children; for with the Divine element, which permeates all our association work, we should, in faith and work, strive to place this phase of it upon the highest possible plane.

Since writing the above, the Deseret Gymnasium has been completed. It is a splendid three-story building, 90x150 feet, costing \$200,000, comparing favorably with any of its kind in America, equipped with the latest and best apparatus and furnishing the following courses in Physical Education to

Girls 12 to 14 years (inclusive), two periods per week, \$5.

Girls 15 to 17 years (inclusive), three periods per week, \$7.

Women 18 years and up, for three periods per week, \$10.

It is desired by the General Board that we be efficient in our work, which means physical as well as mental and moral strength, that we not only have such development ourselves, but that we be able to assist the children: therefore it recommends that representatives from the various stakes attend the L. D. S. U. register for courses in English and Theology and take advantage of the work offered in Physical Education.

Miss Ann Nebeker, one of the members of the General Board, will be in charge of the work for women and girls, and will be on hand to render valuable assistance to any Primary worker who may desire to take advantage of this splendid opportunity.

Along the Line of Observation:

Many, maybe, go through the world with their eyes shut. I have never yet known of anyone who was a successful teacher that was not always on the alert for something that she might see or hear. Just listen to the amusement of the younger children. Find out in that way. Catch hold of the things they are doing, and see what they are like. Get hold of the things pupils are interested in. Especially is this vital to those of you who teach older children. Three or four children came into my cousin's home and said: "We have had such a fine time playing cops and thieves." What could that be? "Why, you know, it is just like this: we go and take the leaves off the trees and make believe that is money, and the cop arrests us, and the judge says: 'You have to pay a fine of five dollars or be put in jail.'" O, we need to know more of the things they are doing.

We should constantly watch children, and should go wherever we can watch them best. We should be ready to go down into side streets and alleys, and to study with eagerness all sorts of children, and every child. Most of all we should watch and study our own. It takes a long time to understand a child. I have found children whom I thought I perfectly understood conducting their games and imitating their home-life in a manner that was a

revolting revelation to me. I have seen boys in play imitating the conduct of their father—such conduct as no child ought ever to see or know.

It is difficult for most of us to recollect the experiences of our early childhood, and to be sure that we are not merely remembering memories, or perhaps remembering what somebody told us years ago about our baby selves. But many of us, nevertheless, can remember our childish wonder about God—how he can be everywhere, for example. Some children put themselves in closets, and shut the door, and say, "I really don't believe God can see me now." Some children go off alone and shout, and wonder if God can hear them. Such childish experiences are constantly being repeated. What we most need in dealing with boys and girls is a more minute knowledge and a broader sympathy. If we could only put ourselves back in memory, how did we act under the circumstances that surround our pupils now? When the lesson was unusually solemn we knew well that something was going to happen. Did we stiffen ourselves against the influences of the hour, or did we yield ourselves to the sway of our teacher?

To attain success in teaching one ought to know what kind of people most influenced each kind of child. Try to remember what kind of people influenced you when you were growing. I myself was sent to school when I was eight years of age, and was supposed to be reasonably intelligent for a child of my years, and to have "learned some things" at home from my father and mother. Two teachers in that earliest school I remember distinctly, Miss Cora and Miss Alice. I remember that though I might have mastered everything I ought to know on a given day, when Miss Cora came into the room everything passed away from my mind. But Miss Cora was taken ill; Miss Alice took her place. And suddenly I not only knew the things that I had learned for the day, but also seemed to remember all the things I had ever learned before. To a degree, every teacher affects every scholar in one of these two ways. Recall your own child-life, and in the light of memory, study your own present attitude toward your pupils, and theirs toward you.

Recall what things you most wanted to know when you were a child, what puzzled you, what queer notions came to you. Be sure that the boys and girls are going through closely similar experiences today; they have the same longings for truth and the same erratic tendencies. They need, just as we needed, someone to influence them aright, someone who has the quality to mold them.

Another help in self-training is what the apostle calls "the assembling of yourselves together." We have to observe and learn, not only through our own senses, but by the help of the observation and experiences of others. No two pairs of eyes, looking at the same objects, see the same things. We need contact with each other, and can greatly help each other. Teacher's meetings, parents' meeting, socials, all opportunities to come into close relationship, help us to learn from each other.

The facts and thoughts which come to us in books are of immeasurable help in adding to our knowledge of the child, and of the principles involved in weaving the web of the one into the warp of the other. We are rich today in the right kind of books compared with what we were a few years ago.

A teacher of little children should know the kind of reading in which they are directly interested. The teacher of older boys and girls should know how far they have progressed in their school studies, which studies they like best, which they dislike, and what books they read. This knowledge not only shows the directions of their tastes, and gives us an opportunity to modify them; it shows us also how we may make our work attractive to our pupils.

She who observes children closely and as a matter of conscience—observes them with her own eyes, by the help of memories of her own childhood, by the help of the eyes of other observing teachers, and by the help

of the best books on child study—will come to know something of the yearnings and longings, the growing spiritual interest of boys and girls, of the strange problems which present themselves in early years, of childhood's keen sense of justice, lack of judgment, erratic feelings and questions and tendencies. Such study will show that from the very beginning there is a reaching out after God, a longing to understand and to know Him, a desire to be brought into closer relation with Him. This "reaching out," which to some degree is characteristic of every child, presents to the teachers her great opportunity.—Selected.

GRANT US UNITY AND LOVE.

Tune: "Gloaming."

Heavenly Father, grant Thy blessing
To Thy children here on earth,
Give Thine angels charge concerning
All the stakes which now have birth.

Heavenly Father, heavenly Father,
Grant us unity and love.
Heavenly Father, heavenly Father,
Grant us unity and love.

May we work together, truly
Guided by Thee night and day;
Give us wisdom, knowledge, power—
Shed Thy light upon our way.

Heavenly Father etc.

Well we know that if united
While we labor here below,
We shall feel Thy inspiration
And more perfect records show.

Heavenly Father, etc.

So united, though divided,
May we work with faith and love,
That our labors with Thy children,
May unite us up above.

Heavenly Father, etc.

—Annie Malin.

RECITATIONS

MY SERVANTS.

I have ten little servants I'll tell you about,
And see if you can find them out:
Two of my servants may hard work do,
And they have ten servants to wait on them, too.
Two of my servants are very bright,
And are always ready, day and night,
To keep me posted on what's going on around,
Except when they're closed in slumber profound.
Two of them tell me what others say,
Two of them run round and play;
The ninth one warns me when danger is near,
The tenth one is such trial, oh, dear!
She's always talking and fussing all day:
Now, who are my servants: can you guess them, say?
—Selected.

A TERRIBLE TIME IN THE KITCHEN.

The fork said the corkscrew was crooked,
The remark made the flatiron sad;
The steel-knife at once lost its temper,
And called the tea-holder a cad;
The tablespoon stood on its mettle;
The kettle exhibited bile;
The stove grew hot at the discussion,
But the ice remained cool all the while.

The way that the cabbage and lettuce
Kept their heads was something sublime;
The greens dared the soup to mix with them,
And the latter, while it hadn't much thyme,
Got so mad it boiled over—the fire
Felt put out and started to cry;
The oven then roasted the turkey,
And the cook gave the grease spot the lye.

The plate said the clock in the corner
Transacted its business on tick;
And the plate, which for years had been battered,
The clock said was full of old Nick.
The salt said the cream should be whipped,
The cinnamon laughed in a rage,
The cream said the salt was too fresh,
And its friend wasn't thought to be sage.

You'd not think a thing that's so holey
As the sieve would have mixed in the fuss,
But it did, for it said that the butter
Was a slippery sort of a cuss.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No one knows how the row would have ended,
 Had not the cook, Maggie O'Dowd,
 (Her work being done) closed the kitchen,
 And thusly shut up the whole crowd.
 —Selected—Scrap Book.

DO YOU S'POSE?

Do you s'pose little flies, with their thousands of eyes,
 When their mamma is busy as can be,
 Ever climb on the chairs and get in her way,
 And cry, "Lem me see, lem me see!"

Do you s'pose little fish, when their mammas wish
 To take a short nap—just a wink—
 Ever pound on the door with their soft little fins,
 And whimper, "Please gimme a d'ink!"

Do you s'pose little quails, as they creep through the rails,
 And into the weeds where they stay,
 Ever ask mamma, dear, when her head aches so hard,
 "But why can't I whistle today?"

Do you s'pose little bees, as they hum in the trees,
 And find where the honey-sweets lurk,
 Ever ask for their papa, who's busy nearby,
 "I know—but what for must I work!"

Do you s'pose, do you s'pose that any one knows
 Of a small boy who might think a while
 Of all this and more? You do? So I thought—
 And now, let us see if he'll smile!

—Exchange.

A QUESTION.

Little Lucy Locket.
 She hasn't any pocket—
 No place to carry anything at all;
 While Lucy's brother Benny,
 He has so very many
 In which to put his marbles, top or ball,
 That when he's in a hurry
 'Tis sometimes quite a worry
 To find the one he wants among them all.

Now why should Lucy Locket
 Not have a little pocket—
 A handy little pocket in her dress?
 And why should Brother Benny,
 Who doesn't need so many,
 Be favored with a dozen, more or less?
 The reason, if you know it,
 Be kind enough to show it,
 For really, 'tis a puzzle, I confess!
 —Ellen Manly.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

LESSON FORTY-ONE.

Keeping Out of Trouble.

Memory Gem:

"It's easy enough to get into trouble,
And it's hard enough to get out,
So the safest way for you and me
Is to avoid the doubtful things we see,
And mind what we're about."

Review Lesson Forty:

Retell story of "Selwyn's Marching Orders."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Forty-one.

Recite the memory gem. Let the children tell how they sometimes get into trouble.

Recite or tell in your own words the following:

Kitty's Wish.

"I wish I were a cat," said Kitty Brown one day,
"For then I need not work at all, but only sleep and play."
This naughty wish was heard by mamma, sitting near;
Who said: "Well, you may be a cat for just one day, my dear."
So Kitty dropped her work, and quickly hurried out
Into the sunshine, glad and gay, with merry laugh and shout.
But soon she had a fall, which cut and hurt her arm;
Then into mamma's room she ran with loud cries of alarm.
But mamma only said: "Cats must not come in here,"
And turned poor Kitty out again, without one word of cheer.
Now Kitty thought this hard, but soon forgot her pain
In merry play, till dinner time, then in she ran again.
"I am so hungry," she began, and took her usual seat
At table—but her mamma said: "Cats go out to eat."
She took a bowl of milk, and placed it by the door;
"There, Kitty, go and drink your milk; you can have nothing more."
Yet this is not the worst that Kitty had to bear;
For, seeing mamma dressed to ride, she begged the ride to share.
But mamma looked quite stern and said: "What? take a cat?
No, no: Miss Kitty, that's too much—I couldn't think of that."
And so poor Kitty found a cat's life not all bright.
A rather wiser child was she ere time to say "Good-night."
When she was robed for bed, and knelt by mamma's side,
"I want to be—not kitty cat—but Kitty girl," she cried.
Then mamma stroked her hair, and took her on her knee,
And comforted her sorry child—kissing her tenderly.

—Selected.

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

Story. "Eugene's Meddlesome Fingers:"

Once there was a little boy named Eugene who had meddlesome fingers. He wasn't a bad boy, or he wouldn't have been if he could have made his fingers do right. When anybody laid down a package the fingers were sure to tear the paper for a little peek. They lifted the cover to all the bowls in the kitchen, and sometimes they took out a teeny bite. In fact, they were in mischief from the time Eugene got up in the morning until he went to bed at night.

One day mother went down town and left the children with their father. They were playing kindergarten upstairs and father went out to hunt the eggs. He found ten big, white ones that afternoon, and when he came in no boy with meddlesome fingers was in sight, so he put the pail on a low shelf in the kitchen.

Father had been in the garden five minutes, when Eugene came downstairs. He saw the pail, and the fingers wanted to know what was in it. He stretched up on his tiptoes as high as he could, and the fingers were able to reach the edge of the pail; it tipped, and out tumbled one egg, then another and another. His screams brought father, and he couldn't see Eugene's face, but only a boy covered with egg from the top of his head to his little, white slippers.

"It is those fingers again," said father, and he looked serious. "What shall we do with them?"

"I—I—don't know," replied Eugene, trying not to cry, for the egg got into his eyes.

"I'll leave you that way until mother comes," decided father.

Mother didn't come for half an hour; then she gave Eugene a bath and put him to bed, to think over what he had done. He had bread and milk for supper, and when he had eaten it, Eugene whispered something to mother, and what do you think it was?

"Mother, I'm going to make my fingers be good and let things alone. after this."—Sarah N. McCreery.

LESSON FORTY-TWO.**Helpfulness.****Memory Gem:**

"I'll help you and you help me,
And then what a helping world there'll be."

Review Lesson Forty-one:

Recite memory gem used in last lesson, let the children tell to you the story of "Kitty's Wish" and "Eugene's Meddlesome Fingers."

Singing, rest exercises and games.

Development of Lesson Forty-two:

Talk over with the children the preparations for Thanksgiving Day. Let the children tell how they intend to help.

Singing, rest exercises, or games.

His Birthday Surprise.

The little two-wheeled red cart had run and run, until both its wheels had dropped off, and neither nurse nor Tim, the gardener, could mend it any more. And the leaves were falling so fast that Richard felt sure Tim never would be able to cart them all away without his help. If only he might have a big wagon with four wheels, like the one he had seen the other day in Santa Claus' store down town. He must ask father about it. And so he did when father came up to kiss him good night.

"Father," he begged, "may I have a big wagon with four wheels, so that I can help Tim with the leaves? My little red cart is broken, and besides I am too big for that kind, now."

"Too big? Why, so you are! Almost as tall as father, aren't you?" declared that funny father, as he got down on his knees beside his little boy and pretended he was no taller.

"Let me see, won't you be six years old sometime this week? Am I right?"

"Oh, yes, father, two days after today. And you said I might have something very nice for my birthday. I wish I might have a wagon."

"Why, you see, I have bought a present for you, but I will think about it. Would you like me to change what I have for you?"

"No," answered Richard, "not if you think I shall like it. Perhaps I have enough money in my bank to buy a wagon today."

"Well, wait until after your birthday; and now Dick, my boy, 'one for the apple!' And with the 'four to go!' Richard was landed with a laugh in the middle of his bed, where he was soon dreaming of a whole storeful of wagons.

"O Katie!" exclaimed Richard the next afternoon, "what do you s'pose? The auto from the Santa Claus store is in the driveway, and I saw the man lift out a great big thing all wrapped in paper! Perhaps it is my wagon!"

"I am sure I couldn't say, Master Richard! But if you eat your supper right away tomorrow will soon be here, and then you will know all about it."

When father heard what Richard had seen he pretended to be very much surprised, and said they must have made a mistake in the house.

But next morning, when Richard ran out to get his father's paper, what should he see standing on the lawn but the very same beautiful wagon that he had looked at in the store!

"Do you think you will like what I had already bought you, son?" asked father as Richard ran up to give him a hug.

"Oh, yes, for it is just the one I wanted! Thank you, father, dear. Now I guess Tim and I can keep the lawn clean.—Selected.

LESSON FORTY-THREE.

Obedience.

Memory Gem:

"Even I, a tiny child,
May help some one today,
I can make my parents glad
If quickly I obey."

Review Lesson Forty-two.

Recite memory gem and relate or let the children tell story of "The Birthday Surprise."

Development of Lesson Forty-three:

Talk with the children about the joys of outdoor life, the games they play, especially winter plays in the snow. Discuss how careful each must be in running, or jumping or throwing snowballs, not to hurt one another, and always to remember what mother tells us.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

The First Sled Ride.

The snow had fallen all night long. It had come so noiselessly that not a hint of it had reached the children, tucked warmly in their beds. The first morning peep out of the window brought a glad cry from Myrtle.

"O Baby Bess, it has been snowing all night! Come and see how pretty it looks out of doors!" The next minute she had Bess at the window with her.

Little Bess plainly approved of snowstorms that came in the night, and left beautiful white blankets over everything. She said so in jolly gurgles and prancings and wonderful remarks in baby language. More than that, she soon made everybody understand that she wanted to go out of doors and see what this strange snow stuff was like.

"Breakfast first, little girl," mother laughed. "Then, if Sister Myrtle will be so kind—"

"O mother, I can take her out on my sled!" offered Myrtle, eagerly.

"Just for a little ride this first time," agreed mother. "To the corner and back will be far enough for her trial trip," and Baby Bess laughed gleefully as if she understood every word they said.

After breakfast it did not take long to make ready for the fun. Baby Bess was warmly wrapped and tucked into her sleigh. This was Myrtle's sled with a box securely fastened on it to hold the small passenger safe from any danger of a tumble.

They started off in high glee. Mother watched with the smiling reminder:

"Be very careful, Myrtle. Go slow and do not upset her when you turn. Just to the corner and back, you know."

"Yes, mother," called back Myrtle. She went along proudly, with merry glances and smiles back at the baby.

Down at the corner they met some boy and girl friends, who hailed them joyfully.

"Come along to the hill, Myrtle. The coasting will be fine," they cried. But Myrtle smiled and shook her head.

"Mother said to go just to this corner and back. It is baby's first ride," she explained, and watched them race away with no idea of fretting because she could not go, too. Then she turned homeward, and put Baby Bess in mother's arms safe and rosy from her ride.

At luncheon time father told them some news.

"There was an accident on the coasting hill this morning. A sled with some boys on it ran into one with a small child aboard. Everybody was shaken up considerably."

Myrtle turned swiftly to mother.

"I am so glad you said to go just to the corner," she cried, and told of the invitation to go coasting, which she had refused.

Father and mother looked at each other across the table. Then mother said, with a tender shine in her eyes:

"So am I, dear. I am glad, too, that you obeyed so unquestioningly and exactly—obeyed not only mother, but the One who said 'Honor thy father and thy mother.'"

To which father added:

"Our little daughter's obedience has made baby's first ride a pleasant thing to remember, instead of the sorry thing disobedience might have brought."—Cora S. Day.

LESSON FORTY-FOUR.

Thanksgiving Day.

Memory Gem:

"The 'Thank you' day again is here;

Upon this day in every year.

The thankful people, large and small,

Praise God, the Father, all in all."—J. W.

Review Lesson Forty-three.

Retell story of the "First Sled Ride." Recite memory gem from last lesson.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Forty-four:

Talk about Thanksgiving Day and help the children to understand that the day is set apart for something more than eating.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

A True Story:

We have a little kitten and also a little dog. The kitten is a Maltese, and her name is fluffy. The dog is a little black fellow, and his name is Nigger.

Thanksgiving we had a pumpkin. Mamma cleaned all the pumpkin out and just left the shell.

My little brother made a jack-o'lantern out of it, and after playing with it for a few days, thought it a good plan to give it to pussy for a bed, so after cutting a little door in it, so pussy could go in and out, the bed was ready.

Well, pussy enjoyed it very well until one day the little dog thought pussy altogether too comfortable, and taking a hold of her ear, pulled her out, and then climbed in himself.

Pussy, in her turn, pulled Nigger out. Then there was a scrap. After a long time the dog took the bed and claimed it as his. Kittie slept on a chair for a week or so, until she got tired of seeing the dog in her bed, or at least what ought to have been her bed, but this time, instead of pulling him out, she climbed in and lay across him, which made a perfect cross.

This lasted for a few weeks and we used to sit by the hour watching them sleep, and also watching the beautiful contrast which their colors made when blended together. The cat is a silver fox color and the dog is jet black, so you can imagine how beautiful they look when lying together.

They were very happy until one day when they had grown larger, they broke the pumpkin in two pieces.

They lay on the broken bed for a few days, and I suppose they would have been just as contented if the girl had not thrown it out. They were very unhappy when they had no bed, and I suppose they would have remained unhappy if mamma had not come down to the kitchen to do some cooking.

And when she saw them crying, or at least trying to cry for a bed, she gave them an old broken chopping dish which was out of use. And you ought to have seen how delighted they were. They have been contented, and are contented up to this day. And when they do another cute turn, I will let you know.—Selected.

Other Thanksgiving stories will be found in the next number of The Children's Friend.

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Lord's Prayer.

Topic for the Month of November—Gratitude.

Divisions:

1. Gratitude for Home.
2. Gratitude for Friends.
3. Gratitude for School.
4. Thanksgiving Day.

LESSON FORTY-ONE.

Aim—To be happy in our homes we must appreciate them and contribute something of ourselves towards its making.

Result Desired—That each child will feel that home is the best place on earth.

Suggestions:

The lessons for this month will aim to encourage gratitude for all blessings which are daily enjoyed. The Lord's Prayer should be repeated in concert sometime during each lesson and the children helped to understand that a prayer is one way of saying "Thank you" to God. This being thanksgiving month the latter part of the Lord's Prayer may be emphasized by talks about the bounties of the harvest which are manifestations to us of God's power and glory.

The home has been chosen for this lesson, in and around it are many things for which each should be grateful. Each inmate, as soon as they are able, should have some definite duty, the performance of which contributes to the comfort of all. Discuss with the children all that goes to make a good home and help them to express gratitude in words and deeds. The song, "Home, sweet home," may be used to advantage.

Memory Gem:

"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Modify the following story to suit your class.

Story, "A Strangely Unaccommodating Day."

On the stairs was the familiar sound of hurrying feet. Uncle Jack suddenly put down his cup of coffee. "Now, remember, all of you," he said, and papa and mamma and little Jennie nodded and smiled back, even Baby Teddie thumped understandingly upon the table with his spoon.

"Indeed, we'll not be forgetting," said Mary, bustling in with Baby Teddie's second dish of oatmeal. "But it will be that hard for us to cross Miss Ethelda's. But after all the likes of what you be saying is the best way, for Miss Ethelda's ways do be that provoking at times that I—"

The stairs gave a final creak, the door opened and in the doorway stood Ethelda Morris in her trim school gown of Alice blue. Only the broad blue bows on her flaxen braids still quivered with the haste of her dressing.

Smiling a quick series of morning greetings to those around the table she took her seat.

"Please have Mary bake me some warm biscuits. These are stone cold," she said, bending to kiss one of Teddie's chubby cheeks.

"Mary has more important things to do this morning than to bake biscuits for a girl who is invariably late for breakfast," answered mamma coldly.

"But mamma—surely mamma—you don't expect me to eat cold biscuits," gasped Ethelda, doubting the evidence of her senses.

But mamma only answered that cold biscuits were quite as nourishing as warm ones, and in silence Ethelda ate a meager breakfast.

"Uncle Jack," she said, pushing back her chair, "here is a dreadful problem. I worked two hours on it last night. Won't you show me about it, please?"

Uncle Jack looked at her calmly across the morning paper. "I have no time to work problems this morning. I will barely have time to finish this article on the Japanese trouble before I go to the office."

"But Uncle Jack—O, Uncle Jack," gasped Ethelda, "you always have helped me. And I do so want good grades this month."

But Uncle Jack had already turned to his newspaper.

At a quarter to nine Ethelda, flushed and troubled after a half hour's unsuccessful tussel with the example, stepped out of the front door. At the corner she remembered she had forgotten to feed her white rabbits.

"Jennie, O Jennie," she called to her little sister who was swinging on the front gate, Genevieve Jane, her favorite doll, clasped in her arms. "Please give the rabbits some chopped cabbage, won't you?"

Jennie settled Genevieve Jane comfortably upon a pile of leaves and started on a merry hop, skip, and jump for the rabbit pen. But by the half-dead pine tree she stopped.

"I—I don't want to feed your rabbits," she called slowly after Ethelda's retreating figure.

"But, Jennie, it is almost nine. I haven't time," Ethelda cried in desperation.

"When papa gave you those rabbits," little Jennie answered, "he expressly said that you were to take all the care of them yourself."

It was useless to parley, and Ethelda rushed back. But what had come over little Jennie, whose willing little feet and hands were always at her service?

After a breathless and undignified race to school she was barely in her seat as the last gong sounded. How unaccommodating ever one was growing. She glanced up at the calendar with its glaring red figures that hung above the principal's desk. It was the twentieth of September, just a week before her birthday, and it certainly gave promise to be a most unaccommodating day.

By noon the vexations of the morning were all forgotten, and after one of Mary's dumpling dinners she went out to interview that worthy individual.

"Mary," she said, as she perched comfortably on the ironing stool, "the girls are going to have a surprise party on Dora Coates, and I want you to do up my white dress. You know I spilled cream all over the front when I waited on the table at the ice cream social Monday."

"Indeed, Miss Ethelda," Mary answered, promptly, "that dress takes three mortal hours. All them tucks and flounces and ruffles. I just can't be doing it today."

"But why not, Mary?" she asked in astonishment.

For answer Mary pointed dramatically to the ironing table heaped high with clothes, dampened and ready for ironing. "And that don't be all," Mary continued. "The lady comes to tea tonight, and your mother said as how I was to rub up the silver and have hot rolls and pound-cake."

"But Mary, O Mary, can't you do my dress this afternoon and iron tomorrow?"

"Iron tomorrow? Do you know what you be asking? My one afternoon out," with rising wrath, "and you would even deprive me of that. Even a servant has rights."

"But can't you manage some way?" Ethelda was growing desperate. "I will have mamma pay you extra for it."

"Not for love or money will I touch that dress this afternoon," answered Mary with final emphasis, attacking the pile of dinner dishes.

"I shall speak to mamma about it," and Ethelda, with all the dignity of her eleven years, closed the kitchen door behind her.

In the dining room she paused to wipe hot tears from her eyes. And Mary had pertly refused to do up her white dress, Mary, the self-sacrificing, who had lived with Ethelda's mother before Ethelda was born and who idolized all of "the childers," especially the petted, oldest daughter of the house.

Mamma was in the sewing room letting down Jennie's gray dress. It seemed to Ethelda that she spent most of her time in the sewing room. And she turned an unsympathetic ear to the tale of her grievance against Mary.

"You should not expect her to give up one of her few pleasures simply to please you, Ethelda," she said, severely.

"Well, mamma," and Ethelda brightened visibly, "if you will press my pink challie and clean the sash and shoulder bows, I can wear that." The challie was one of her favorite frocks. "But," and she paused, doubtfully, "that sash needs a gasoline bath badly."

Mamma shook her head. "I think," she said, "you have forgotten that this is the afternoon for my meeting. As it is, I will scarcely have time to wipe the dishes for Mary—you know I always help her on ironing day—get Teddie to sleep, and get ready myself by two."

"But, mamma—O mamma, please—can't you do some way?" cried Ethelda, for mamma was full of resources.

But mamma only shook her head and began gathering up her sewing in a business-like way as though it mattered little whether Ethelda went to the party or not.

Ethelda stalked gloomily away to school after a frightened peep into the closet that revealed, as she feared, only one available gown, a very plain, green-striped dimity. How she abhorred that gown! The sleeves had been pieced down, the skirt was short, and the green was of that particular unbecoming shade that she disliked.

Through the afternoon classes she had fleeting visions of herself at the party arrayed in that gown. Mamma would never let her stay away because of her dress. She must go no matter how humiliating it was. Rosa Bilden's friend from the city would be there, who had the most beautiful clothes, and when she saw her in that gown she would conclude that her mother took in washing. And Mame Gordon would say something to the others when she came in, and they would all laugh. Mame could say such cutting things. She would probably sit all the evening in the corner like that stupid Nellie Ryan, for who would choose as his partner a girl in a gown like that?

And then her indignation against the family flamed up afresh. How indifferent they all were to her welfare! It seemed to matter very little to them whether her marks were high or low, whether she was tardy or on time, whether she was poorly or well clothed.

When school was out she slipped away from Ruth and Minnie and went a lonely, roundabout way home. Walking through the rustling heaps of autumn leaves she thought over the strange events of the day—mamma's, Uncle Jack's, Jennie's, and even faithful Mary's unwillingness to help her, and suddenly in a flash of illumination everything became very plain. It was she who was selfish, not the family. It was she who was disobliging, not they. And before her rose up troublesome visions: Uncle Jack asking her to play checkers, or to go for a row on the river, and of the many times she was "too busy;" of mamma, pale with one of her frequent headaches, asking her to keep the baby quiet or to mend Jennie's torn frock, and of her invariable answer that she "had to study;" of little Jennie bringing a book to her in the twilight with the request to "please read about Cinderella, just this once, sister, you read it so beautiful," and how seldom the request was granted; of Mary's kindly face as she called to her to "please wipe these few dishes," and she never had time. How good they all were to her! How much they all sacrificed to give her pleasure! How little she had ever done to repay them!

"I have been horrid," she said to herself. "I deserve it all."

And it was a very penitent little girl who entered the silent house: for mamma was still at the missionary meeting, Jennie and Baby Teddie were at their grandmother's, and Mary was still ironing in the kitchen.

Slowly she climbed the stairs to don the hated gown. Slowly she turned the knob and entered her room. And lo—on the bed in a billowy mass of silk and lace lay a wonderful new gown.

"O—O," she cried in rapture as she shook out the folds of soft, flowered silk, and bent lovingly to examine the short puffed sleeves, the low cut neck with its deep bertha of cream lace and the high girdle of rose velvet.

Pinned to the waist was a note in mamma's handwriting. It ran:

"My Dear Little Girl: When you read this note you will doubtless have solved the meaning of this strangely unaccommodating twentieth of September. But we all decided that you needed a lesson, and you have had it.

"Little daughter, it is the little courtesies, the small kindnesses that make life sweet. In this world we are all very dependent upon each other. And we must do much for others, for we must often ask others to do a great deal for us. No one liveth to himself, dear.

"I had this dress ready for your birthday but think you will need it tonight.

"With much love,

"Your Mother."

A tear splashed down on the note. They loved her after all, the dear home people. And their hearts were with her in all that she did.

A little later a very winsome little lady in a soft silk gown tripped down the stairs. And pausing to smile at her bright reflection in the long hall mirror, murmured: "There shall not be any more unaccommodating twentieths of Septembers or any other days in my calendar."—Selected.

LESSON FORTY-TWO.

Gratitude for Friends.

Aim—The only way to have a friend is to be one.—Emerson.

Result Desired—The thought aroused that good friends are worth winning.

Suggestions:

Review last lesson. Discuss with the children their plays and playmates. Relate briefly the story of some historic friendship such as David and Jonathan, Ruth and Naomi, or Damon and Pythias.

Memory Gem:

"Children, do you love each other?

Are you always kind and true?

Do you always do to others

As you'd have them do to you?"

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Pansy's Lily.

The schoolroom was very still, for just at that moment every scholar, intent and listening, sat eagerly upright, with hands folded straight in first position.

Miss Miller's dark, brilliant eyes went questioningly from one to another.

"It will be something new," she said, smiling brightly, "something to work for and strive for, in a new way. Who would like to try for the prize?"

Every hand went up, waving violently.

Miss Miller laughed a little. "I see you would. Now, who has ever raised flowers, or tried to, or made a garden?"

Half a dozen hands darted up again.

"Only six? not many is it? But never mind, I have seeds enough for every scholar here to try."

She drew a lily from a vase before her, and held it up to the school. Pale, pure, perfect, it swung from its stem, its fragrance subtle as incense.

This is white, you see, but with care, with watering and sunning and petting, sometimes these white shades change to rose color. That is what we want to try for, the rose veining, and to the scholar who succeeds in producing a rose-veined lily from this particular seed, the directors will give a prize of five dollars. If all win," she added, laughing softly, "I suppose all must have a share."

She picked up a tiny package of seeds and showed the school. "The directions are all written out plainly here, and if every one cannot produce a pink lily, every one can certainly get a lily of some sort. And now what shall we do with those lilies when they bloom? They must be raised in boxes or pots in the house, they are tender plants. Children, what shall we do with the lilies?"

"Sell them and buy something for you, Miss Miller," Murray shouted, starting excitedly out of his seat.

"No, indeed," Miss Miller declared. "Try again, Murray."

"Give them to the churches," an eager voice cried.

But Jack Morris was asking to speak and he stood up. "Miss Miller, let's take them to Temple street, down below Grand. You can't imagine how poor some of those folks are. Why," looking round at the watching faces, "a boy there told me he never had a flower of his own."

"I don't doubt that is true," Miss Miller said soberly. "Who likes the idea of giving the lilies to the little children in Temple street?"

"I do, I do," shouted every child there.

Back halfway in the room two little girls, leaning forward, listened intently. Both were fair; both had hair sunny and warm as the sunlight that lay across the room from the low west windows. Both had blue, roguish eyes, but there the resemblance ended, for on Pansy's silk dress fluttered gay ribbons, and lace frills set her off like a picture. In sharp contrast was Dorothy's worn, faded frock. But there was no pride in little Pansy's level eyes as she glanced across at her classmate. She set her red mouth and nodded her head energetically. She would work harder and watch closer, and water and cultivate her plants with such care that they could not help blooming into acceptable specimens for prize lilies.

Miss Miller's voice brought back her attention. "One, two, three—march. Take your seeds, children, and do your best."

The weather was very cold, and the lake was frozen. And many times a day, children bending anxiously above lily pots, watched the seeds push themselves up, put out stalks, open buds, and slowly bloom into lilies. In half a hundred homes the blossoms were more or less perfect, but in only two did the lilies show their full rose beauty.

Pansy and Dorothy stood close competitors for the prize. Often and often hovering above the white blooms, they eagerly compared, to discover which lily was blossoming into the rare rose pink of a perfect flower. To petted Pansy, the prize dollars counted as naught, but the honor, the success were much to the ambitious child. To stand with the waiting crowd about her and hear proclaimed before them all hers was the perfect flower—she caught her breath and could hardly wait.

"Yours is pinker than mine, Dorothy, I do believe," she said one day. "It does change so."

"Do you think so?" Dorothy asked wistfully. "It seems mean, but I do hope I shall win it, Pansy."

And Pansy saw two heavy tears fall on the lily. She did not reply, but she thought hard as she went toward her home. She loved Dorothy. If she herself could not win, it would be so nice to have Dorothy have the prize. And then a sharp pang shot through her. She might let Dorothy have it anyway.

"I'm not going to do it," she said. "I have worked just as hard as Dorothy. I don't want the money. Dorothy may have it and welcome, but I want to be best myself."

And it looked as if she was. The crowd of children swarming into the hall where the award was to be made, stopped wonderingly to look at Pansy's lily. The child looked like a flower herself, with her half sleeves and lace frilled cap. "It is like summer," she declared, "with so many flowers, and I want to be a summer girl."

Leaning lightly on a small table just inside the entrance, her cheek on

her hand, she looked out eagerly at the gathering throng, her mouth smiling, her beautiful eyes full of delight.

"Miss Miller!" she cried, and the teacher stopped by her to exclaim at the lily's beauty.

"It is a pure pink," she said, and Dorothy, standing near, heard, and silently turned away.

But Pansy was not smiling now. Following the crowd into the hall she found Dorothy and stood by her. After all, what did it matter about the prize, and the honor would be so much to Dorothy.

"Dorothy," she whispered, impulsively, touching her arm, "we will change. Take my flower, Dorothy."

But her little classmate drew back almost angrily. And then suddenly, in a minute, something happened. Pansy's flower had slipped from her hand, and somebody's foot was crushing it to the floor.

The children, exclaiming, pressed about her, but now somebody was hushing them. The exercises were beginning.

Pansy's heart beat so hard that she could scarcely get her breath, but the first wrench of her sacrifice was over, and she braced herself and listened. There was music and some one spoke words, and then Miss Miller came briskly forward.

"We are all here," she said, "I think. And every one has a flower—haven't you?"

The hands flew up violently. "Yes, yes, Miss Miller."

"And I suppose," Miss Miller went on laughingly, "we all have pink lilies."

"No! No!" went up a shout.

"But one at least has," and she turned expectantly toward Pansy, but the little girl did not move.

There was an instant of impatient waiting, and then a rustling movement as Dorothy pushed impulsively forward.

"Miss Miller," she said chokingly, "I—I have a veined lily. Pansy had, too, but she dropped hers and some one stepped right on it. Hers was the prettiest one."

Miss Miller looked almost angry. "You careless child!" she said.

And then one of the committee, coming forward, stooped to examine Dorothy's lily.

"Are there any other pink lilies?" he asked, straightening up.

There were, quite a number, but not one as pure and perfect as Dorothy Morgan's, and to her was awarded the lily prize.

But Miss Miller did not look satisfied, and she called Pansy and took her hand and led her out on the platform.

"Pansy Meadows had a perfect flower," she said with decision, "and she is certainly entitled to the honor of her work, and I am sure Dorothy will share with her."

"Yes, yes," cried Dorothy.

And as the two children moved down together, Dorothy caught Pansy's hand. "Pansy, you did it on purpose," she whispered breathlessly.

No answer from Pansy. She stood straight and still, hardly seeming to hear. The winning lily had been hers, and little Dorothy, her best friend, had the prize money. What could be better?

When the children should take their fragrant offering down into the darkness of Temple street, Pansy would have no flower to offer, but something sweeter and better had come to her through her sacrifice.—Selected.

LESSON FORTY-THREE.

Gratitude for School.

Aim—To appreciate that which helps gives the power to take proper advantage of privileges.

Result Desired—The children are just beginning their school life and the feeling should be aroused that the school is a great helper in making boys and girls who are worth something in the world.

Suggestions:

Review the previous lessons.

Let the children tell you about their school-life, studies, teachers, seat-mates, etc. Let them tell about things they have learned to do as a result of going to school. Try to remember and relate some of your own experiences in school, especially the things which are now either very much changed or done away with entirely.

Memory Gem:

"No matter what you try to do,
At home or at your school,
Always do your very best,
There is no better rule."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "An Unexpected Reward:"

"Come on, Caspar! Hurry up!"

The group of small boys waited until a little fellow, with two books under his arm, overtook them.

"We're going over on the mountain after nuts. "Will you go?"

"I can't. I haven't finished my problems."

"Neither have we; but we're going all the same. Come along! You'll have time enough tomorrow morning, or tonight after you get home. You're forever poking away at some old lessons. Come on!"

"I don't believe I better go," Caspar replied. "These problems are the hardest we've had."

"Well, what if you shouldn't have 'ten' just for once! I should think you'd like to know how it feels to call out 'cipher,'" laughed Morris Coe.

"I don't," Caspar declared. "I don't believe it feels nice."

"Yes, it does," asserted John Chapman; "it's jolly."

Caspar smiled incredulously. "I don't wish to try."

"John doesn't know how it feels to have anything else," observed Walter Sears.

"Well, come on!" urged Tom Lines. "If we wait here much longer there will not be time for anything. He's going, of course," and he threw his arm over the little one's shoulders.

"No, I'm not," returned Caspar. "I must be sure of my problems. You'd better wait till Saturday; then I'll be on hand."

But the boys would not give up their sport, and after a little more vain urging, the boy with the books turned down a cross street.

The next day, when the roll was called, Caspar Little was the only boy who could respond, "Ten, perfect."

One afternoon, the succeeding week, Miss Roberts sent Caspar on an errand during the session. As soon as he was well away she struck the bell for attention.

"If I were to ask you to name the most faithful scholar in school, what would you say?" she questioned.

"Caspar Little!" shouted several voices.

The teacher smiled. "And if I should ask for the one who has the highest marks, what then?"

"Caspar Little!" came again, in chorus.

"And who is the boy whose deportment is above reproach?" she questioned.

"Caspar Little!"

"I see that you all agree with me," she said, "and although I do not believe in constantly holding out a prize as an incentive to study and good behavior, I ^{thoroughness}fulness to duty ought to be rewarded: so I have arranged to give him a present and a surprise. His mother is willing for us to meet at their house this evening, when I shall give him a small magic lantern, and we will show off the views, and hope for a pleasant time. Be on hand at my home promptly at seven o'clock."

Studies had a hard time for the rest of the hour. Everybody was longing for the bell that would set them free to talk over the astonishing news—that is, everybody but Caspar; his errand dispatched, he returned to his books with the same earnest attention that he always gave them.

That evening was never to be forgotten. The scholars kept the secret, and Caspar had no inkling of what was in store for him, and a more astonished boy it would have been hard to find. The well-selected views of foreign lands were enthusiastically received, and Miss Roberts' treat of ice cream, cake and cocoa, was, of course, appreciated.

LESSON FORTY-FOUR.

Thanksgiving Day.

Aim—"If I help you and you help me, then what a helping world there'll be."

Result Desired—The desire aroused to make someone happy on Thanksgiving Day.

Suggestions:

Review carefully the previous lessons for this month, help the children to see that every good gift is showing us the "power and the glory." Do not forget the Lord's Prayer. Talk with the children about the work that has been going on all summer, the preparation of the ground, the planting, the watering and weeding, and the gathering in of the harvests. Tell how the Father in heaven sent the sunshine and rain to ripen fruits and grains. That is His power and glory, ours is to help and be kind.

Memory Gem:

"The 'Thank you' day again is here;
Upon this day in ever year,
The thankful people, large and small,
Praise God, the Father, all in all."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Straight Lines and Curves.

Thanksgiving night had arrived, after a day of fun and frolic in Willard's happy home. There were cousins there from the west and cousins from the south; there were friends galore, also, but best of all, there were Aunt Carol and Uncle Bob. So when we say Aunt Carol and Uncle Bob were there, it goes without saying that there was fun a-plenty. It may be that there had been a little too much fun for the children, too much excitement, too much turkey and cranberry sauce, too much of everything good, but, however that may be, "all of a sudden," as Uncle Bob says, there was trouble. Willard's favorite book had fallen into the hands of the youngest cousin, and the youngest cousin was not very careful about beautiful books, for she was only three years old. All the other cousins tried to rescue the book at the same time that Willard did, and the baby immediately set up a wail that could have been heard a block off, and two other cousins got bumped noses in the mix-up, and where all had been peace and harmony just a minute before, now there were angry looks and tears, and the grown-up people did not know which one was to blame. "Well," said Aunt Carol, laughing, for somehow Aunt Carol found something funny in almost everything the children did, "did you ever see anything come up as suddenly as

that?" "It's all the fault of the straight lines and the curves," declared Uncle Bob. "Straight lines and curves?" asked the children, almost in one breath, and the youngest cousin forgot to cry, and the bumped noses felt better, and in a few moments they were one and all gathered about Uncle Bob. "Of course, I couldn't tell about them if any one is crying," said Uncle Bob, looking from one to another of his nieces and nephews. "We aren't c-crying," said the youngest cousin. "O-ho! so you're not!" said Uncle Bob. "Well, then, look about at all your Jack-o'-lanterns. See what funny faces they have, just made out of curves and straight lines. When the lines and curves turn up they look as pleasant as it's possible for pumpkins to look, and when the lines and curves turn down, they look mad enough to eat you!" How the children laughed! "Now, then," said Uncle Bob, "let me show you how Willard looked when some one took his book," and taking out his pencil, Uncle Bob drew the most woe-begone face made out of curves and straight lines turning downward. "And this is the way Florence looked when she bumped her nose," went on Uncle Bob. "And this is the way the baby looked when—" but here Uncle Bob paused and looked around the laughing circle. "Well how do you suppose I'm going to draw cross faces when you are all looking pleasant?" he asked, in disappointed tones. "Pshaw! you have spoiled all my models by laughing." But somehow Willard suspected very strongly that Uncle Bob was not half so sorry as he pretended to be.—Selected.

Other stories on Thanksgiving will be found in the next number of *The Children's Friend*.

THIRD GRADE.

(Children eight and nine years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Ten Commandments.
Topic for the Month of November—Covetousness.

Divisions:

1. Covetousness.
2. Contentment.
3. Happiness.
4. Thanksgiving.

LESSON FORTY-ONE.

Covetousness.

Aim—Covetous people are never happy.

Result Desired—That the children may learn to understand the value of contentment.

Development of Lesson Forty-one:

Recite the tenth commandment and discuss its meaning.

Review briefly the stories: Eve desiring the forbidden fruit in the Garden of Eden; Jacob and Esau (Genesis 25), and the Rich Fool (Luke 12). Explain how these people in desiring more than was right were punished.

Use the following incidents to show how people make mistakes in thinking that others are more fortunate than themselves:

"A lady walking with her husband and seeing a carriage go by, said to him: 'Look at that splendid carriage Judge H—— and his wife are driving about in. I only wish we could be so lucky.' Up in the carriage the judge's wife was saying to him: 'I am getting positively ashamed of this old rig. Look how the people stand and stare at us in contempt. If you do not wish to drive me to despair you must buy a new turnout.'"

A king riding along a highway passed the stone-breaker by the wayside. Thought the stone-breaker: "Oh, that I were like that king, possessed of all that heart could wish!" The monarch, glancing at him, was murmuring to himself: "Would that I were like that man, so free from anxiety, with so little worry and care!"

Did you ever read the fable of the beetle and the weather-cock? "How fine," said the beetle, "to be up there; what splendid views; how clear the atmosphere!" "Yes," said the weathercock; and if you were up here, you would know how keenly blows the wind!"

Memory Gem:

"Beauty lies within ourselves,
After all they say;
And be sure, the happy heart
Makes the happy day."

Sunny Jim.

The experiences of that one summer strengthened me in the belief that one carries his happiness within him and that externals can neither make nor mar.

Charles has been particularly trying for weeks. To my way of thinking, he had all that could make a boy's life worth the living. But there was always a fly in his honey. Our country place had beautiful grounds with a farm adjoining. The river, less than a quarter of a mile away, had a far-famed swimming pool. There were wild flowers in profusion, and the house had aids in plenty to make their study simple and interesting.

But Charles moped on the front porch, too surly and blue to talk; or followed me through the house, grumbling and fretting that there was nothing to do. I suggested his going to the swimming pool, but that necessitated making his way through underbrush.

"I was scratched a dozen places the last time I went there. It's no fun having your face marked up."

I thought a ride on the pony would be worth while, but my laddie did not like the new saddle. A score of plans for keeping busy came to me, but he found serious faults in them all.

"Then go back to the porch and sit and mope and be surly," I said. "That pleases you best of all."

Then came his plaint of not having what other boys had. He surely had a hard life of it, poor boy, with his books and his carriages, his pony and wheel. Fortune had fed him on sugar until his contentment had become dyspepsia.

He took my word quite seriously and went back to his chair on the porch, where he grumbled and bemoaned his lot whenever I came within hearing. I did not doubt that time hung heavy on his hands, yet the fault was all his own. There were a number of boys within a short distance, who, if I was a judge, were fair specimens of their kind. But when I suggested that he cultivate them he met my words with scorn.

"Aunt Elizabeth, you don't know those boys or you wouldn't want me to go with them. They're the most selfish, tricky set that I ever met. Their mothers always make a fuss if they take other boys in to the house. They never divide anything. I've seen them stand and eat apples or munch on candy and never offer a bit. But when I would do the same thing, they grabbed it from me and ate it all without asking. I'd rather be alone than make friends with them."

So it must be, thought I. What could I do more than I had done? I took my workbasket out on the front piazza and sat with him while I mended. The day was extremely hot. The lawn before us spread green and refreshing, but beyond this lay the public road, inch thick with dust, and unprotected from the scorching rays of the sun. I was thankful for the quiet and shade of the vine-covered veranda and would have found a quiet

enjoyment in sitting quiet. My little laddie found his unhappiness in complaints.

"What is that?" I asked suddenly, looking down the long, dusty road where I could see a small, dark speck moving, enveloped in a cloud of dust. It was too far away for me to know whether it were a man, beast, or child.

Charles forgot his grumbling and together we watched as the figure advanced, and at last, turned in at our own gateway. It was a boy of ten or thereabout, but small for his years. His face was keen and his eyes bright. As he came up the steps to the porch, I saw that he was dead tired and almost staggering with weariness under the weight of a dress suit case. His face was covered with sweat and dust. Yet he had the most radiantly happy smile I ever saw as he advanced to greet me.

"Don't you know me?" he asked.

"It can't be Robert," I hazarded the question. Four years before I had a friend—one of the best women in the world, who had been compelled to go out among strangers to earn her way for herself and her three boys. Robert had been the second of these.

"No, I'm James," he cried. He was tired and homesick already. I put my arms about him and gave him the most motherly hug I could.

"James, a great big boy like you! Why, James was only a baby five years old when I saw him last."

I took him into the cool house and gave him something to eat. He was almost exhausted. But he had no intention of acknowledging it.

"Now, tell me where you came from," I said.

He began his story. He had come from the city, a distance of several hundred miles. He had remembered his old home in this smaller town, and had longed to see it.

"I earned all the money myself," he cried, dancing about, and proudly displaying a ten-dollar bill. "Mother said last winter that I could come if I had money enough to pay my fare. I had enough and ten dollars to spend. I'm going to get a bathing suit. Say, is the old swimming pool all right yet?"

I told him that I thought it was. "But what do you know of that?" I asked. "You were not old enough to swim when you left here."

"Rob told me. He said not to miss that, for it was half the fun."

He bought the bathing suit and was out at daylight to take a dip. He tramped over the mountains to find wild flowers.

"I'll stick some of them in a letter to mother," he said one morning. "They'll be wilted, of course, but she'll be glad to get them. When I talked about coming she told me all about the flowers. She used to gather them. I remember that. We always had a bouquet in our dining room."

"I have a better plan. We'll pack them in wet cotton and send them by express. They will be fresh." I was annoyed at myself for not having done this before. A homesick woman in a strange city—how happy she would have been for one blossom from home!

"James, the women wash this morning," I said. "You had better collect what clothes you need washed." Then I added, for I knew how prone boys are to neglect such matters: "Be sure you have clean waists enough to last all week and keep your best white one for church Sunday morning."

"All right, auntie." He had fallen into the habit of addressing me as Charles did. "I have plenty." He came closer while his face lighted up with satisfaction in the joy of his possessions. "Mother made me six new dark waists. She sewed on them after supper when she got home from the shop."

He had been with us but a few days, when he remarked seriously, "I don't know about going home."

"How long did your mother say you could stay?" I asked.

"She said I could stay until the week before school started if anyone asked me to. But she said I should stay only a week unless you did. And that I should not ask to stay or hint."

"You haven't asked," I replied, rising to the occasion. "I wish you to stay as long as you wish. I took it for granted that you would visit us all summer; that is why I did not mention it before."

He leaned back with a sigh of content. "I'm glad you want me. I'd hate to leave here. It's a dandy place."

I was glad to have him stay. He was invigorating and inspiring. I had great hopes of his influence upon my honey-surfeited Charles.

"Mother said I must go to see all her friends," he said. "She told me the names of all that were friends of hers. She said if they asked me to visit them, I must go."

All of his mother's friends took James into their hearts as I had done.

"I'd like you to stay a day with me, James," said Mrs. Thomas, one day as she called upon me. "I used to know your mother. I have a boy about your age."

"I'd like to come," was the hearty response. "How's Friday? I've got something doing for every other day of the week. But I'll come Friday morning right after breakfast and stay until bed time if that will suit you."

Mrs. Thomas responded as was becoming in who would be hostess where boys are guests. "The very day! It suits me perfectly. We'll take our dinner down by the creek and make a picnic. We will ask some other boys. Now, what kind of cakes do you like? It's as easy to bake the kind boys like as the kind they don't like, so you may make your choice."

"Any kind suits me, but I like banana layer cake the best."

"Then banana layer cake it will be," said Mrs. Thomas.

I learned, but not from James, how the little lad had risen early, long before daylight, in the cold winter mornings and had gone about his work. He collected and distributed laundry; he had been errand boy from the closing of school each day until supper. He had surely earned his vacation.

He revolutionized us all. We had been unsocial. But we had been compelled to invite the boys in for a rainy day and to make little picnics to the swimming pool where the boys splashed about.

I found it unnecessary to draw comparisons for the benefit of Charles. He was not dull to see or hear. He saw what a glorious time James made for himself on so little.

The little lad was with us six weeks, just long enough to teach Charles and me that one must carry his happiness within his own heart; that joy comes from within and works outward; that the delight found in living depends not at all on externals.—Selected.

LESSON FORTY-TWO.

Contentment.

Aim—An ounce of contentment is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with.—Fuller.

Result Desired—The impression made that our Father in heaven is pleased with boys and girls who are glad of what they have and the opportunities which are given them to improve their minds and bodies.

Development of Lesson Forty-two.

Review previous lesson. Discuss the following:

Some folks are unhappy because they do not have as much money as some other folks whom they know.

Suppose we fix values at what other people are willing to pay.

Carnegie says he'd give a hundred million for a good stomach, and another hundred million to be young again.

You have both youth and a good stomach. Then you are worth two hundred million dollars.

And you have good eyes, and good ears, and good appetites, and you

can sleep ten hours every night. I know another millionaire who would give all he has if he could sleep!

One has money: another has other things.

"I'd rather have the other things.

Discuss with the children the blessings which they enjoy day by day.

Relate some conditions which exist in other parts of the world where children are not so fortunately situated.

Memory Gem:

Be content with such things as ye have.—Hebrews 13: 5.

Bessie's New World.

"O, how I detest this ugly, smoky city, Myra! I hate poverty and all that goes with it. How lovely it is to be able to attend concerts, lectures, and visit art galleries whenever one wishes. I dearly love beautiful things, but I dare say I shall stay here forever," said impetuous Bessie Grayson to her dearest friend, Myra Wilman, who was making Bessie a visit.

"Are you certain you have eyes and ears for the things of which you speak?" asked Myra, quietly.

"What a question!" exclaimed Bessie, almost indigantly. "Just as if I haven't been hungering for them since I was old enough to know anything."

"Well, you have them all right here; at least, not more than half a mile away."

"In this old factory town! Myra Wilman, what do you mean? I am sure that you, almost a stranger here, can't know half as much about this place as I do."

"What a glorious moonlight night!" said Myra, apparently ignoring this last remark, as she gazed out into the night. "Suppose we get up early tomorrow and take a walk."

"You are such a queer girl. I should think you would prefer to sleep. I could lie abed till noon," was the response.

"Just tomorrow morning, Bess, to please me," said Myra, laughingly. "After that you may do as you like."

"All right, but you will have to call me, and I'm in favor of going to bed now, so we will not lose any precious sleep."

"Where are we going?" said Bessie next morning to Myra, bright and glowing after a quick bath and rub down, when they had been walking about ten minutes.

"To a concert and a picture gallery."

Bess looked her surprise, but in no other way gave expression to her thoughts, for she had great respect and admiration for her friend, and, somehow, she felt that this little morning trip was not a joke.

How strangely quiet everything seemed to one accustomed to the noises of the town when awakened to toil, the screaming of whistles, the clanging of bells, and the harsh tones of many voices! There was something almost of awe in it for Bessie, who had hitherto never experienced the delights of early rising.

"Here we are," said Myra, at last, as they reached a slight promontory overlooking a small thicket of trees in the midst of which ran a stream known as "the river."

"It is about time for the concert to begin. What I love about this spot is the fact that one may listen to the music and look at the pictures at the same time. There is the first singer now, Bess. Look! look! right there on the great branch of the maple tree. He is one of the finest solo singers I have ever heard."

"A singer in a tree?" said Bessie, incredulously. "Whoever heard of such a thing? I see nothing but a plain brown bird."

"He may be only a 'plain brown bird' now, but when you hear him sing you will think that he was sent by the great Father."

As if to prove Myra's statement, the little brown-coated creature broke forth into one of the sweetest melodies that Bess had ever heard.

"But this is not all," said Myra, her brown eyes sparkling with pleasure as she looked into the violet blue ones of her companion. "Listen! there he is now. I am so glad he cannot see us, else, surely, we would miss the treat."

Hushed, the girls stood hand in hand, while from beyond the thicket there floated to them in rich tenor tones that inspiring song, "When I shall meet Him face to face."

"I think he must be a laboring man, unconscious from a worldly standpoint, of his wonderful gift," whispered Myra, as the voice became lost in the distance.

"But look, Bess, dear, there is the first picture. In our longing to visit famous art galleries we close our eyes to the magnificent views which nature daily flings upon her canvas with such lavish splendor. See the beautiful background of yellow, softened by the gray and white tones of the clouds, while off yonder is just a touch of rose. How beautifully the light shimmers through the green foliage below us! and the water looks, first like diamond points, changing almost instantly to jets of flame and then like a sheet of liquid gold. But, Bess, the sunsets are even more magnificent, with their ever-changing tones and half-tones of color—orange, pink, lavender, and rose deepening into red. I have sometimes seen as many as ten or fifteen wonderful pictures in as many minutes spread upon the azure background."

"Yes, but Myra," said Bessie, after a pause, more seriously than was her wont, "we can't have such sunsets in a smoky town like this."

"Dearie," was the reply, "I have heard that this place affords especially marvelous sunsets, though I have, as you know, had opportunity to see but a few, and this, not in spite of the smoke, but rather partly because of it, the clouds coming from the great chimneys and smokestacks forming lights and shadows which would baffle the skill of even the greatest artists."

"Where do the lectures come in?" asked Bessie, after a moment's silence.

"You have heard of sermons in trees and running brooks, Bess. Lectures, too, may be found in the same sources, as well as in birds, beasts, the conversation of people and in their industries. O, this is a wonderfully beautiful, wholesome, and instructive world, and the best of it is that even the seemingly commonplace, the tiny patch of blue sky seen from a narrow court, the bit of green hemmed in by dusty pavements and brick walls, each and all hold for those whose vision has become broadened much to encourage and uplift and to comfort."

"Thank you, Myra," said Bessie, feelingly. "My future unfoldment only can tell what this lesson has been to me. Already, I feel that I have entered into a beautiful new world, though, as yet, but a glimpse of its magnificence has been revealed to me."—Alice M. Long.

LESSON FORTY-THREE.

Happiness.

Aim—"The happiness you bestow upon others will be reflected upon yourself."

Result Desired—That the children will learn to appreciate the blessings which they enjoy and know that covetousness and selfishness bring unhappiness.

Development of Lesson Forty-three.

Discuss the meaning of the tenth commandment. Help the class to understand that there are two sides to each one of the commandments, that "thou shalt not" is the one side and "thou shalt" the other.

Illustrate this by reading some of the Sermon on the Mount, especially the 38th to 48th verses. Refer briefly to the hardships which the Savior endured, how "He had nowhere to lay His head," etc, and yet His desire was to bless and make people happy. Relate the following to illustrate how being satisfied with what you have and are brings happiness.

Happy Because Contented.

A group of pleasant-faced children were playing in the sunny corner of a door yard on a bright New Year's day.

Susie was saying, "Yes, I know my doll is littler than yours, but I do love her so! She's my own dolly! my own dolly!" And she sung it over and over, cuddling her dolly close.

"Yes," said Lela, "my doll is bigger, but yours is ever so much prettier, for mine is only a cloth doll, and yours is wax with real hair. I love to look at it, but I'm afraid to touch it for fear it would break. I suppose a dolly that won't break is best for me. Mamma says I'm pretty hard on a doll."

Roy was looking at Johnny, playing with his jumping-jack. Johnny said:

"I did want a rocking-horse, and I was most sure Santa Claus would bring me one. I thought he'd know I wanted one so much. But this jumping-jack is a dandy, though," and he pulled the string hard.

The little figure turned two or three somersaults, and ended by standing on its head. Johnny giggled, and little Roy, looking a trifle sober, said: "Your johnny-jumper is awful nice, and I like to see you make him go it. I didn't get anything this year, but I hope times will be a lot better for our house next Christmas, and then I'll get enough to make it all up. But, said he, smiling now, "I've got all my marbles that I had last year, and my top is most as good as new, and I'll tell you she's a hummer! Come, Johnny, let's have a game of marbles."

A Flower Sermon.

I found Aunt Martha poking round among her beloved flowers in the garden, one summer day. She smiled a friendly greeting at me from the depths of her gingham sunbonnet, and said:

"The flowers are right pretty, now; I like to be out here among them. See that little yellow buttercup, right there along side of my best rose? It looks so bright and cheerful that I haven't the heart to pull it up. So there it is, blooming away as if it were the finest flower that grows."

"It is far too pretty to destroy," I agreed heartily. Aunt Martha went on thoughtfully:

"Yes, do you know it makes me think of little Emiline Wilson? She is a little buttercup sort of girl—nothing fancy or high-flown about her, and yet she holds her own with the best of the girls, just because she is content to be a buttercup, and does not try to be a fine rose like some of the others. If she put on airs, and pretended to think that she was as highly cultivated as anybody, she would soon disgust them, and get only contempt, instead of the real affection and admiration that they all give her. It is her own bright, smiling, buttercup face that wins her way for her. If she tried to be a rose, she would spoil all the charm."

It was all true, was it not? And wouldn't you rather be a real buttercup girl than a sham rose girl?

St. Paul says, "For I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content," so it seems to me that Aunt Martha's little flower sermon has good scriptural backing.

Discontent cannot change the state—it cannot make the buttercup into a rose. And it surely will spoil the charm, if it is allowed to creep into the heart of the buttercup.—Selected.

Memory Gem

"Just to let love be our daily key,
That is God's will for you and me."

To Help.

Everybody in the Dale house was busy but Ada. Grandmother was coming, and Aunt Bess and a trained nurse. "Every grain of dust in every corner," Bob said, "is being led out of doors by the hand."

Ada wished that she belonged in it more. "They'll only let me do a few common errands. Bob does the most of those, because he says he might as well while he's attending to the other important ones." Ada sighed enviously. It was so grown up and stylish to be busy. "Let me stay at home today, mother, and help," she begged. "You must need me."

Bob made a rush at her, grabbing up his own book-bag as he came, and swept her to the gate. "What do you suppose," he said, "your grandmother on your father's side would say if she caught a granddaughter of hers of school age out of school in school hours? Your skies would fall, miss, I can tell you!"

"But mother and Jo are tired," said Ada. "They are working so hard."

"They don't want infants under foot," answered Bob, with brotherly frankness. "You just go ahead and learn your A, B C's, and don't disturb your mind about anything else."

Ada marched off in her direction much offended. A, B C's, indeed! She had learned those long ago. And she was no infant. She had not been one for years.

On the way to school Ada met her Sunday school teacher, Miss Mary Woodburn. To her, Ada confided her grievances. "I could help, if they would let me," she said.

"Of course you can," returned Miss Mary heartily.

"I mean, I could have helped," corrected Ada. "I can't now."

"Are you sure? Do you know, Ada, that often it rests persons just as much to rest their minds as if we took the dust cloth out of their hands and dusted all their best china for them? Couldn't you have something to tell your mother when you go home that will please her? Pleasure smooths out the tired creases wonderfully." Ada looked sharply at her teacher. Did she know how little she had studied her lessons yesterday afternoon, especially her geography and examples? But how could she? "I have just found out," said Miss Mary, "that generally just to do one's own work right helps somebody else."

At luncheon Ada was watching her grandmother with much interest, when suddenly the gold-bowed spectacles were turned on her. "Did you do well in school today, my dear?" inquired grandmother.

"There's a straight shot!" said Bob to himself. Her older sister, Jo, cast a hasty glance at her mother, then looked at her plate.

"Yes, grandmother," Ada made answer proudly. "I knew everything—for a wonder," she added, thereby checking the family relief.

"Don't you like lessons?" asked old Mrs. Dale, with rebuke in her tones.

"I hate them," stated Ada concisely. This time Jo did not venture to look at her mother. "But," Ada continued, "I thought that didn't matter, so I studied them."

"Well done!" said the old lady heartily. "You showed your father's own spirit. Suppose, while I am here, we go over your lessons together. I will not help you too much; I know that the teachers nowadays do not like it."

"Yes'm," said Ada meekly, awed at the prospect.

Jo drew her off into a corner of the porch. "Do—do," she begged, "try to study and please grandmother. It will break mother's heart if you don't."

Bob also sought a private interview. "Daddy," he said, this being his best pet name, "if you will keep right with grandmother, I will give you something nice when she leaves."

"You needn't," said Ada loftily. "I am going to do it anyway, for conscience."

"Oh, are you? All right. That's cheaper. And it's better," with a twitch of her plait that was honestly commendatory. "Go ahead."

Ada went ahead, and on the whole she succeeded, but with occasional lapses. With these, old Mrs. Dale bore with wonderful patience. She had her part in Ada's success, for she was, as she had said, a good teacher.

At the end of the month Ada brought home a report that even Jo need not have disowned. Her grandmother read it carefully.

"I shall give Ada a present," she said. "A girl who gets reports like this ought to be rewarded."

Ada felt uneasy. "But nobody," she assured herself, "in this family would like me to cheat her. It isn't 'reports,' grandmother," she confessed. "It's just one. This is a great deal my best."

Her mother nodded over at her brightly. Bob chuckled as he turned a leaf of a favorite book. "Hooray for Daddy! George Washington couldn't have done it more handsomely."

"Then," said grandmother, smiling, "a girl who gets one report like this ought to be encouraged to get others. What shall I give you, Ada? What will you have?"

Ada breathed hard as she chose. She remembered a shining pair of skates in Alden's shop window, but she did not hesitate. "O grandmother," she almost shouted, "would you please send Jo to college?"

"Ada!" gasped her mother and Jo in one voice.

Bob chuckled once more. "How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour! Grandmother at her age ought to know better than to pass out blank checks to youngsters of Ada's age."

Mrs. Dale looked at her oldest grandchild. "Does Jo wish to go to college?" she asked.

"It is her one longing desire," said Ada, who sometimes got hold of grand phrases. "She would be splendid at it. Nobody would have to encourage Jo."

"But," said her grandmother, "I could not do that for you"—

"Certainly not," interposed Jo, greatly mortified.

"Because," said Mrs. Dale, "I see from the family Bible that Jo is to have a birthday next month, and she must get the birthday present that she likes best. Choose again."

Later in the afternoon Ada was scurrying through the streets to the house of her best friend with the skates out of Alden's window clasped to her heart. "It did help mother," she thought, as she hurried past Miss Mary's gate, "for me just to do my own work right. She is delighted about Jo; she cried. That's a funny sign of gladness, but it is. It helped me, too," laughed Ada, while she hugged the new skates closer. "It is a good rule to remember."—Sally Campbell.

LESSON FORTY-FOUR.

Thanksgiving.

Aim—"The best way of recognizing a benefit is never to forget it."

Result Desired—That the children will recognize Thanksgiving Day as a special opportunity for saying "Thank you" for all blessings and particularly for the fruits of the harvests.

Development of Lesson Forty-four.

Read up on the history of the establishment of Thanksgiving Day. Give a short review of the three previous lessons. Help the children to understand that the commandments of the Lord must be obeyed, and that obedience to them will bring happiness. When the commandments are under-

stood we will be very grateful for them. Discuss with the class the reason why we have a Thanksgiving Day.

Memory Gem:

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.—Psalms 72: 1.

For thanksgiving story a selection may be made from back numbers of *The Children's Friend* or from the stories which will appear in the next issue.

FOURTH GRADE.

(Children ten and eleven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Word of Wisdom.

Topic for the Month of November—Gratitude.

LESSON FORTY.

Divisions:

1. Gratitude.
2. Gratitude Expressed by Giving.
3. Gratitude Brings Happiness.
4. Thanksgiving Day.

Note. At the first session for this month ask the members of the class to get as much information as possible about Thanksgiving Day, how it came to be established, etc. Look in back numbers of the *Friend* for stories, poems or memory gems, make such selections as are desirable, and give to members of the class to relate or recite. Be sure to give time for proper preparation.

LESSON FORTY-ONE.

Gratitude.

Aim—Praise ye the Lord. O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.—Psalms 106: 1.

Result Desired—That we may see the good of thy chosen, that we may rejoice in the gladness of thy nation, that we may glory with thine inheritance.—Psalms 106: 5. (Adapted.)

Memory Gem:

A grateful thought toward heaven is of itself a prayer.—Lessing.

Suggestive Talk:

Deep in the heart of the forest in Samoa we are told that there is a road made in memory of Robert Louis Stevenson by a number of native chiefs. For some trivial offense these men had been taken prisoners and confined in the wilderness. Their story came to the ears of Mr. Stevenson and he took up their cause before the officials of the island, believing that they were innocent of any wrong intent. In a little while they were set free.

One might suppose that the first thing they would do would be to hasten home, rejoicing in their new-found liberty. Rejoice they certainly did, but they did not leave their place of confinement before they set about it to erect a monument to the memory of the man who had been their true friend. How did it happen that they should think of building a road between two almost inaccessible points? We may never know, but it is pleasant to think that this is just what they did; and at one point on the road they set up this in-

scription on a guideboard, using the name by which they knew Mr. Stevenson:

"Remembering the great love of his highness, Tusitala, and his loving care when we were in prison, we have prepared him an enduring present, this road, which we have dug to last forever."

Whoever journeys that way, and knows this story of the love which led to its building, will feel his heart stirred by the tribute those poor men gave to one who had proven himself a friend to them in an hour of deep need. The signboard they put up will some day fall to pieces, the men who erected it may pass away, but there the road will be, a lasting memorial of the gratitude of the chiefs of Samoa to the man who had loved them.

It is the loving heart which builds roads and sets up memorials of all kinds. Every day you and I are blessed by the kindly deed of some one. It may be just a word spoken when we are feeling unhappy. The kindly deed which brings the sunshine into our sky again may cost more than we at the time know, but it may have been done so tenderly and so unobtrusively that we do not fairly recognize it at the time. But some day we may see it in its true worth, and then how will it stir our souls? Will it lead us to want to do some generous deed, to speak some inspiring word or to go out and love some one else as we have been loved?

Now, not always do we let our lives be thus stirred by the many loving things that are done for us. Would that this were not so true as it is! Not to be grateful is one of the saddest traits of one's character. To keep right on taking things which have been bought for us at the sacrifice of days of patient care and toil; to walk ever among flowers and roses and never stop to kiss the hand which strewed them in our way; to be loved with an everlasting love and not feel the thrill of love going out in return—O, is not this the most bitter thing of all life's experience?

It is not always possible for us to make such return for kindness shown to us as we would like to make. Those island chieftains were not in a position to build a beautiful shaft, tenderly inscribed to the memory of the man who had been a friend to them. They were too poor to give him rich gifts of gold. Possibly they never again might have looked into his face and told him in broken language how they thanked him for his generous act. They did what they could do, however, and some day the beauty of their deed will be known. They could go out and dig and feel the burning heat of toil under a southern sun; they could tear the giant trees out of the path and smooth the hillocks from the way; they could raise that simple tablet, thus voicing the grateful spirit within them: and that was enough, for God, who sees the heart and knows the true cost of all that His creatures do, sees and He will not forget.

What if we cannot give back again as rich gifts as have been showered upon us; can we not smooth a bit of a way for some one whose feet are now traveling over rocks and thorns? Supposing our hands are too weak to swing the pick and labor till the night comes to prove how grateful we are for some friendly deed; we can take the hand of the one who has loved us and say, "I love you, too." And so the world will be made a little better.

For is it not true that not a single kindly word is ever spoken, not a tender look ever given, not a really true, earnest deed ever done that the hearts of all men are not made a little better, a little stronger, a little truer?

Battles are not all fought out in the glare of the sun, where the world may see and know about them. Grand deeds do not need to be blazoned all over the world to bless those who do them. To dig a road far in the silence of the wood is not less grand, not less an inspired act. God knows all about it and He will remember.—Edgar L. Vincent.

Questions on the Lesson:

How do we get water in the summer time?

Explain how the snow falls in the mountains during the winter and so makes possible plenty of water for use in the warm weather.

Name some of the ways in which water is used.

Suppose the water should fail, what would happen to the country and the people?

How may water be prevented from running to waste?

How are reservoirs built and what are they used for?

Explain the method of irrigation.

Who originated this method of watering the crops in the United States?

(See Life of Brigham Young, or History of the Church.)

President Brigham Young was inspired to use the irrigation system.

How is that a testimony of the goodness of the Lord to us?

Name some other of the blessings which the Lord gives to us every day.

What was the revelation which was given to Joseph Smith the Prophet and which we should remember every day?

What is the result to a person who obeys this revelation?

What would be the very best way to show our gratitude for the Word of Wisdom?

What are some blessings which you enjoy because your parents are willing to work for you?

Use the following story as though you were Miss Lee:

A "Thank-You Week."

The lesson for the day was upon gratitude to God, and Miss Lee looked around upon her circle of girls, and asked suddenly:

"Do you all say 'Thank you' for everything given you? Is there anybody who has done anything for you, whom you have never thanked?"

Some of the girls were ready to say that they always said "Thank you," and others stopped to think and felt afraid to say this, for fear it might not be wholly true.

"I wonder if you all have thanked your parents for what they have done for you every day since you were born," Miss Lee went on. "And I wonder if you always give thanks for the favors you receive every day. Bessie, count these, please."

Here Miss Lee opened a box, and laid it in Bessie Gray's lap. It was filled with wheat. "Begin and count, grain by grain," she said.

The girls thought this odd enough, and Bessie began counting. Miss Lee let her go on till she had picked out and counted a hundred grains, one by one, and then she stopped her.

"If Bessie should keep on till she counts them all, how much time would we have for the lesson?" she asked.

"Not a single minute!" Bessie cried; "it would take all the hour, and more too, if I counted all these grains."

"Yes, it would, and you need not do it," said Miss Lee; "but let the wheat-grains help you to remember this: if you counted up all the mercies and blessings of each day, and gave thanks for every one, you would not have a minute left to grumble over the things you cannot have. If every kind word spoken to you, every kind act done, every token of your parents' love and care, and all the pleasant and helpful things that come to you every day, at home, at school and everywhere, were to be counted, wouldn't it keep you busy counting?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" came in chorus.

"Well, I want you to try it this week. We'll keep a thank-you week, a week of real thanksgiving, and keep counting and counting our good things and giving thanks for them to God, while we say 'Thank you' to our friends for every favor, and then next week, let me see if any of you have found time to fret and complain."—Julia H. Johnson.

LESSON FORTY-TWO.

Gratitude Expressed By Giving.

Aim—Give, and it shall be given unto you.—Luke 6: 38.

Result Desired—The knowledge implanted that "The only joys which live and grow are those we share with others."

Memory Gem:

"The greatest thing a person can do for his heavenly Father is to be kind to some of His other children."

Suggestive Talk:

Did you ever note the important fact that Nature in all her forms lives by giving?

If you never observed that, then the great object lesson of nature, presented to you year after year, has been lost utterly. If you are blind to that, then the simplest secret of life is to you a dream undreamed.

Did you ever know a tree or plant or creature—unless it be a human one—that takes all to itself and gives out nothing? No; you never did, and you never will.

Look at some heroic oak, with its massive trunk and ponderous limbs, and mighty mass of foliage straining toward heaven. Has that tree grown and does it live by sucking its immense mass of material substance from the earth that supports its roots, think you?

Well, it does nothing of the kind.

You might chop down that tree at its very roots, saw it up and build a house of it and warm yourself through the winter at the fire of its limbs; yet when its roots shall have rotted clean away, there will be just as much earth where that tree grew as there was on that far-off day when the acorn first sprouted within it.

You, with your intellectual endowments and your spiritual nature touched by divinity—can as much be said of you when you are gone—that you provided shelter and warmth for someone's winter and left no scar where you grew?

The grasses, the plants, the shrubs, the weeds even, do not consume soil, they make it. The whole habitable surface of the earth has been transformed from bleak rock to fertile soil by vegetation that has given in growing and has grown by giving.

We call the plant an inanimate thing, and yet it is the only thing in all the world that knows how to manufacture living material.

It makes it of carbonic acid gas, to man a poison, and in the process it releases oxygen, to man the chief life-giving element. But for plants, the atmosphere of the earth would be a deadly gas.

Inanimate though we call it, the plant in its life teaches us, if we will learn, a splendid lesson for spiritual growth. In the great cycles of nature extremes meet, and the highest comes in touch with the lowest. Man, too, if he will learn of the plant, may create life forces—not of a material sort, 'tis true, but infinitely higher.

We, no more than the plants, can grow from our own rootage.

Toil, sufferings, poverty, sickness, despair and all the other adversities of our fellows we must take to our own hearts; if we would have real character building and release to the world the life-giving oxygen of human sympathy.

In the same degree as the plant takes in poisons and throws out pure oxygen, it grows. And, whether we realize it or not, whether we believe it or not, whether we care or not, man grows in real human growth only in the same degree as he, too, absorbs the poisons of his moral atmosphere and gives out helpful sympathy.

He can no more grow upon his own joys than the plant can grow upon oxygen.

Man in his real life, like the plant, grows as he gives and gives* as he grows.—Selected.

To illustrate how man gives himself for the benefit of others, brief reviews may be given on the lives of some of the famous characters in the Bible, Book of Mormon or Church History, such as Joseph, Moses, David, Daniel or the Savior; Nephi, Alma or Ammon; the Prophet Joseph Smith, Brigham Young or Wilford Woodruff. Or if preferred refer to some of the men and women who have originated and perfected sciences which contribute largely to the comfort and well-being of the human family.

Questions on the Lesson:

Repeat the memory gem.

What is meant by this memory gem?

What did the Savior say that means the same thing?" (Matt. 22: 37-39.)

Who can remember another way of stating the same principle? (The Golden Rule.)

What are some of the ways in which boys and girls may keep this rule? In the home, the school, meetings, parties and entertainments?

In doing to others as you would have others do to you, how are you giving yourself?

What was the special mission which the Savior gave to the twelve apostles? (Luke 9: 2.)

What was the gospel which they were to preach? (Recite the first principles of the gospel.)

After this is done what must each one of us be prepared to do? (Read Luke 10: 25-37.)

When Joseph Smith the prophet received the Gospel did he keep it to himself?

What did he do?

What are we doing about missions now?

How do missionaries preach the Word of Wisdom?

Which is the better way to preach it, to tell about it or live it? Why?

How would you consider that a missionary was giving himself in preaching the Gospel and observing all its laws?

Who else must give to assist the missionary? (Relatives and friends. Discuss how they help.)

LESSON FORTY-THREE.

Gratitude Brings Happiness.

Aim—It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.—Psalms 118: 8.

Result Desired—An increase of faith and appreciation of the blessings of the Gospel.

Memory Gem:

I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my supplications.—Psalms 116: 1.

Suggestive Talk:

Read the twenty-third Psalm to the class and discuss its meaning. (Recommend every boy and girl to memorize it as it will prove to be a comfort and joy to them in all their future lives.)

"What a vein of happiness runs through many of the Psalms! There is no other collection of poems that gives one such a sense of confidence and of joy in God. These psalms are instinct with happiness because they were written by grateful men.

We do not know the personality of the author in many cases, but they all seem to have been very much influenced by the spirit of David, the principal

psalm writer, and David's heart was full of gratitude. He knew how to be grateful in the presence of his trials, even the sorest of them. He found a wonderful amount to say about God's goodness to him. He praised God for defending him from his enemies, and for forgiveness of his sins. He praised God for His wonderful works in the heavens and upon the earth. He praised Him for the wonderful ways in which He dealt with nations and with individual men.

Such a spirit of praise begets confidence in God, and peace and happiness. These psalmists were proud of God, proud of all His works and all His ways. They believed thoroughly that the God who made the heavens and the earth was looking after things for the good of men in general and of themselves and their people in particular. Of course, they were happy. Of course, they were full of thanksgiving. Of course, they wished that all other men would be grateful to God! "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and, for His wonderful works to the children of men." That refrain of the 107th Psalm was at the heart of all their singing.

And the moral for us is plain. If we would be abidingly happy we must be happy in the Lord and in a sense of His protecting care. We should be so happy that we could not refrain from expressing our gratitude in thanksgiving: "Rejoice in the Lord alway: again I will say, Rejoice!"

It is the man who distrusts God, and does not look to Him with confidence for help, who turns sour. He knows himself to be at odds with the Ruler of the universe, and fears of one kind and another encompass him about. There is no real thanksgiving day for him. He has not found anything for which to give thanks. But in his heart of hearts he knows it is all his fault. He, too, might praise God and be happy if he would only look at all the lovely things in nature, and if he would accept God's dealings with him as meant for his good, instead of brooding over them in discontent when they do not suit him.

The thankful man is in harmony with God, and the unthankful man is out of harmony with Him."

Questions on the Lesson:

What did the Lord ask Abraham to do with his son Isaac?

Why did Abraham have such cause for rejoicing when the angel called to him that he need not sacrifice his son? (Be sure to get the thought that it was Abraham's faith which gave him the courage necessary for the great test, and the knowledge that he had obeyed and conquered himself gave him happiness.)

When you think about the story of Joseph, can you tell what assisted him during his trials? (Have a Bible ready and read to the class the following: Genesis 39: 2; 41: 16, 51, 52; 45: 5, 9.)

What were some of the great trials borne by Job?

What kind of a spirit did he manifest? (Read Job. 27: 2-4.)

What happiness finally came to Job? (Read Job 42: 12-17.)

What can you tell about Daniel and his faith in God who gave him blessings and honors?

How are our missionaries like the men we have been talking about?

If they would do the very best of which they are capable what laws of the Church must they observe?

(If desirable the story of "Beautiful Esther" or "A Mysterious Disappearance" may be related. Both stories will be found in first part of this issue.)

LESSON FORTY-FOUR.

Thanksgiving Day.

Aim—In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.—I. Thess. 5: 18.

Result Desired—That the celebration of Thanksgiving day may mean more than an unusual amount of eating and drinking.

Memory Gem:

"Help us never to get so used to Thy mercies that we shall forget to thank Thee for them, as they are renewed day by day."

Suggestive Talk:

There is a beautiful legend of a golden organ in an ancient monastery. Once the monastery was besieged by robbers who desired to carry off its treasures. The monks took the organ to a river which flowed close by and sank it in the deep water in order to keep it from the hands of the robbers. And the legend is that, though buried thus in the river, the organ still continued to give forth sweet and enchanting music, which was heard by those who came near.

Every Christian life should be like this golden organ. Nothing should ever silence its music. Even when the floods of sorrow flow over it it should still continue to rejoice and sing.

One of the secrets of such a life is found in the cultivation of the habit of thankfulness. Nothing less than this will do. Most people have brief hours in which their hearts are filled with grateful feelings, and when all the world seems beautiful to them. But these sunny times soon pass, and then for days they give themselves over to discontent and complaining. Anybody can sing when walking amid the flowers and in sunny ways; the test of life comes when the garden path becomes a bit of desert road. We are not fully ready for living until we have strength enough to carry us through the hardest places and the deepest glooms.

Thanksgiving Day is not intended to gather into itself a whole year's thanks. By being full of gratitude for the one day we cannot make up for three hundred and sixty-four days of ingratitude. Every day should be a thanksgiving day.

Of course, there is a difference in the days. Some of them are dark, while others are bright. On certain days things seem to go wrong with us and our affairs get tangled; on other days life flows along like a song. We want to learn to live so that these changes in our circumstances and experiences shall not affect us in our inner life. That is what St. Paul meant when he said that he had learned in whatsoever state he was, therein to be content. It was no easier for him to have to suffer and endure want and privation than it is for us. There was no luxury to him in being cast into a dungeon and having his feet made fast in the stocks. But he had learned not to fret when his condition was unpleasant. Wherever we find him he is singing, never despairing. The habit of thanksgiving had been so wrought into his life that nothing could ever break it.

Just how to learn this habit of thanksgiving is the question. One thing is to learn to trust. The cause of all complaining and discontent is want of trust in God. If we believe in God as our Father that He loves us and will care for us, and put at once into His hands all matters that would disturb or fret us, God himself will keep us in perfect peace. Worry is death to the thanksgiving spirit, while nothing so drives worry from the heart as a thanksgiving song.

Another thing that helps in forming this habit of thanksgiving is to make sure of seeing the good and beautiful things in life. This is a lovely world. It could not be otherwise, for it is our Father's world. He made it beautiful because it was to be the home of His children. Yet some see nothing of the loveliness which lies about them continually everywhere. They are like men touring through a country with glorious scenery, in a stage coach, keeping the curtains fastened down all the time and seeing nothing.

It is said that Mr. Ruskin's guests at Brantwood were often awakened early in the morning by a knocking at their door and the call, "Are you

looking out?" When, in response to this summons, they would open their window blinds, their eyes would be charmed by the view that they saw. It is not every one who sleeps at night in such a place as Brantwood, and can have a Coniston morning to greet his vision when he awakes and opens his windows. But there is glory enough in the morning anywhere to start our hearts singing at the dawn of the day, if only we would look out. It would be well if all of us could be awakened every morning with the call, "Are you looking out?" There is always something worth seeing if we would draw our curtains and look out.

This is true not only of nature, but of all the experiences of life. We allow ourselves to be too much impressed by somber views. We let the troubles and the unpleasant things bulk too largely in our vision. We live too much indoors, with our own frets and cares. If every morning we would fling open our windows and look out on the wide reaches of God's love and goodness we could not help singing. Some one writes: "Many a day would be brighter if begun with some thought in the heart that might open the door to a nobler vision of life, and would not some of our less cheerful moods be dispelled by a wider outlook?"

Our lives are all too apt to run in grooves, and often they are very narrow grooves, indeed. Yet all about us are scenes of beauty, not in nature alone, but in the lives of our fellow men. Often in the most unexpected places, in some nook or cranny of a nature that seemed only forbidding, we shall find some blossom of rarest fragrance. In those quiet hours of meditation, when our hearts reach up to the great heart of God, we may stand upon the mountain tops with him and catch glimpses of that land which too often seems afar off.—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson:

Who can tell the story of the first Thanksgiving day?

Why did the Pilgrim Fathers come to America?

Why is the fall of the year chosen for this celebration?

What blessing has the country enjoyed during the year that gives us cause for rejoicing this Thanksgiving day?

What are some things that might happen which would interfere with a happy Thanksgiving? (War, pestilence, fire, drought, etc.)

(In the next issue of *The Children's Friend* will be found some stories on Thanksgiving, one of which may be selected and related for this lesson.)

FIFTH GRADE.

(Children twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Articles of Faith.

Topic for the Month of November—Eleventh Article.

Divisions:

1. Liberty.
2. The Conscience.
3. The Land of Liberty.
4. Thanksgiving.

LESSON FORTY-ONE.

Liberty.

Aim—"To obey God is perfect liberty."

Development of Lesson Forty-one:

Read carefully Lecture twenty-two to the seventeenth paragraph, and prepare a simple outline from it that will make clear that we have a right:

to worship God because we know that our worship is a result of our knowledge and understanding. Turn to Lecture two and review briefly our belief in God and the Godhead. Explain the necessity for studying the principles of the Gospel, that they teach us to know what is right and give us the power and the strength to do right. Recite in concert Article eleven.

Questions on the Lesson:

What do you think is meant by "liberty?"

The dictionary says that "liberty is freedom." What is "freedom?"

A long time ago, during what is known as the pre-historic period, there were no laws or rulers; the people who lived then did not have to obey anybody; they had no homes, but lived in trees and caves; their food consisted of what they could hunt and kill; their clothing being made of the skins from the animals which they killed. Why were they not free?

As the world progressed, we find that the father would protect his family from their enemies. How would this protection give freedom to the mother and the children?

Then it was found to be a good plan for a number of families to band together, all who could claim relationship, and they were known as tribes. Why could a tribe protect itself better than a family?

What forms of freedom would they enjoy?

Why would it be necessary for these people to learn to obey?

What would be the necessity for a leader or ruler?

We now have great nations with armies and navies to protect them.

What do they protect us from?

We have many laws and many rulers. What good are they?

Where are there any people who are not yet so well protected; whom we call uncivilized?

How do they compare with a nation like ours? Why have they not the same comforts of freedom and opportunities for happiness?

Why will proper protection and obedience to law give us great freedom?

If you understood all about your body, knew just what to eat and drink, how to exercise and how to rest, if you obeyed all the rules what would be the condition of your body?

Why must we have knowledge to have freedom?

Our Father in heaven is willing to bless us with knowledge, but we need to obey certain rules about gaining such knowledge as we desire. What must be done?

Why must we know about the Gospel before we make the claim in Article Eleven?

LESSON FORTY-TWO.

Conscience.

Aim—"Conscience is a safe guide when enlightened by the word of God."

Development of Lesson Forty two.

Recite the eleventh Article of Faith.

Review carefully all of the last lesson making clear the point that it is our duty to understand what is required of us by our Father in heaven. The earth is to be purified and saved, we are to be made pure so that we may live upon the glorified earth. Help the children to see the beauty of the plan of redemption and inspire them with the feeling that each member of this Church may assist in its fulfillment. Review briefly the principles of the Gospel. Do we believe in God? Are we sorry when we do wrong? Have we been baptized and received the Gift of the Holy Ghost? Are we prepared to follow in the footsteps of our Master who went about doing good? Then will our conscience be a safe guide, for we will be enlightened by the Spirit of God!

Read or recite this:

"Know this, that every soul is free
To choose his life, and what he'll be;
For this eternal truth is given,
That God will force no man to heaven.
He'll call, persuade, direct aright,
Bless him with wisdom, love, and light,
In nameless ways be good and kind,
But never force the human mind."

Questions on the Lesson:

What is the conscience?

The dictionary says it is "knowledge of what is right." Can you tell of an instance when your conscience helped you to do right?

Tell of an instance when you acted contrary to the promptings of your conscience and how it made you feel?

The eleventh Article of Faith states that we claim the privilege of worshiping according to the dictates of our own conscience. What is a privilege?

The dictionary says it is a liberty. Does anybody interfere with your liberty to worship?

Have the members of the Church always had liberty to worship as they desired to?

What happened to the Prophet Joseph Smith for doing that which he knew was right?

Why do we say that "He sealed his testimony with his blood?"

What kind of knowledge did the Prophet have that made him willing to give his life for the truth?

What is the Gospel which Joseph Smith restored?

(Have a brief review of the principles of the Gospel, but emphasize the thought that we must do right each day and follow the example of the Savior "who went about doing good.")

Can you think of any others who gave their lives for the truth?

We know that our Savior lived and died for us; we know that the Prophet Joseph Smith gave his life to restore the Gospel of the Savior; we know that the servants of the Lord are now doing their best to help you and me to be good and honorable Saints; when we remember all these things how will our consciences act when we are tempted to do wrong?

How will it help us to do right?

Note. Some incidents from Church history may be related to show how the Saints were willing to suffer rather than not have the liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience.

LESSON FORTY-THREE.

The Land of Liberty.

Aim—The Lord prepareth a place for His faithful people.

Development of Lesson Forty-three:

For this lesson get Roberts' "Outlines of Ecclesiastical History," or Talmage's "The Great Apostasy," and from them prepare a talk which will explain how the Christians apostatized from the Church of Christ; give the principal steps in the Reformation; and make as clear as you can how all these incidents were preparing the way for the establishment of Zion upon this land. (Do not go into details, make your lesson as plain as possible.)

Questions on the Lesson:

Why did the Pilgrim Fathers come to America?

Were they willing to give to others the liberty they sought for themselves?

As more people came to this country, and towns and cities were increasing in number and population, what interfered with their liberty?

What did the people finally decide to do about it and how did they succeed?

After deciding to be a free and independent people what great document was prepared which became the basis for the government of the new country?

What does the Constitution of the United States say about keeping slaves?

How did the people observe this part of the Constitution?

How was slavery finally abolished?

What did the Prophet Joseph Smith prophesy about this war? (Section 87 in the Doctrine and Covenants.)

How would the Prophet Joseph have saved the people of the United States from this dreadful war and yet have given liberty to the slaves? ("Joseph, the Prophet," by George Q. Cannon, page 472.)

In what way are all people free and equal in this country?

In what way is the eleventh Article of Faith like the Golden Rule?

Believing as we do that this country and its government were prepared for us, where we may live in peace and comfort and happiness, what should be the manner of our worship?

(Choose one of our beautiful hymns which express the gratitude of the Saints for Zion and the Gospel and read, discuss and sing it.)

LESSON FORTY-FOUR.

Thanksgiving.

Aim—"O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good: because His mercy endureth forever.—Psalms 118: 1.

Development of Lesson Forty-four.

Repeat the eleventh Article of Faith. Review its meaning carefully and make as clear as you can the great blessings we have as members of the Church. The liberty that is enjoyed; the comforts of home; privileges of education; the beautiful country in which to dwell; the blessings of the Gospel, etc. Refer briefly to the persecutions of the Saints and explain how the Gospel teaches us the Golden Rule and makes us willing to give the same privileges to others that we desire for ourselves.

Questions on the Lesson.

Why was Thanksgiving day established as a national day?

How is it usually observed?

What is the best way in which to celebrate this day?

How did the Israelites show their gratitude for the harvest? Leviticus 23rd. (The teacher should give a member of the class this question with time for preparation or be prepared herself.)

What is the lesson to us in Leviticus 23rd, 22nd verse? (Have Bible ready.)

The Israelites were traveling in the wilderness when the Lord told them how to show their gratitude for the bounties of the harvest. What kind of homes and comforts would they be likely to have?

What can you tell of the conditions of the Puritans when they held their first Thanksgiving?

What time of the year did the Pioneers come to the Salt Lake valley?

What kind of a celebration could they have had the first Thanksgiving day in their new homes?

Name some of the many blessings enjoyed now, some of which were entirely unknown to the Pioneers?

What is the greatest blessing which is enjoyed by the Latter-day Saints?

Note. This will be a good place for testimonies of the goodness of the Lord.

"OPPORTUNITY."

They do me wrong who say I come no more
 When once I knock and fail to find you in;
 For every day I stand outside your door,
 And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
 Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
 Each night I burn the records of the day,
 At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped;
 To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
 My judgments seal the dead past with its dead;
 But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep,
 I lend my arm to all who say "I can."
 No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
 But he might rise and be again a man.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
 Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
 Then turn from blotted archives of the past
 And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell!
 Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven.
 Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
 Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

—Robert B. Malone.



THE CHINESE MILLS

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1910.

No. 11.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF THE HARVEST.

Out in the fields which were green last May,
But are rough and stubbled and brown today,
They are stacking the sheaves of the yellow wheat,
And raking the aftermath dry and sweet,
The barley and oats and golden rye
Are safely stored in the granary;

Where the pumpkins border the tall corn rows,
The busy reaper comes and goes;
And only the apples set so thick
On the orchard boughs are left to pick.

What a little time it seems since May—
Not very much longer than yesterday!
Yet all this growing which now is done
And finished, was scarcely then begun.

The nodding wheat and high strong screen
Of corn were but little points of green.
The apple blossoms were pink and sweet,
But no one could gather them to eat;
And all this food for hungry men
Was but buds or seeds just planted then.

Life is like that, my teacher says:
First seed time then growing days.
First tiny germs of character,
And then to full corn in the ear.

And if in little ways I try
To work and study faithfully—
To be obedient, kind and true,
And do as I am told to do—
Some happy day, all ripe and grown,
My soul shall sing its Harvest Home.
—Susan Coolidge.

THANKFUL'S THANKSGIVING.

Today Thankful may seem to children an odd name for a dear little girl, but long ago when the New England colonies were very few, they named children for a reason. And in the tiny log cabin where the baby girl was born, the pretty young mother was very, very *thankful* indeed that a sweet baby had come to keep her company—and for that reason she called her little daughter “Thankful.”

Just before baby Thankful was born brave young John Thornton, her father, had sailed back to England on business for the king, and he was grave enough at leaving his young wife in the new country, but everyone was expected to be both brave and grave in those days, and so the father sailed away with never a tear to show how heavy his heart really was, and the pretty mother waved a smiling parting from the rocky shore; and if she went back to the silent log house and sat down and wept a while, no one ever knew of it.

Then little Thankful came.

So fair and sweet and wise did she grow that even the great governor took special notice of her and called her a rare lass, and once he brought her a queer wooden doll. And dolls were not common in those days, I can tell you.

Alone within their log house, the mother with little Thankful lived and worked; and outside, on the little New England farm, Broken Bow, a friendly Indian, took charge, and watched over dear little Thankful.

Once in a great while letters came from the father abroad.

“The king would send him back soon. They must be brave and cheerful and Thankful must continue to love Father who certainly would be coming some day soon.”

“Continue to love Father!” Why, surely dear Thankful would continue to “love Father!” And little as she was, Thankful was learning to be a lady and a good housewife “for Father!” When she was, oh so small, she worked him a sampler. And she could make the daintiest “rose cakes,” and would put them away safely against the time “when Father should come.”

When the grave little maid was four years old, the pretty mother died. Then word was sent over seas, by a messenger. Somehow the messenger got confused and when the father heard it he asked the messenger for news of the little daughter.

“There was no news of the little daughter. The fever had killed many women and children. Had the child lived word would have been sent,” said the messenger.

And so the poor father thought nothing was left but the tiny farm and the empty log house. He wrote back to the village elder, “Take care of what is left me until I come.”

After many months that message reached Elder Cummings, and he thought it a very strange message. Still he put Broken Bow to till the land and care for the log house; and rosy little Thankful he took in-

to his own home. They all meant to be kind to the little girl—but there were so many, and the work was never done.

In the new, strange life little Thankful had only the wooden doll and the memories of her mother's teachings to keep her brave and sweet. Sometimes Broken Bow would steal to her and try to comfort her with loving grunts and gifts of fruits and berries and little treasures likely to please a little maid, such as a bright bird's egg, or a brightly colored stone. Altogether Broken Bow was a great comfort. He always said, "Big man-father get here by and by."

And now we come to the Thanksgiving Day that sweet Thankful made for herself when she was but five years old.

Elder Cummings and his big family were going to the Governor's Thanksgiving feast. At the very last moment a neighbor's wife joined them and asked to go too. If she went, one of the children must be left home; the wagon could not hold another person.

So Thankful was left behind. Every one was sorry; but really children in those days respected the rights of their elders. A big throb did rise in Thankful's heart, but she smiled bravely, and asked timidly if she might go to her mother's old cabin to spend the day with Broken Bow.

Permission was given and the Thanksgiving party drove away. It was so like dear little Thankful to make the best of things!

Soon she was singing, like a chickadee, and feeling full of joy. She went up to the loft where she slept and brought down Mercy, the wooden doll.

Then gathering some bread and cold meat together, the little maid went, still singing, down the frosty hill.

The log house was not far away, and there was Broken Bow feeding the chickens at the back door.

Thankful explained the day to the Indian, and added joyfully: you and Mercy and I will make a feast together. We will set a place for Father, too, and make believe he is here. You will see Broken Bow, what a famous housewife I have become for dear father."

Broken Bow almost exploded with grunts, and he began to hurry around making his preparations.

Mercy, the wooden doll, was placed in a chair at the table and talked to as if she were another brave little soul. Her wooden face really seemed to glow, and the log cabin was ringing with Thankful's songs of praise. She baked a pumpkin pie—that clever Thankful. Broken Bow had stewed the pumpkin the day before for some solitary pies of his own. And Broken Bow roasted a fine chicken too, and actually when he, Thankful and Mercy sat down at table—there truly *was* a feast!

Then Thankful folded her hands devoutly and prayed a beautiful little prayer of gratitude, ending thus:

"Kind heavenly Father, send my earthly father home as soon as convenient!"

Just then, she raised her eyes.

Broken Bow was staring over her head at the door. Some one stood there, some one who had motioned the Indian to keep silence. It was a tall, grand stranger, but for all his brave strength there were tears in his eyes.

Thankful arose with a pretty dignity defitting the mistress of the house. "Are you in trouble, sir?" she said.

"I—was!" the stranger almost whispered. "I hope I shall soon be happier."

"Are you hungry, sir? Have you traveled far?" asked Thankful courteously.

"Very far, little maid, and I am indeed hungry."

"Sit down then, good sir. You may sit in my father's place. See, I have made it ready. And Broken Bow and I have made this feast ourselves. I am quite a housewife now. I am getting ready for the time when Father will need me. See, sir, that is Mercy. The governor gave her to me when I was a little lass. I think the governor knew how lonely I was."

She was prattling on, merrily, quite forgetting she should "be seen and not heard;" it was her own little feast, and the grand stranger made it easy for her to talk.

It seemed to set *him* more at ease. He took the place by Mercy—"father's place"—and while he ate, he questioned Thankful, and nodded in a strange way at Broken Bow.

"They have all gone to the governor's feast," Thankful said. "Oh, yes, sir, they are very good to me. There are so many at the elder's house that—that, well, you see, it is different from the time when mother and I were waiting for—Father! But some day, sir, he will come and find me—ready. Mother always said 'be ready.' Suppose, now, sir, that Father should come—do you think this feast good enough for him?"

"Quite good enough, sweet Thankful." And then the big man and the little maid smiled bravely at each other.

When the feast was over, the tall stranger bade Broken Bow to ride with him to the governor's feast. "And my horse," he added, "is tied to the oak tree out by the road. Thankful, Mercy and I will ride Black Bess together. One feast will not suffice today—I must have another." And now the big man laughed.

So they rode away as merry as the golden sunlight that danced over the frosty road. Thankful hugged Mercy to her tender little heart, and the big stranger hugged Thankful to his strong heart, and Broken Bow grunted on behind with an expression—really an expression—upon his brown face!

And so they came to the governor's feast, and the people were all eating and drinking, or dancing and laughing. And the governor stood looking on gravely. It had been a good year and he was grateful to the good Father who had shown such mercy.

Straight up to the governor rode the stranger with his pretty load, and Broken Bow close to Black Bess' heels.

"Why it is our own John Thornton," cried the governor; and a sudden expectant stillness fell upon the people.

"Aye, John Thornton!" nodded the stranger. "Governor, I have brought my little daughter to the feast."

Then everyone understood; and last of all sweet Thankful understood, too, and looking up into the strong brave face she spoke tenderly and thoughtfully.

"Father, God did make it convenient to send you Thanksgiving Day!"—Selected.

TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?

A little boy had sought the pump
From whence the sparkling water burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught
That kindly quenched his raging thirst.
Then gracefully he touched his cap,
"I thank you, Mr. Pump," he said,
"For this nice drink you've given me."
(This little boy had been well-bred.)

Then said the Pump "My little man,
You're welcome to what I have done:
But I am not the one to thank,
I only help the water run."
"Oh! then," the little fellow said,
(Polite he always meant to be,)
"Cold Water, please accept my thanks,
You have been very kind to me."

"Ah!" said Cold Water, "don't thank me!
For up the hillside lives a spring
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing."
"I'll thank the spring, then," said the boy
And gracefully he bowed his head.
"Oh! don't thank me, my little man,"
The spring with silvery accents said.

"Oh! don't thank me, for what am I
Without the dew and summer rain?
Without their aid I ne'er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again."
"Oh, well, then," said the little boy,
"I'll gladly thank the rain and dew."
"Pray don't thank us! Without the sun
We could not fill one cup for you."

"Then,, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me."
"Stop," said the Sun with blushing face,
"My little fellow, don't thank me.
'Twas from the ocean's might stores
I drew the draught I gave to thee."
"O Ocean, thanks," then said the boy.
It echoed back: "No thanks to me!"

"Not unto me, but unto Him
Who formed the depths in which I lie,
Go give thy thanks, my little boy,—
To Him who will thy wants supply."
The boy took off his cap and said
In tones so gentle and subdued,
"O God, I thank Thee for Thy gift.
Thou art the Giver of all good."

—Unknown.

ERNEST AND VIOLA'S THANKSGIVING.

It was the day before Thanksgiving and Mrs. Brown was very busy preparing for their usual Thanksgiving dinner. She had been working hard all day and was rather tired and cross.

"I wish you children would quit hanging around in the kitchen. There is enough in my way anyhow."

The two children, Ernest and Viola, to whom the remark was made, went in the sitting room and sat down in front of the fire-place. Winter had come soon that year and it had been snowing all day and everything was white.

"This is the kind of Thanksgiving I like," said Ernest, glancing out of the window.

"Me too," said Viola, with her eyes beaming. "Oh, won't we have a picnic tomorrow. I'll bet I can eat the most pumpkin pie."

"Oh, pshaw, you can't begin to keep up with me. If it wasn't fer makin' a pig of myself. I could eat a whole turkey," said Ernest, stretching out as though he were a man.

"But then you couldn't eat any cake, pie, plum pudding, or any of them things. Oh, how I wish it was tomorrow now, but then it ain't, so let us make up our minds just what to do to have a right good time. How I wish Cousin May could come with Uncle Will and Aunt Ellen; but mamma said she couldn't, so we will have to have our fun all alone."

"Let me see," said Ernest, thinking, "we can't eat all day, and if we could there wouldn't be any fun in it. What's Thanksgiving for, anyway?"

This brought up something to Viola's memory which she could hardly wait to tell.

"Oh, I know, our teacher told us it was to thank the Lord for what we had, and—"

"Oh, of course, what was I thinking about? That is why it's called Thanksgiving. I was thinking it was something about turkeys."

"But you never let me finish what I was going to say. Our teacher told us a story of how some little boys helped a poor woman out by chopping her some wood. Let us do something like that. Can't we give some poor person a good dinner?" said Viola, looking at Ernest.

"Of course we can, but who shall we give it to?" said her brother.

They both sat quiet. Neither one said anything, for they were try-

ing to think of some poor person to whom they wanted to give their gifts.

All at once Viola broke the silence.

"I know who we can go to, and it is old Mrs. Miller who lives all alone in that little old house on the corner. She is such a nice old lady and I know she would like a nice dinner brought to her."

Ernest was going to speak, but Viola interrupted him.

"She can have that turkey you were going to eat and part of my share of the pumpkin pie. I am sure mamma will help us out."

"Help you out with what," said Mrs. Brown, with a pleased look, as she opened the door just in time to hear the last words.

They could hardly wait to tell their plans to their mother, who listened with interest. She was very glad to think her children were so thoughtful, and gladly consented to help them, though it occasioned her to rise an hour earlier on the morrow.

Next morning Mrs. Brown was surprised to see Ernest and Viola in the kitchen almost as soon as they were called. She could tell by the expression of Viola's face that she was going to ask a question, so she said:

"Well, children, you haven't much time to waste, if you want to get back before papa does. So when you get cleaned up and ready I will show you the dinner that you can take."

Mr. Brown did not yet know about their plans. He had been called away from home that morning on account of business and would not be back for several hours.

They were soon cleaned up and dressed ready to go on their early call. Everything was ready except the turkey, which was not yet done. Once, as Mrs. Brown pulled it out of the oven to baste it, Ernest looked at it with a watering mouth and said:

"I don't believe it will be very hard for Mrs. Miller to eat that turkey alone."

The turkey was at last done and Ernest had his little hand-sleigh ready by the house. Then their mother began to pack the dinner which they were to take. A dainty white napkin was placed at the bottom of the basket. Then the blue-edged platter with the nicely browned turkey was placed in. Some fresh rolls that were not yet through steaming came in next. Then a bowl with a lid on was put in one corner. It contained some pudding, with the dip. A generous slice of fruit cake, wrapped up in a paper napkin, was laid on the rolls. Cranberry sauce and other things were put in, and last, but not least, came the pumpkin pie. A paper was then placed on top, extending outside all around. The lid was then fitted on it tightly, so that when it would be opened the dainty contents could readily be seen.

"Now, everything is ready, but what are you going to say to her?" said Mrs. Brown, as she lifted the basket on the sleigh.

"Oh, we have been planning that out all morning," said Ernest, as he picked up the rope of the sleigh.

"All right, but remember not to be too long," said their mother as she proudly watched them start off.

Ernest and Viola were very happy as they walked along the sidewalk that Thanksgiving day, he pulling the sleigh and she walking proudly behind.

They soon came to the old lady's house, which was somewhat different to their own. The appearance of the little old house looked lonesome, as there was not a sound to be heard. A low porch entirely shut the sunlight out of the two little front windows. The blinds were also pulled down and it looked as though no one were at home.

Ernest knocked at the door and the two waited as they heard the feeble steps coming.

An old lady, bent with age and hard work, opened the door with a surprised look to see the two children standing there with the basket.

"We hope you won't feel offended, but we wanted to do something good on Thanksgiving," said Ernest, as he placed the basket on the floor in front of her.

Tears came to the old lady's eyes as she said she did not understand the meaning of it all. Then she opened the basket and there, before her was the ready prepared dainty dinner. She looked at it with surprise; but she could not speak for she broke down in tears.

In a few moments she regained her strength and said: "Oh, you dear children, bless your hearts, how did you come to think of me? It has been several years since I prepared a Thanksgiving dinner. The happiest ones were when father was alive and the children were small. Yes, dears, I once had two children, a girl and a boy, bright like you. Their father died when they were young and that forced us to work hard for a living. Emma got married and moved a long way off. Then Edward, who was my only comfort, was doing fairly well in his school when he took the fever and died. Now I am all alone and I didn't think any one thought of me. God bless you, that you may ever have plenty and grow up to be a noble man and a noble woman."

Ernest and Viola felt true happiness at that moment, and their faces expressed the feeling perfectly. As they came home Viola, who was the first one in the house, said, "Oh, mamma, you ought to have seen how happy she was to get it! I am so glad we gave it to her. She just broke down and cried, she was so happy."

"She wasn't a going to have any dinner today, only her tea; but now she can have a right good one," said Ernest.

Mrs. Brown was very busy in her work, preparing for their dinner; but she gladly stopped to listen to her children tell about their visit.

In a little while their company came, consisting of grandma, Uncle Will, Aunt Ellen, and also Cousin May, whom Viola was very glad to see. She had not been there very long before Viola told her all about their visit to the old lady, "but don't tell any one, because we are not going to let papa know about it till dinner time."

Dinner time came. The large table in the dining room was beautifully set and everything looked delicious.

They were soon all seated around the table and papa offered up the Thanksgiving grace. After dinner he asked the children what they were thankful for and Ernest said, "We are thankful to think that we had food enough to share up with someone else."

They then told their papa all about it. He listened with interest, and so also did their company.

Then their papa said:

"I am most thankful for having such thoughtful children, aren't you, mamma?"

Mamma's moist eyes spoke more than words.

They spent a very happy time that day, chatting, playing games, etc., but Ernest and Viola's were the happiest of them all. Their little souls had proved that "In blessing ye are blessed."—Jennie Groberg, '06. Student Weber Stake Academy.

A BRICK-OVEN THANKSGIVING.

"Next week will be Thanksgiving; then hurrah for grandfather's house!" said Bessie to Cousin Flora.

The faces of both little girls shone, for Thanksgiving was a "red-letter day" for them. They always went to grandfather's and grandfather lived on a farm.

"Ethel Gray's grandmother lives on the next street from her, and I don't think that is half so nice," said Flora.

"No; and it isn't out in the country, either," replied Bessie.

Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and clear, and Flora and Bessie, with their fathers and mothers, took the early morning train, reaching their destination before noon. A short sleigh ride from the station, and they were at grandfather's house.

There were the usual happy greetings and then two little noses went sniffing up into the air.

"Oh, doesn't something smell good?" said Flora.

"Awfully, awfully good!" replied Bessie.

Great-aunt Charlotte took a little hand in each of her own and led them to what looked like a cupboard in the wall. Opening it, a whiff of warm air came out, and inside they saw a big chicken pie, a pot of beans, a stuffed turkey, and some puddings.

Then auntie told them how the "brick oven" had been built into the house over a hundred years before, when the house was first made; and that for this Thanksgiving they had planned to cook some things in it so the little girls might know how people used to do their baking.

"But, auntie, where is the fire?" asked Bessie.

"There isn't any now, but let me tell you about it."

"First, a fire is made in the oven, and, after it is well started, the

oven is nearly filled with wood, cut just the right length. The door is left open until the wood has 'cooled down' and the oven is at a white heat. Then the coals and ashes are shoveled out and the oven is swept.

"The food is placed in the oven on a long-handled peel—you would call it a shovel. Then the door is closed, and the heat from those hot bricks does the baking."

When dinner time came, old Beckey took the food from the oven on the queer long-handled peel, and when the little girls sat down to dinner they concluded that brick ovens made things taste better than ever.—Our Little Ones.

AUNT DEBBIE'S THANKSGIVING.

"And next week is Thanksgiving, oh, dear."

"Why, Debbie, to hear you talk one would think that you had nothing to be thankful for, and I'm sure you'd ought to be, what with this home and all, and no one to bother you. There never was anyone more independent than you'll be. Now look at me, with Maria on my hands, with her constant grumbling, and Josiah, so bad with the rheumatism that he has to be waited on at every step, and the children besides, and yet I was just thinking that I was tolerably thankful this year."

"I didn't say I wasn't thankful, Rachel, only I don't think Thanksgiving alone is very pleasant."

"Thanksgiving alone? Why you'll go to John's, of course? He's quite set his heart on having you come, I know."

"Yet, I did almost promise him I'd come, but I've been thinking it over, and I can't seem to make up my mind to leave home on that day. Why, Rachel, I was never away from home on Thanksgiving, no matter where I was the rest of the year, I'm getting too old to change my ways now."

"My, how well I remember the good times we used to have here when we were children, and then afterwards when we grew up and the boys married, they always came home for Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving, and mother and I had all the pleasure of planning and working. Our one big day of the year, we used to call it. Then when Tom's wife died and he brought the children and came home to live, we had them. I can't help wishing he hadn't married again and gone West to live, for it seems pretty lonesome now, but I guess, Deacon (stroking the cat by her side) that you and Trusty and me must have our Thanksgiving all to ourselves."

"Well, Debbie, you do beat all, when you might just as well go to John's and have as big a crowd as need be."

"Yes, I know, only I want one more Thanksgiving in the old home, and after that I don't believe I shall care so much. Perhaps I shall not live to see another."

These two old friends; friends they had been since childhood;

talked on into the twilight. Finally, as Rachel was putting on her things before leaving, she said:

"That was a powerful sermon Elder Parkes preached last Sunday, and I was just thinking of his text, and allowing you might act on it, about asking in the lame and the halt, but law, I don't know as there be any such, 'ceptin' old Miss Vedder, and she's got plenty to do for her."

"Well, I was thinking of that, too, but where will you find the lame and the halt in this town, I should like to know. Everybody seems to have enough, not but that's as it should be. Why, even Jason is looking ahead and doing all his chores, bringing in wood enough to last me over, and I do believe he intends to feed the stock extra the day before, so as to last them over, and he can have the hull day to himself. But don't you worry about me, Rachel, for I shall do well enough."

It was the morning before Thanksgiving, and Aunt Debbie was looking out at the fowls, and wondering if she had better have Jason kill one of the turkey gobblers, or whether she shouldn't have anything extra the next day, or just have an ordinary dinner, when Jason came in with an armful of wood.

"I say, Miss Debber," he began, in his slow, drawling way, "I was comin' by Jack Brewster's this morning and I see smoke comin' out of that little old house by the mill pond, and I thought I'd make bold to see what it meant. Just as I come near the door, the raggedest little shaver you ever see come out.

"'Hullo,' says I, 'who be you anyway, and how long you been living here?' 'Come last night,' says he, 'and I ain't doing no harm here.' 'Yes,' says, I, 'no good to yourself neither,' and I just looked in, seeing the door part open, and I see a little girl sitting on a box with a coat around her, and that was all I see. I couldn't get no more outen the boy neither, so I come on. Now who do you suppose they be?"

"Well, do tell, Jason; who could they be? Why, that old house ain't fit to live in this time of year. Come last night, did they, well, well, you can hitch up, Jason, and I'll drive down and see about it, and Debbie bustled around, putting things to rights, and by the time Jason drove up to the door she was ready to go."

It was not long before she was listening to the children's story. Their father, it seemed, had lived in the town when he was a young man, but had gone away, no one knew where. He had married, but his wife died when the children were small, and he had taken care of them the best he could, until he was taken sick, and then realizing that his end was near, he told the boy to take his sister, and go back to the old town; for, said he, they never let anyone suffer there, not if they are honest and not afraid of work. So here the children were.

It is needless to say that the door of Aunt Debbie's heart swung wide open and both the children walked in, never to go out again.

No need, either, to tell how she hurried around the rest of the day, and though her preparations were late, for her, it must not be thought that they were any the less good.

And maybe it wasn't with thankful hearts that they gathered

around the table next day, and how the children's eyes sparkled at the abundance of good things set before them; the turkey, done to a beautiful brown, the chicken pie, the golden squash, the crisp celery; not even to mention the jellies, mince pie, and all. Aunt Debbie, even, seemed to grow young again, and when she closed her eyes that night, she said to herself: "It has been very like the old times, after all, and even the old and lonely can be just as happy if only they keep their hearts young."

There were various opinions expressed over Aunt Debbie's charge, and a few offered to help, Rachel among them, but Debbie said no, the farm had always supported a family, and she guessed it could for a while longer.

When Elder Parkes came to hear of it, as he did very soon, he walked away saying to himself: "The age of human kindness has not died out of the world yet, and hearts still throb in response to the cry of distress."

The people looked at one another and smiled, the next Sunday as they sat in their respective places in church when Elder Parkes read for his text: "I was a stranger, and ye took Me in—and inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."—By Ivy B. Powers.

UNEXPECTED GUESTS.

"Oh, dear, it's too bad!" said Dorothy. It seemed a queer thing to say in that tone of voice, for the turkey in the oven was browning beautifully, and there were pies, cakes and goodies of all sorts in the pantry—"enough to feed an army," Roland declared—but outside a cold, dreary rain was falling as if it never meant to stop. Raining on Thanksgiving! And it had been doing it ever since early morning, while the wind swept in great gusts around the farmhouse.

"There will be nobody but ourselves here for dinner today," said grandfather when he first looked out on the weather, but still Roland and Dorothy had been running to the window every few minutes, hoping that some of the uncles, aunts or cousins might get there after all.

"It is of no use, children," grandmother told them an hour or two later. "The very nearest ones live three miles away, and they would be foolish to start in such a storm. We must be thankful that we are all under shelter and have good fires a day like this."

She said it with a smile, and the children could not quite see how grandmother could feel like smiling. "Only, I guess when you're old enough so that your hair's all white, you don't care so much 'bout good times," Dorothy whispered to her brother.

The rooms inside were certainly pleasanter than the cold world outside, so the children left the window at last, and went to the open fire. That was why they did not see a carriage that came toiling up the

road, and why they sprang to their feet so suddenly when the doorbell sounded through the house.

Of course, they expected to see some of their aunts and cousins, and at first were disappointed.

"Oh, may I come in, and stay a little while until this storm is over?" asked a stranger's voice as grandfather opened the door. There on the porch stood a lady with a dear little child in her arms. "The driver says he can make his way back to town, but I am afraid to ride any longer in the cold with my little girl. I missed my train this morning, and I thought I could drive across the country, but it is too far."

"Come in! Come in!" said grandfather heartily. "We made ready for a good many guests who cannot come, and I am sure one who can come will be welcome."

Grandmother was already taking the baby from its mother's arms. Mother helped the lady to lay aside her wraps, and there was all the delightful bustle of "company" in a minute. Even the driver was glad to stop long enough for a hurried dinner, and as for the lady and little girl, they seemed like old friends long before the day was over.

"My, but we were unhappy this morning when we saw it was raining! We thought no one would be here, and we would not have a good time, but it's been just as good a Thanksgiving as it could be, and I'm so glad you're going to stay all night, too," said Dorothy, giving the baby a parting hug when bedtime came.

"So am I," laughed the lady. "It has been a beautiful day for me, little Dorothy. I think kind hearts always make a two-sided Thanksgiving—one for themselves and one for other people."—Kate W. Hamilton.

GREAT GRANDFATHER'S THANKSGIVING.

They were all gathered around the fire, young as well as old, and a jolly group they were, too. The young folks had grown tired of games and merry-making, so they joined their elders to hear the stories which they knew would be told. All looked toward great grandfather. He was passed ninety-five but was still lively for such an old man, and he generally joined in the fun with a good will.

A chorus came for "great grandfather" to tell a story; one that had happened to him. Great grandfather's eyes twinkled with merriment.

"What one will you have?" he asked.

"About the Indians! the Indians!" shouted the chorus of voices, "Of course we want that one."

Great grandfather knew which they wanted, because every time he told them a story they asked for that one first, and his face beamed with pleasure as he began.

"Well, children," he said, "you know that I have often told your father, that is, your great, great, grandfather, fought in the Revolu-

tionary war for eight long, dreary years. I was a tiny tot, about like Raymond here, when the war began. We didn't have very much in those days, either, and I can remember how hard mother worked to keep us agoing until father came back. I was about ten years old when the incidents of this story happened. Mother and my sister Dorry had worked all spring and had a good crop growing; but an early frost came, and by Thanksgiving time we had scarcely enough to eat.

"On Thanksgiving morning father took my brother and me out to the beach to hunt for clams—you remember we lived in Plymouth, the same Plymouth which was settled by the Pilgrim fathers in 1620. Well, we searched about all morning but not a clam could we find, so we were compelled to return home as empty handed as we started.

"Mother had made some cornbread—the last in the house—and Dorry had gathered some nuts as a surprise to us boys; so we intended to eat our simple meal and be thankful to have that much. Just as we were about to eat it, father looked out of the window.

"'The Lord be praised,' he said joyfully, and we all crowded to the window to see. There were three big Indians coming toward the house. Father had always been kind to the Indians. The first was carrying a wild turkey, the second, a large deer, and the third, a basket of corn.

"Mother threw open the door and welcomed them. We could not thank them enough for their gifts, and they received our thanks with nods and grunts, muttering, 'Pale face heap good to Indians. We bring pale face food. He no got much.'

"They sat about the fire watching mother prepare dinner, laughing and talking in a friendly manner. They accepted our invitations to dine with us and we had a very pleasant time. Our friendly guests left at sundown. Mother said her prayers had been answered and we all felt to say 'amen,' and to thank our Father in heaven for the mercies he had shown us.

"Nor was this the last we saw of our friends that winter. They came often, once bringing their chief with them. They always came at the right time, for they knew when we needed something, and so generally brought provisions with them. Although we tried in many ways to repay their kindnesses we felt that we never could.

"That was the happiest Thanksgiving I have ever had, or, at least, one of the happiest. Today is another. There, children, you have heard your story. Let us sing a hymn of praise to Him who has been so merciful to us all. Then kiss me goodnight, for you may never hear me tell another story on Thanksgiving day."

They all, old as well as young, from great grandfather down to little Raymond, blended their voices in singing that grateful song, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow."

Great grandfather was peacefully sleeping when the next Thanksgiving day came.—Sarah Williams, '06.

THANKSGIVING AT GRANDMA'S.

We're going out to grandma's
 To spend Thanksgiving Day;
 She's going to have a turkey,
 I heard my mother say.
 Plum pudding, too, and mince pie,
 And squash and cranberry, and
 Raisins and nuts and candy!
 Oh, won't it be just grand!

Ma says I must be careful—
 Not eat too much, and be
 A pig—so many good things
 Might not agree with me.
 I'll try to have "dis-kresh-un,"
 (That's worse than 'rithmetic.)
 But that Thanksgiving dinner—
 I hope 't won't make me sick.

—Helen M. Richardson.

"I'LL PAY YOU FOR THAT,"

Here is a little parable by an unknown author which teaches its own lesson:—

A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt the duck much; but the duck said, "I'll pay you for that!" So the duck flew at the old hen, but as she did so her wings struck an old goose, who stood close by.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the goose, and she flew at the duck; but as she did so her foot tore the fur of a cat who was just then in the yard.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the cat, and she started for the goose; but as she did so her claw caught in the wool of a sheep.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the sheep, and hit the foot of a dog who lay in the sun.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and jumped at the sheep; but as he did so his leg struck an old cow who stood by the gate.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried she, and she ran at the dog; but as she did so her horn grazed the skin of a horse who stood by a tree.

"Ill pay you for that!" cried he, and he rushed at the cow.

What a noise there was! The horse flew at the cow, and the cow at the dog, and the dog at the sheep, and the sheep at the cat, and the cat at the goose, and the goose at the duck, and the duck at the hen. What a fuss there was! And all because the hen accidentally stepped on the duck's toes.

"Hi, hi! What's all this?" cried the man who had the care of them. "You may stay here," he said to the hen; but he drove the duck

to the pond, the goose to the field, the cat to the barn, the sheep to her fold, the dog to the house, the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall. And so all their good times were over because the duck would not overlook a little hurt which was not intended.—The Young Evangelist.

THE TELEPHONE.

Nearly every day some one invents or discovers a new use for the telephone. One day the girls at "Central" received this message: "Hello! Say, Central, I have put the receiver of the 'phone in the baby's cradle, and if she wakes up and cries, call me up at number seventy-one."

It must have been an unusually absent-minded woman who sent in the message: "O, Central, ring me up in fifteen minutes, so that I won't forget to take the bread out of the oven!"

If some one finds it necessary to take a night train, the operator at the exchange will receive some such message as this: "Central, ring me up at half an hour before the two seventeen train in the morning. See if it's late before you call me, please."

Go into the exchange room during a "rush period"—say, at nine o'clock in the morning and you will see the telephone girl stand up, push her chair into a corner, and "throw" the plugs with which connections are made as fast as her arms can fly for an hour at a stretch. All she will have time to say to you will be: "Every woman in town is ordering things for dinner."

There are about thirty subscribers who are regularly called every morning by the telephone instead of by an alarm clock. The "Central" girl is supposed to know the time of all railway trains, and if a train happens to be late, how many minutes behind time. She is often asked the time of day because some one has let the clock run down. When there is an alarm of fire "Central" is supposed to know where it is. The exchange is just across the street from the fire house, and fire alarms are often telephoned in, to the saving of valuable time.

Toward the end of a long, cold drive on a raw autumn day I was met at the gate by a farmer friend with the words: "Come right in. The wife has some hot coffee for you. We knew you were coming. Miss Rankin saw you go by, and she just telephoned to us."

Sometimes the rural telephone has been used to stop travelers less willing to be stopped. There are sections where chicken-stealing has become a lost art because the rural telephones make it possible to block every avenue of escape as soon as the crime is discovered. Many industrious chicken thieves and some bold offenders have been caught "red-handed" through telephone messages which have prompted farmers to meet the malefactors with shot-guns on the highway.

A farmer's wife on a rural telephone which had been in operation only a few months was asked how she liked the telephone. She naively answered: "Well, we liked it a lot at first, and do yet, only spring work is coming on so heavy now that we don't hardly have time to listen now."—World's Work.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

DON'T IDLY DREAM, BUT DO!

Don't idly dream! Great deeds await your doing,
Deeds that will live, and you in them may live.
Ennoble your thoughts, each day your strength renewing,
Be you but true, that strength your faith shall give.
Life striving round you bids you, then, awaken;
Look, where the future gladly stands in view.
In God press onward! Be your trust ne'er shaken!
Don't idly dream, but do!

—George Bird.

TWO HOME-COMINGS.

Thursday; the maid already gone, having left a simple meal for two ready to serve; Mrs. Ashley intent on saving every possible minute for helping the little seamstress, who was working at high tension on a gown which Mrs. Ashley needed to wear that evening; the telephone-bell a message to say that three friends would drop in to luncheon—and then Daughter Dulcie, slender, sixteen and competent, walking quietly in, home from her vacation twenty-four hours earlier than expected.

"What luck that I came!" was the first thing she said on learning the situation. "Things to tell you? Well, rather! But they'll keep till this crisis is past. You sit down, mother, and sew just as if they weren't coming. I'll make omelet and whole-wheat muffins and cocoa—don't you give it a thought. Isn't it good that I saved a clean shirt-waist and brought it in my bag? And now I know why I lugged that bunch of asters home—to have on the table at our luncheon. Oh, but I'm glad I'm here!"

That evening, while Mrs. Ashley was paying the seamstress, Dulcie, close by, was exulting over the prettiness of the finished gown.

"Pretty? Yes, child," said Mrs. Ashley, with a look at Dulcie that made the little seamstress suddenly homesick for her own mother, "but it's thanks to you that I have it ready for tonight, isn't it, Miss Brown? What would we have done if Dulcie hadn't come today?"

Before that week was over the little seamstress, in another home, found herself realizing, as the morning slipped away, that there was still two days' work to be done before finishing her engagement at Mrs. Brewster's that night.

"If I could have a few hours of help this afternoon, Mrs. Brewster—" she had begun, when a cab rolled up to the door, and the sentence

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

was never finished. Ethel Brewster, pretty and high-keyed, had come back from a summer jaunt.

"Completely broke, mumsie!" she announced gaily, at the threshold. "Didn't have car fare. That's why I took the cab, counting on your pocketbook at this end. Yes, I'm later than I said, but we found there was a faster train with a chair-car, so we waited. The laundress? Oh, mumsie, I utterly forgot what you wrote about having engaged her. to do up my things today! Been here all the morning? Such a shame—for every dud I have needs washing. I could have brought those things in my suit case instead of my trunk, just as well. And that isn't the worst. See this frightful trap-door, right in front of the only good skirt I have left—and school beginning tomorrow!"

By this time there was a veil on one chair, a pair of gloves on another, a hat on the table and a coat on the couch. For the rest of the day, while the little seamstress remolded the torn skirt and Ethel pervaded the house, pouring out continuous tales of the good times she had been having, her mother was following her about, picking up and putting away.

When Mrs. Brewster paid the little seamstress that night, she said, with a weary kindness, "It's not your fault in the least, Miss Brown, that you couldn't finish my dress. If it hadn't been for Ethel's coming today—"

There she stopped, and the little seamstress went away, thinking. She was going home to visit her own mother the following week.—*Youth's Companion*.

THE GIRL WHO HAS FRIENDS.

She comes into the room like a sea breeze, laughing, nodding right and left with happy impartiality. The "blues" fly out of the window when she comes in. They simply can't stand her sunny presence.

She is ready for everything. She never throws cold water on your plans. She claps her hands and says they are splendid, and suggests a way to make them even more splendid, so sweetly and modestly that you think it is your own suggestion.

Wherever she goes she sees the funny side of things. And she has such a funny, whole-hearted way of describing them that it is as good to hear her as to have been there yourself—even better, for she has the humorous eye, which, is a great gift.—*The Friend for Boys and Girls*.

KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS.

"The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown;
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known."

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

THE PITY 'TIS, 'TIS TRUE.

He's a big boy, now, we feel,
As the school bells loudly peal;
But when the bells of church are rung,—
That boy go? Oh, no! Too young!

He plays tennis by the hour;
On the golf links he's a power;
Sunny days annoy him not,—
But for church? No, no! Too hot!

He can skate the livelong day;
To a sleigh ride ne'er say nay;
This is pleasure, we are told—
But for church? No, no! Too cold!

He fishes, thigh deep in the streams;
Of discomfort never dreams;
We've ne'er heard him grumble yet,—
But for church? No, no! Too wet!

As his hair and beard grow white,
From a life's long, strenuous fight,
I suppose we will be told—
Go to church? No, no! Too old!

You will scarce believe, I know,
Yet in this case it is so;
Not one instance can I cite
When age and weather were just right!

--Selected.

ON THE RAILROAD.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is a very important organization of railroad men. To be a good engineer, especially on the "flyers" of modern American lines, requires nerve, character and intelligence. The grand chief of the brotherhood is a man whose opinions are worth something; and the present holder of the office, Mr. Stone, has lately come out and denounced very strongly the use of alcoholic drinks by any engineer, on or off duty. The brotherhood agrees with its head, too, for no engineer of any importance uses liquor. A clear head and a firm hand are too much needed on a "flyer" at eighty miles an hour for the man at the throttle to upset his nerves by drink. He cannot afford to do it.

On the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, at the beginning of 1908, the men discussed the temperance question, and came to the conclusion that they wanted to stand on the side of abstinence. Twenty-five thousand of them, of their own will, decided to sign the pledge, and did so. This is probably the biggest temperance group in history, so far, who have joined the total-abstinence army at one time.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad, about a year ago, asked each employee in its operating department to sign the pledge. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad immediately followed by prohibiting all its train men from using liquor. The Southern Railroad went further yet, and demanded that all its employees should cease using cigarettes. These orders were not tyrannical, because the railroad men approved of them, for the most part, heartily. They were meant to weed out the men who were not willing to give up liquor and tobacco, and, thereafter, to keep them out of the railroad ranks.

The result is, practically, that all over the United States today the boy who wants to make a rising railroader out of himself must be a total abstainer and a non-cigarette smoker. According to the "Railroad Magazine," there are over a million railroad men in America today who are on the total-abstinence side. They are the best men—the men who make the record runs, who get the promotions, who are the pick of the service. They are manly men, not milksops, and they believe in temperance because it means more perfect physical strength and a clearer head. There is no finer regiment in the temperance army than these iron-nerved, daring, keen-eyed railroaders; and their enlistment is an intelligent and willing one.

Yet there are boys today in the United States—boys who think they are clever—who smoke cigarettes because they think it is manly. They drink beer and whisky for the same reason. They even laugh at the boy who is intelligent enough to take the pledge, or to be a total abstainer without any pledge. They let liquor undermine their wills and tamper with their nerves. The boy who thinks, and who thinks straight, never will join their ranks. Like the railroad men, he will know better, and act on his knowledge. Alcohol and tobacco are for the weak, not the strong. They never have helped any boy forward an inch. They have dragged thousands of boys down to failure. The railroad rule is the best pointer, boys. Try it.—William Rittenhouse.

YOUR NICHE.

There's a niche for you in the world, my boy,
A corner for you to fill,
And it waits today
Along life's way
For the boy with a frank "I will."
So, lad, be true;
The world wants you
In the corner that you may fill.

There's a niche for you in the world, my girl,
 A corner for you to fill;
 For a girl that is kind,
 With a pure, sweet mind,
 A place that is waiting still
 So, lass, be true;
 The world wants you
 In the corner that you may fill.

There's a niche for you both in the world, my dears,
 A corner for you to fill,
 And a work to do
 Which no one but you
 In God's great plan can fulfill.
 So, dears, be true;
 The world wants you,
 And your place is waiting still.
 —Selected.

LINCOLN'S SERMON.

Mr. Lincoln often preached what he called "a sermon to his boys." It was: "Don't drink, don't gamble, don't smoke, don't lie, don't cheat. Love your fellow-men, love God, love truth, love virtue, and be happy."

He taught temperance by example and by precept, and on several occasions suggested to young men "not to put their enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains." While visiting General Grant's army on the Potomac, an officer asked Mr. Lincoln to drink a glass of champagne, saying: "Mr. President, that is a certain cure for seasickness." Mr. Lincoln replied that he "had seen many fellows seasick ashore from drinking that vile stuff."

While a member of Congress, Abraham Lincoln was once criticised by a friend for "his seeming rudeness in declining to test the rare wines provided by their host." The friend said to him: "There is certainly no danger of a man of your years and habits becoming addicted to the use of wine."

"I meant no disrespect, John," answered Lincoln, "but I promised my precious mother, only a few days before she died, that I would never use anything intoxicating as a beverage and I consider that promise as binding today as it was the day I gave it." "But," the friend continued, "there is great difference between a child surrounded by a rough class of drinkers, and a man in a home of refinement." "A promise is a promise forever," answered Lincoln, "and when made to a mother, it is doubly binding."—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

A FIRST TASK.

Before I would tell, boys, how I'd make the weather,
 Before I would say what I'd do were I he,
 I'd first set about and remodel my own self,
 • Making myself what I'd have others be!

—Adelbert F. Caldwell.

PARTIES AND GAMES

GAMES FOR THANKSGIVING.

POPCORN AND CRACKERS CONTEST.

A popcorn contest exactly suits some young people. Pick out four boys and four girls. If desired, arrange for the girls present to elect four representatives, and the boys to do the same. Tie the eight balls of popcorn to a string and start the contestants to work. First, however, the hands are tied behind them. At a given signal all start in, trying to bite into the ball of popcorn. When either the four boys or the four girls have finished, the winning side is designated. Again the same plan may be employed, but this time compel each contestant to eat two large soda-crackers without drinking. Immediately after the task is performed it is incumbent upon each one to whistle "Yankee Doodle." It will amaze the company how slowly the contestants dispose of these two crackers, and how long they are in bringing enough moisture into their throats to whistle. Whichever group first completes the task is then declared the winner.

BLOWING THE CANDLE.

Place a lighted candle on a table at the end of a room. Invite someone to stand in front of it, then blindfold him, make him take three steps backwards, turn round three times and then advance three steps and blow out the candle. If he fails he must pay a forfeit. It will be found that very few are able to succeed, simple though the test appears to be.

BLIND NUT SEEKERS.

Let several boys and girls be blindfolded. Then hide nuts or apples in various parts of room or house. One finding most nuts or apples wins prize.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

THE EXPRESS TO SLEEP TOWN.

I know a little traveler
Who every single night
Starts on a long, long journey,
That lasts till broad daylight.

Her ticket reads "Sleeptown Express,"
Stamped "Papa's Good-night Kiss;"
And when she pays him with a hug
He says: "I thank you, Miss.

"Just take the berth marked 'Dreamyland';
You mount it by the stairs.
Make haste, because the train should start
Soon as you've said your prayers.

"Remember, too, on this express
You tightly close your eyes;
And no one reaches Sleepy Town
Who talks or laughs or cries.

'So when the sandman engineer
His engine bell has rung,
The passenger for Sleepy Town
Must surely hold her tongue.

"Be ready, then, to jump aboard;
Kiss mother at the gate.
It's after half-past seven, and
The train is due at eight."

—Christian Register.

SAFEGUARDING A CHILD'S PURITY.

My sons are adopted children, the younger of whom is now seven years old. He came to us with his mind unsullied, a strong, manly, up-right boy of five. The other was eight when we took him, and had already heard much that was impure.

My boys are still little boys. I cannot be sure what the coming years may bring, but I know that at present they are pure and wholesome in purpose, not removed from the impurity of this world, but fighting contamination as wisely as they can, and telling their mother what most children exert themselves to hide.

Not many weeks ago the elder boy called me into their room as I was leaving, after tucking them in safely for the night. "Mother," he said, "I wish you'd tell me how I can keep from thinking of the bad things the boys at school say. Somehow, when they're in my mind I can't help thinking about them."

Now, if there is ever a time when my words fall on respectfully attentive ears it is at bedtime, when the distractions of the day are over, and the evening prayer has begotten a sweet seriousness in my two exceedingly active boys. So I ignored the waiting engagement, and sat down at the foot of the older boy's bed.

"Which do you like better," I asked, "English sparrows or wrens?"

"Wrens, of course," said the boys.

"If you had a bird-house with room in it for just one pair of birds, you would rather have wrens than English sparrows?"

"Course!"

"Pretend your mind is a bird-house, and when there are sparrows in it turn them out. If the bird-house is empty, they will come back and build again. Get some wrens quickly to live there, and the sparrows will stay away. They are the bad thoughts, you know, and the wrens are the good ones.

This illustration appealed to the boys because we see a yearly struggle between wrens and sparrows for a bird house on our place. Then I told the story of King John and the Abbess Anna, with the quick and true retort of the abbess:

"We cannot hinder the passing
Of a wild-winged bird overhead;
But well may we keep her from building
Her nest in our garden," she said.

In telling I was careful to adapt it to their understanding, and they were much interested and amused by these lines, which they repeated after me.

"But how can I make myself think good thoughts?" persisted the elder boy.

"Pretend you're taking a railroad trip, and think what you can see from the car windows," I suggested; "or read in one of your books, or do some work just as hard as you can."

"I don't see why you need to ask mother such questions when she is tired," remarked the younger boy, indignantly, sitting bolt upright in his bed. "There's lots of interesting things to think about. You might make believe you are a frog. I like to do that."

Both boys say, "It isn't any fun to think or say low things. Only," they add, "some of the boys say them when we are around, and then we can't forget."—Selected.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

SPECIAL FOR PRIMARY OFFICERS.

In the majority of the wards of the Church are to be found families who are isolated from the body of the Church, some who live on ranches so distant from houses of worship as to make almost impossible, even for the grownups, any regularity of attendance at the meetings of the Saints. Visitors must of necessity be rare and are probably events to the inmates of such homes, especially to the children. There are other families in city wards who though considered members of the Church have through circumstances permitted themselves to drift out of the usual close relationship which binds the people of a ward together. The older members of such families do not care to attend the meetings and are indifferent as to whether their children are members of any of the organizations which have been instituted for the spiritual and social development of the young.

It is the ambition of the General Board that every child who may claim a standing, however slight, as a member of the Church may come under the influence of the Primary association and to further this ambition the following is suggested:

That each ward president shall make every effort possible to get a list of such families with their addresses and names of children of Primary age. The Bishop, ward clerk or block teachers will be able to give considerable information, but there may be families who have no ward record, these are particularly the ones that should be reached.

As a beginning to systematic missionary work with these children it is suggested that they be remembered at Christmas.

Just what form this remembrance shall take must be left to the discretion of the officers of each association. Wisdom must be used as to what will be most suitable and give the greatest amount of pleasure. Nothing should be attempted that would prove an expense to the parents or demand too much time or effort on the part of the Primary children.

It is intended that the children, who are already members of the Primary association shall have a part in this work which should prove of great assistance in developing the true spirit of Christmas which is essentially the spirit of service.

Some plans which might be used are: The making of gifts which are simple in construction and inexpensive, such as Scrap books. Needle and pin books. Perfume cases. Fancy boxes made of cardboard. Home-made candy. Handkerchief cases. Tie cases for boys. Company letters, which may be prepared as follows: Have a square of paper and a pencil for each member of the class, who will write a Christmas wish on the paper. The papers are put together and tied with Christmas ribbon so as to form a little book. Postal cards. Christmas cards. Subscriptions to The Children's Friend, or back numbers of this or other suitable magazines. It would be advisable to have each grade prepare whatever is decided upon for children of their own age. Discretion must be used where it is necessary to send the remembrance through the mail.

A letter which should explain the spirit of the offering, and include an invitation to join the association should accompany each remembrance.

Stake Boards are requested to interest themselves in this movement. Bring it up for discussion in monthly meetings where ways and means may be discussed.

CHRISTMAS IN THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATION.

Among the questions which each year wait to be answered by our teachers, not one is of greater importance than "How shall Christmas be observed in the Primary Association?"

It has been said, "Faith is the tenderest, freest, the innermost function of life," and "The limit transcending power of faith in the human soul, that works miracles, and overcomes the world, is involved in the question of Christmas in the home, Sunday School, Primary, and school." No other faith is so vital as faith in Christ. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life."

No other story makes Christ so real as does the story of his birth. No other spirit so reveals his love as does the Christmas spirit, which is that of loving and giving. No other day makes the same impression upon the child as does Christmas, hence, the way in which Christmas should be observed in the Primary Association is that which offers the best opportunity for telling the Christmas story and for developing within the children the spirit of the Christ.

In order to develop the Christmas spirit within the children it must first be renewed within the teacher. Books and chapters in books which teachers will find helpful in renewing this spirit are as follows: Matthew, chapters 1 and 2; Luke, chapters 1 and 2; "The Spirit of Christmas," "The First Christmas Tree," "The Story of the Other Wise Man," by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, "Ode to the Nativity," by John Milton; "A Few Hints on the Keeping of Christmas," in "Love and Law in Child Training," by Emilie Poulsson; "Child's Christ Tales," by Andreas Hofer; "Silent Influences" and "Christmas Time" in "Two Children of the Foot Hills," by Elizabeth Harrison.

The spirit may best be renewed in the hearts of the children by first telling them the Christmas story and then by helping them learn Christmas songs, that they may sing them to others, and by helping them make a Christmas gift for someone whom they love or about whom they have heard and to whom they may give joy. Froebel says:

"For love grows with being spent,
But starves in its own plenty pent!"

Because the plan which one teacher has found helpful may be found so by other teachers, several plans for keeping Christmas are given herein. In one association last year the children of the Primary met on two or more Saturday afternoons and made paper chains with which to decorate Christmas trees. These same children made Christmas cards for their parents and shared their Christmas allowance with the poor children about whom they had been told.

In another association the children met early one Saturday afternoon and made Christmas tree decorations for as many small trees as there were classes in the association. When the trees were decorated they were sent to families where otherwise there would have been no Christmas tree. In another association the pupils decorated a large tree for a Christmas party to which each child invited a child who was not a member of the association. In another association the children filled stockings with toys, nuts, fruit, and candy for a day nursery in a very poor district of the city.

In another association the children met early one Saturday afternoon and gave a Christmas party to their parents. The calendars were made of a light-weight red cardboard cut five by eight inches. Upon each card was pasted a picture of the Christ-child. Under the picture was pasted a calendar for the new year. Through a hole punched in the top of the card was tied a hanger of holly green ribbon.

Games for which special music is required, but which may be led by teachers who are not trained, are as follows: "Little Travelers," "I Went to Visit a Friend One Day," and "The Toy Man's Shop," from Holiday

Songs; "Loobey Loo," "The Musician," "The King of France," and many old folk games from *Singing Games*, compiled by Marie Hofer. These books may be in many public libraries or borrowed from kindergartners or purchased at the office of *The Children's Friend*.

Time should be given to the children to prepare dainty invitations to be sent to parents and friends.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, RENEWALS, NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Will the president of each association send to this office the name of some person who will make a first-class, energetic agent for the *Children's Friend*. There are a number of expirations about this time and renewals could easily be obtained if there be a reliable agent who is prepared to receive names and addresses with the subscription price. The offer of ten per cent on all subscriptions sent through the organizations still holds good and the amount of commission will be returnable in books carried by this office. By this means the library, so much to be desired, could get a good start.

The boys and girls of the older grades could be of real service to the Library by soliciting new subscriptions which should be sent through the agent appointed. District your ward, start out the boys and girls and make a success of your library.

FOR SECRETARIES.

The grandmother, with a little laugh that held a note of vexation in it, folded the letter she had just received.

"It is from one of our stake secretaries," she said, "and she wants information and statistics for her report to the convention. She wants to know into what bands of workers our association is divided, how many meetings we have held, the amount of our contributions and the number of members; and she wants to know all this 'at once'—underscored—and closes with 'Please answer by return mail, if possible.' That means that somebody, without regard to personal convenience, must give up the day to gathering and forwarding the information she needs, if it is to reach her in time to be of any use. This is Monday, and the convention is to be held on Thursday. This woman has known the exact date, and that she must make this report, since the first of the year. Now, why couldn't she have begun to hurry farther back, when it wouldn't have meant crowding everybody else?"

It was a fair question. Promptness and forethought earlier would have saved haste and worry to the writer, and annoyance to others. She had no right to begin her hurry where it fretted herself and crowded others. Did you ever think how many days are filled with hindrances and discomfort just for that reason—because somebody, instead of beginning in time, fell into a frantic rush at the last? The woman with her belated report sent her letter of urgent request to a score of different associations. A score of persons, more or less busy, had to put aside their own work, and forego their own plans, and gather in haste the information they could have gained without trouble or inconvenience if they had been allowed to do it at leisure. If the woman was able to make a full report she probably felt that her duty was accomplished, and congratulated herself. If her report was incomplete she doubtless excused its lack to the convention by commenting on the carelessness of those who receive important communications and neglect to answer them.

Procrastination and Rush form a well-known firm, and the habit of doing business according to their methods is a very common one, and easily acquired. "Somehow I can't get interested in doing things until they just have to be done," said a young girl, carelessly.

"And then you interest everybody else in helping you?" laughed a companion.

"You would say so if you had seen her start on her last trip," remarked the candid young brother. "Somebody had to finish packing her trunk while she ate her breakfast, and somebody else had to order the carriage and do a dozen other last things that she ought to have looked after the day before. Everybody was in a flurry until she got off, and then the house looked as if a cyclone had swept through it. It wasn't much wonder mother had a headache for the rest of the day."

Learning to put each duty in the hour where it belongs costs something in the sacrifice of inclination and indolence, but it repays a hundredfold in comfort of life and quietness of spirit. It saves wear and tear of nerves and temper—one's own and those of others as well—and accomplishes more and better work.

SUCH A NARROW LIFE.

Some lives are narrow because they are self-contracted, rather than from outward circumstances. Again and again we have seen persons whose lives seemed shut in by four walls, not circumscribed and narrow, but set, as it seemed, in the very heart and center of their world.

What was the secret? Simply this—the doors and windows of their lives were all left open. Through these doors the world was always passing, or, at least, it looked in at the windows for a friendly greeting. This is not at all a figurative way of speaking. Take a common case enough, and see how literally true all is that I have been saying to you about it.

There is a woman in a seaboard town whom old schoolmates speak pityingly of now and then as "living such a narrow life." When she was graduated from college it was a brilliant career that people predicted for her. None of it came true, in the way they planned it. Her mother needed her—somebody was always needing her. There was a younger sister; there was a cranky old uncle; in time there were little people calling her by name at every turn, as if the name somehow were a charm against trouble or an open sesame to every gate of difficulty.

She clung around the doorposts of her house as if she had been a brier rose set to adorn and sweeten it, but the neighborhood was always borrowing the beauty and the sweetness. You cannot keep all of a rose at home, not if you build a fence around it. The sick got healing at sight of her; the tired, overworked, or suddenly perplexed in the households round all found their burdens lighter because her life was lived among them.

The public school problem was a much-vexed question in that town, and again it was she who helped to solve it. This she did by giving time and strength to working out all sorts of troublesome details connected with textbooks and teaching. She kept a sisterly eye on backward scholars; she was the friendly go-between when misunderstandings arose on account of seemingly harsh or unwise discipline.

The church: the Sunday school! Why, they would sooner have spared the minister than this little, unassuming, unimportant woman. She had her helpful part in everything. The reason was that her sympathy was so out-reaching that its influence was only bounded by the number of lives that came near it. To come within its radius was to feel it. None who knew her ever thought of her as living a narrow life.

If in this sketchy picture I have seemed to make her wear a halo, it is only such a one as we all may win by following the simple rule of touching helpfully and pleasantly all the lives we can.—Onward.

RECITATIONS

A HAPPY FAMILY.

I know a happy family
Of darling boys and girls,
Who have such round and rosy cheeks,
And pretty golden curls.

In all that they may have to do
They pleasantly agree,
And every one is kind and good,
As good as good can be.

They never call each other names,
Nor pull each other's hair,
Nor find the slightest bit of fault
With what they have to wear.

They never cry at night because
They have to go to bed,
Nor ever frown at any one,
No matter what is said.

Not one of them was ever known
To try to tease the cat,
Or even had a wish to do
A naughty deed like that.

When they are asked to do a thing
They never say "I shan't."
Because they're dolls, these boys and girls,
And so you see they can't.

—Selected.

THE BATTLE OF YAWNS AND GAPS.

On the road to Sleepy Town,
When the sun is sinking low,
Tousle Head and Curly Brown,
In their uniforms of snow,
Storm the steps upon the stair,
Pitter, patter up the flight,
Making music everywhere
In the frolic of the night.

There's a station just above
Where the little soldiers flock,
The tick-tack from the alcove
Halts them both before the clock,

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

And the sun upon its face,
 Sinking low, puts them to flight;
 Then they scamper in a race
 To the forts of snowy white,

On the way to Trundleville,
 Pretty station fair to see,
 Stop the travelers who will
 Soon go rollicking and free
 Through the magic land of dreams,
 Where the pixie and the fay
 Frolic by the crystal streams,
 Turning nighttime into day.

Tousle Head and Curly Brown
 Fight the battle, Yawns and Gaps,
 But the sandman will not down,
 For he holds the tiny chaos
 In his grasp and after tales
 Of the fairies come the pray'rs—
 Quiet reigns in Sleenvvales
 In the nursery up stairs.
 —Horace Sevmour Keller.

THE MISSING TURKEY.

It lay there on the table,
 That gobbler plump and round,
 But when 'twas time to cook it,
 'Twas nowhere to be found.

We searched all round the kitchen
 And through the pantry, well,
 Asked Kate if she had seen it,
 And John and Annie Belle.

And even tiny Mary—
 We asked her if she knew
 About the missing turkey.
 She said, "Why, 'cause I do!

"Poor turkey doesn't feel well,
 Because he's lost his head;
 I put my nighty on him,
 And tucked him in my bed."

—Marie Louise Ward.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

Suggestions:

Be sure to read the article in the Officers' Department, "Christmas in the Primary Association."

Be sure to read all the lessons for all the grades and take from them anything that will make your lessons more interesting and attractive.

Above all make this whole month a happy one. Let the influence of your work in the Primary association be a radiating influence of the Christmas spirit. A number of Christmas stories will appear in the next issue of The Children's Friend which may be used in connection with the lessons.

As many of the children will be promoted at the first meeting in 1911, it is advised that such children be encouraged to repeat from memory the subject of their grade and give some explanation of same.

Children in the First Grade could be called upon to recite some of the memory gems used during the year.

LESSON FORTY-FIVE.

Doing Our Best.

Memory Gem:

"Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day;
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way."

Development of Lesson Forty-one.

Talk with the children about the happy time that is coming. Help them to feel that each one must be very good and kind in their homes so as to be ready for Christmas. Encourage the thought that we are happiest when we are trying to make others happy.

Singing of Christmas songs.

Relate very reverently the following:

The Birth of Christ.

Many, many years ago some shepherds were out on the plains watching their sheep. The wee lambs were asleep and the large sheep were sleeping too. The stars shone bright and clear above and all was very still below. The shepherds sat beside each other without a word, leaning on their crooks and hardly moving.

Suddenly a great light shone all around about them, right through the darkness; they did not know what it was, and they were all afraid.

Then an angel, white and beautiful, came to them from out the light, and told them not to fear, for great joy and gladness had come to all the world. A little babe had just been born which was to become their King, and save them from all wrong and suffering, and do great good for them

and all mankind. The angel then showed the shepherds where to find the babe, saying that it would be wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men." And a wonderful light was all about them. and when the angel had gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, "Come, let us go and see the child of which the angel told us." So they left their lambs sleeping on the plains and took their crooks in their hands and started out.

It was a long way to Bethlehem, but a shining star was before them and they followed it even up to the place where the angel had told them. And they found the babe lying in a manger, and when they had seen it, they told all the people that came to see the child, of what they had seen that night in the plains, and how the angel had told them to come to the child, and of the wonderful light which had made them afraid, and how the multitude had sung. All they that had heard it, wondered at the things which were told them by the shepherds. The mother of the little babe was very glad and remembered all these things.

The kind shepherds departed and went back to their flocks, telling every one they met of the young child.

They called the child Jesus. He grew and was strong and beautiful. Jesus taught the whole world how they should love one another and be good, even as our Father in heaven is good and loves us.—Selected.

Singing of Christmas songs. rest exercises or games.

Story, "How Dorothy was Saved.

Dorothy sat on the floor in front of her mother's bureau. "If only the drawer would open!" she said to herself. It was the drawer in which mother kept Christmas presents, and Dorothy had seen something pink whisked into that drawer only the day before, and she wondered if it could possibly be a doll dressed in pink.

The more she thought about it, the more she wanted to see what it was, and now was her opportunity, for mother was not at home. But the drawer was locked. Maybe she could see something if she looked underneath at the bottom of the drawer. There on the floor was the key! Dorothy seized it quickly and fitted it into the lock; but just then she remembered something. What do you suppose it was?

Why, it was just the Christmas story that mother had told her the night before. It all came back to her plainly now. She had told her about the little Baby born in the manger in Bethlehem. How the shepherds left their flocks and went to see him, how the wise men were led by the star to the place where Jesus was, and how they carried gifts to him and worshiped him. One wonderful thing that mother had said was, that God had told the parents by what name to call the baby, and then mother had taught her the Baby's name and why he was called Jesus. And the dear Baby, mother had said, as he grew older did just what his name said he would do. He gave life for other people. He had been willing to die on the cross to save people from their sins.

"And did he come to earth to save me from sin too?" Dorothy had asked. And her mother had said, "Yes, to save you and every-one."

She had said then that she would try to please Jesus because He had died to save her, but she had almost forgotten. Slowly Dorothy took the key out again, and put it where she had found it, saying, half aloud:

"I suppose this is sinning, to look before Christmas, when mother does not expect me to. It isn't fair, anyhow, and so if He came to save me from sinning, I am going to remember Him and not even take one single

peep." And with that Dorothy ran off to ask sister to help her to think of something especially nice to give mother for Christmas.

Some time later Dorothy's mother asked her if she had ever looked in the drawer where the Christmas presents were kept. How happy Dorothy was to be able to say "No," though she told her mother that she almost did one day, but the story of the Baby Jesus had kept her from doing it. Mother was much pleased.—Margaret Warren.

Use memory gem.

LESSON FORTY-SIX.

Helping Others.

Memory Gem:

"Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do in work or play
To grow more loving every day."

Review Lesson Forty-five.

Re-tell the story of the birth of Christ. Be very sure to have your children in order, your manner and voice should impress them with the sacredness of your story. Let the children tell you about Dorothy.

Singing of Christmas songs.

Development of Lesson Forty-six.

Recite memory gem and discuss with the children how they may help to make this Christmas the happiest one they have ever had. Suggest little services which they may perform and little presents which they might make.

Singing of Christmas songs, rest exercises or games.

Story, "A Visiting Elephant."

Robert was lying in bed in the hospital. The doctor said he was going to get well, and walk just like other boys. Robert had been a cripple ever since he was a baby, so this was very good news. But still it was hard to lie in bed in a hospital on Christmas Day.

The nurse came to Robert's bedside though, with a real Christmas smile on her face. "Merry Christmas, Robert Graham!" she said. "How would you like an elephant to come and bring you a Christmas present?"

Robert laughed. Of course she was just making fun. He knew better than to believe that elephants go 'round playing Santa Claus. But the nurse went on talking:

"There's an elephant outside the hospital gate," she said, "waiting to come in. He's sitting in an automobile, pulling the chauffeur's ears. He wants to come in, and he's coming. If you don't believe me, just you wait, Robert, and see!"

Robert didn't have to wait very long. In a minute he heard the children in the other end of the ward begin laughing and calling out: "Oh, look! look!" and sure enough, in at the door came marching a real live elephant!

"Didn't I tell you?" said the nurse. "Isn't he cunning? He's the baby elephant, 'Little Hip,' and they've sent him here so that all the children could see him on Christmas."

The elephant was about as big as a pony, and he went from cot to cot, and with his trunk politely handed each little boy and girl a book.

Robert felt as if he were in a fairy tale. Here was a real live elephant marching up to his bed and giving him a copy of "Robinson Crusoe" in words of one syllable! How could it be true? And yet it was, and "Little Hip" was enjoying it as much as anybody. All the children were shouting and laughing and calling, "Little Hip!" "Baby Hip!" and "Hip! Hip! Hurrah" Christmas in a hospital wasn't so bad, after all!

"I think a Santa Claus elephant is better than reindeer," said Robert to his nurse, after "Little Hip" had gone. The other boys and girls all thought so too. So would you if you had been there; for this is a really truly story, and Robert still has the book that "Little Hip" brought him.—Priscilla Leonard.

LESSON FORTY-SEVEN.

Kindness.

Memory Gem:

"Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits."

Review Lesson Forty-six.

Tell again the story of the birth of Christ. Let the children tell about the visit of the elephant to the hospital

Singing of Christmas songs, rest exercises or games.

Development of Lesson Forty-seven.

Talk with the children about what they are going to do to make somebody happy at Christmas time. If some of the children are making gifts let them tell about them and whom they are making them for. If some of the class are unable to make presents, suggest little helpful things they can do to make others happy. Recite the memory gem and explain its meaning.

Singing of Christmas songs, rest exercises or games.

Story: "Princess Olga."

Every boy and girl knows what day comes next week. Of course you do, and if you could all speak at once what a beautiful chorus of "Merry Christmas" we should hear. This is the day of love and of kindness and of joy and of peace. It has been a day of gifts, likewise, ever since the Christ Child himself came, bringing with him, as the angel told the shepherds, "peace and goodwill toward men." Gold and frankincense and myrrh the wise men brought to the Babe of Bethlehem. So it is that we think of gifts one for another on this day of days. Perhaps this very minute you are planning, with mother's help, beautiful Christmas surprises for those you love the best, and for others besides, for there are always some girls and boys who are too poor to have a "Merry Christmas" unless you help in some way to give it to them. Let us tell you a beautiful story of the Princess Olga, the little daughter of the Czar of Russia. A few days after Christmas, when Olga was just a tiny girl, she and her governess were out driving together. The little princess was chattering away, talking about the beautiful time they had all had on Christmas day, and looking every now and then at the pretty new doll which she held in her arms. Suddenly the carriage passed by a poor little girl, standing by the roadside, sobbing as if her heart would break. There could be just one reason, Olga thought to make a little girl cry so soon after Christmas. Surely Santa Claus must have passed her by without a gift. Instantly Olga's sympathy went out to the peasant child, so thin, and ragged and miserable. How dreadful it was to be poor, she thought. How dreadful to look so hungry and tired! And how very, very sad it must be to have no Christmas toys! There were only a few moments, however, in which to think and to plan what could be done, for the carriage was driving rapidly and soon the little girl would be left far behind, still crying, which would really never do, Olga decided. "Look!"

she called out to her governess; "look at that poor little girl crying." The peasant child glanced up at Olga's kind words and instantly the little princess tossed out her beautiful doll on to the roadside. "Santa Claus didn't know where you lived," she called back. The little peasant girl was too surprised and overjoyed to speak. She could only stand still, smiling happily through her tears, hugging the doll close in her arms and looking after the dear little Princess Olga as long as the carriage was in view.

LESSON FORTY-EIGHT.

Love.

Memory Gem:

"Savior, teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me."

Development of Lesson Forty-eight:

As this will be the meeting after Christmas the time should be given to a talk about Christmas time, about gifts given and gifts received. Review as many as possible of the stories given for this month to emphasize the thought that the greatest happiness comes from services rendered, gifts given, or pleasures shared with others.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

SECOND GRADE

(Children six and seven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Lord's Prayer.

Topic for the Month of December—Christmas.

Divisions:

1. Generosity.
2. Remembering Others.
3. Kindness.
4. Merry Christmas.

Note.—Read suggestions on page 633.

LESSON FORTY-FIVE.

Generosity.

Aim—The essence of generosity is self-sacrifice.

Result Desired—That the children will have the thought strengthened that the Savior's love was manifested in His life of personal sacrifice made for mankind and that real generosity is the giving and sharing of one's self.

Suggestions:

Recite the Lord's Prayer. Talk about the coming of Christmas, what they expect to get and do; lead them to see that the greatest happiness comes when instead of receiving they give and do for others' happiness; help them to plan some things which children of this age may make for Christmas. Tell the children that Christmas day is the birthday of the good wise Man who taught us the beautiful prayer we use in our class, and after some singing, rest exercises or games, relate the following:

Christmas Story.

Christmas is coming! Christmas is coming!" cried little George, as he

ran into the pleasant kitchen where his mamma was busy preparing Christmas goodies. "Christmas is coming!" cried the child, as he danced around the room clapping his tiny hands, his face all smiles and dimples.

"Yes, Georgie boy, I know it is," said his mamma, picking him up and giving him a kiss, "and I hope it will be a happy Christmas for my little boy."

"Oh, mamma, I know it will," said George, "and Santa Claus is going to bring me ever so many nice presents, too!"

"Yes," said his mamma, "but we must remember everything else. Whose birthday is Christmas day?"

"It is Jesus' birthday, mamma. Please tell me the story over again, mamma," he pleaded, "I love to hear it so much."

"Not now, but in a little while I will, darling," said Mrs. Arnold. "Take your little chair and sit by the window until I am ready."

So George took his little chair and sat by the window to watch the feathery flakes of snow as they fell thick and fast, dressing the world in robes of purest white for Christmas day. Soon his mamma heard him singing softly, to himself in a sweet, childish way a Christmas carol which she had taught him. Before long the little singer's voice grew fainter, and little George was fast asleep.

While the little boy was still sleeping, Mr. Arnold came in to supper.

Mrs. Arnold raised a warning finger, then beckoned him to where George sat sound asleep. His head was drooping lower and lower, and the golden rays of the setting sun streamed through the window upon his fair curls, making them shine like gold. His papa looked fondly at him for a moment, then bent over the little form and lightly kissed him. Little George stirred, then opened his large eyes wonderingly. Raising his head he saw his papa. Instantly he was in his arms. "Oh, Papa! Such a beautiful dream!"

"What have you been dreaming, my little man?"

"About the little Lord Jesus' birthday, Papa. I dreamed mamma and I were in Bethlehem, and it was night, and we were out looking at the stars, and while we were looking we saw a very large star, much brighter than the rest, coming toward us. It came nearer and nearer. While we were looking at the beautiful star some men, riding on large camels, came toward us. They too were looking at the bright star, they too seemed to be talking about it to one another; so when they came close to us mamma asked them the meaning of the bright star. 'Whv,' said one, 'our Father in heaven is this night going to send His Son Jesus here on earth to live, to teach men and women and little children to love God and serve Him, so we are following the star, for it will stop right over the house where Jesus is.'

"The men then went on to find Jesus, and I asked mamma if I could not go too, but she said it might be very far away. Then all at once I heard most beautiful music, and looking up I saw the sky filled with beautiful, shining angels. And I saw that the star stood still. And the beautiful angels were singing, Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward man.' Oh, it was so beautiful," said the little fellow. "So I ran as fast as I could to the place where the star stood, and it was not a nice house, but a little old stable.

"I asked one of the men who was following the star if this was really the place where Jesus was. And he said, 'Yes, this is the place.' So I went in, and the bright star shining in the little stable made it as bright as day. and, Papa, there in the manger, on some straw, a dear little Baby was lying, smiling at His mamma who sat beside Him. I asked the Baby's mamma if this was the Baby God had sent us to show us how to be good and true. She said, 'Yes, this is God's Son, and His name is Jesus.' While we were looking at the Baby I heard some more beautiful singing, and looking up I saw ever so many bright angels—little angels, just like little children, coming in. And Jesus' mamma said: 'Here come God's most precious little children, to sing praises to His dear Son.' And the little angel children had

their hands full of lovely flowers, which they put in the manger until the Baby looked as though He were lying on a bed of flowers and not on a straw bed. And they all seemed so happy as they looked in the manger at the little Lord Jesus, and they came up close to the manger and sang in such soft, sweet voices beautiful songs. And while I was listening to the sweet music I awoke, and it was only a dream."—Lena Pfuderer, eight years old, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Singing of Christmas songs.

Story: "The Beauty of Giving."

Three years before, when Lewis was four years old, little baby Robert had come to be his brother. Lewis himself had been the only baby for a long time. Besides his father and mother Lewis had grandparents and uncles and aunts who loved him. They had given him a great many beautiful toys. He had books made of linen which would not tear. In these books were wonderful pictures of "Little Boy Blue," and "Jack and Jill" and "Ding, dong, bell, pussy's in the well" and "Hush-a-by-baby on the tree top." He had a train of cars. He had a Noah's ark and animal blocks that grandfather had given him. But Lewis was seven years old now and was going to school. He was growing to like more and more what bigger boys like. He had a small bat and a ball and a pair of roller skates and marbles and real storybooks.

Strange to say, however, although Lewis had all these things that bigger boys like, he still wished to keep his baby toys. Still stranger than this, although he said he loved baby Robert, he often seemed quite unwilling to give him his little toys and bright picture books. Sometimes he did not even like to lend them. Mother and father were very sorry to see their son behave so selfishly. They were often sad about it.

One Saturday afternoon, Uncle James said, "Lewis, get your hat and coat and come out to walk." Lewis did not need to be asked twice. Uncle James was the uncle whom Lewis wanted to be like when he should be a man.

It was autumn and a beautiful time to walk. Presently they came to a fine, big oak tree and sat down upon an old log under it. In a moment Uncle James whispered, "Hush, Lewis! don't make a sound, but look over there." Lewis looked and saw two bright-eyed little squirrels busily gathering acorns from the ground. Every few minutes up they would scamper to a hole in the trunk of the tree and down they would jump with their nuts. Uncle James said, "They are building their home and filling their pantries with food for winter time." Then he said: "How good the oak tree is to the squirrels! It gives them a home, and it gives them food for all the long winter months."

Soon they began to walk again. They climbed over a fence and came to a big apple tree. Under the tree were fine, red apples. As they helped themselves, Uncle James said: "This is a generous tree, isn't it? It seems to invite us to come and eat."

Then they came to a field where the ground was speckled all over with bright orange-colored pumpkins. Uncle James said: "Look, Lewis, isn't that a beautiful sight? My, what fine pumpkin pies Farmer Martin will have for his Thanksgiving dinner. Even the ground loves to give and is generous. See that pile of yellow corn!" Lewis was beginning to look sober and he did not answer.

By and by they came to a brook which sang the gayest kind of little song. They looked down into the clear water at the tiny fish that darted about. Uncle James said: "The little brook gives, too. It gives fresh water all the time and seems to be happy, for listen to its song. See how it gives its strength! The wheels of that great, red mill over there are being turned round and round by the water of this brook." Lewis looked and saw that it was so.

Then they passed by a dark, dirty pool of water near the roadside. Lewis pointed to it and said, "Well, there is a little stream that doesn't give anything." "No," answered Uncle James, "and see how dirty and green and unhealthy it seems. It fairly looks unhappy. We must hurry past or the air that comes from it will make us sick. It keeps all the water tight for itself and will not let it flow on to help the flowers and the animals and the people. You made a mistake, little pond. Giving has made the meadow brook rich and happy, but you are unhappy because you have been selfish. Not even one song can you sing."

Lewis looked up and said, "Why do you make a fellow feel so mean, Uncle James?"

"Mean, why I thought we were having a beautiful walk," answered Uncle James.

"Almost everything seems to like to give," said Lewis when he spoke again.

"Yes, that is so, and I think every person should be glad to give, too. I know a great many who are happy like the meadow because they share their good things."

Lewis looked a little ashamed as he said, "I know one who does not."

"Do you?" asked his uncle.

Soon they reached home again and Lewis said: "Uncle, I am not going to be like the selfish, green pond any longer. I've been mean to Robert." He ran into the house and presently uncle saw Robert climbing upstairs with his arm round the Noah's ark, saying: "O mother, look! look! Lewis gave it to me."

The next time Lewis and his uncle walked together Lewis told how Robert loved the animals and the bright picture books. He said, "Uncle James, I've been happy ever since."—Selected.

LESSON FORTY-SIX.

Remembering Absent Ones.

Aim—"A kind deed is never lost.

Result Desired—"That because they remember that the Savior was good and kind the children will try to make others happy this Christmas.

Suggestions:

Tell again the story of the birth of Christ, and add some incident from His life which illustrated His kind consideration for others. Discuss what the children are doing by way of preparation for Christmas, if any of them have failed to make a beginning, endeavor to encourage them to get started. (If possible give real assistance in some way.) Talk about remembering absent ones, particularly missionaries.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Memory Gem:

"They who think of others most,
Are the happiest ones that live."

Story, "Father's Christmas Gift."

It was a stormy evening in November. Outside the wind howled, and the rain dashed against the windows of the room where mother and the three children sat before the blazing fire. Baby Ruth was on mother's lap, while Robert, Raymond and Ponto, the big dog, lay on the rug at her feet.

"Whew!" whistled Raymond, "just hear the storm! It is almost winter, isn't it?"

"Yes, Christmas will soon be here," said Robert: "but," he added mournfully, "we'll not have any father with us this year to help us have a good

time. I wish father didn't have to go to Australia. He is so far away that it almost seems as if we had lost him."

"Oh, no," answered mother, rightly, although the tears stood in her eyes at the thought of Christmas without father. "Australia isn't so far off as it used to be, now that there are so many steamers running there, and we must see that Santa Claus doesn't forget father."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Robert, "what shall we send him? We'll have to do it right off, though, for it takes a whole month for things to get there," and in his excitement Robert rolled over and threw out his feet, striking Ponto on the nose with the hard heels of his shoes. Poor Ponto howled with pain, and Robert and Raymond had all they could do, for a few minutes, to comfort him.

"Suppose," said mother, when the boys were quiet again, "that we send him your picture. Don't you think he would like it?"

"Yes," answered Raymond, "and we'll put Ponto in with us. He will sit up and be good. Won't you, Ponto?"

"I want to hold Ponto," said Ruth, gravely, "so he won't run away."

Both boys laughed, and Robert added: "Let's wear all our winter clothes. It is so warm where he is that he'll forget there is any cold weather anywhere if we don't show him. I'm going to wear my rubber boots and my mittens."

Mother laughed to think what a queer picture father would get, but told them that they might dress as they pleased, if only their faces were pleasant and happy in the photograph.

So it came about that Christmas morning father was dressing slowly in his hot room and thinking sadly of the little folks whom he had left behind in Boston, and who were stripping their Christmas tree this morning without any father to help them. How he did want to see them!

Suddenly he heard, outside his door: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lovell. The Logan is in from America, and here are your Christmas presents that came on her." And through his open transom came flying a perfect avalanche of letters and parcels. He called out his thanks, and then, without waiting to finish dressing, he sat down to open his mail. A big, flat parcel was the first he opened, and there, before him, were all three of his little people, rubber boots, mittens, winter coats and all, with Ponto sitting up in the midst of them, watched over by Baby Ruth.

You cannot imagine how pleased he was! It was a long time before he could stop looking at the photograph to go through the rest of his mail, and when he went out to breakfast he took the picture with him to show his friends at the breakfast table.—Selected.

LESSON FORTY-SEVEN.

Kindness.

Aim—Kindness brings its own reward.

Result Desired—That by doing kind deeds the children will experience greater happiness at this Christmas time than they have ever known before.

Suggestions:

Review last lesson. Continue talk about the happy Christmas time, suggest things which children may do around the home to make everybody more comfortable and happy.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Memory Gem:

"Good will and joy go everywhere,
Upon the golden Christmas-tide."

The Christmas Message that Snowflake Carried.

As Kitty sat looking down into the busy street and feeling just a little

lonesome and disheartened because she could not go Christmasing like the rest of the world, there was a small shower of snow from the roof over the window, and a white pigeon fluttered to the sill.

Kitty held her breath, not daring to stir, lest the bird should vanish as suddenly as he had come; but he walked across the sill in nowise disconcerted by her presence, and finally tapped on the pane with his bill.

"You little darling!" Kitty exclaimed, "I do believe you would come in if I could get the window open."

She tried to push it up, but a bit of ice held it fast. Then she pounded it with her small fist, and after a few more tugs up flew the sash.

The pigeon peeped inside, and then hopped to the arm of Kitty's chair; down went the window with a bang, and Kitty exulted over her prisoner. But the bird was not disturbed to be thus shut from freedom. There seemed to be something tied to one of its legs, and Kitty wondered what it could be, but she did not dare to touch it for fear of frightening him. Evidently a wing had been injured, for when he attempted to fly he would only flutter back into Kitty's lap. She fed him with crumbs from a cake she had been eating, and finally ventured to finger the paper on his leg.

"I believe I could cut it off," she said, and a careful snip of the sharp scissors laid the note free. It was—to whom? Kitty read:

"My Dear Little Girl: I am going to send Snowflake to you with a message, and I know he will carry it straight to you and to nobody else, because it is a Christmas message. Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock look out of the window, and you will see a big sleigh filled with warm robes, and two beauties of gray ponies in front of your door. Then run—oh, to think that I should forget that you can't run yet! But you are going to run soon—remember that! Just for tomorrow you must let somebody fetch your wraps. Then let that somebody you know who—let that dearest somebody lift you into the sleigh, and then you and she will go skimming over the snow till you come to a house right in the middle of a big snow park, a house with an ice fountain in front of it, and then—but then I shall be there, and I'll tell you the rest! I'll only hint at two or three things, so you will be sure to come. Santa Claus is to be here on Christmas eve—think of that! And Uncle Raphael and Aunt Fay have promised—but I mustn't tell you what! Just one thing more—I have seen strawberries growing out in a glass house in the snow park and—whose plate do you suppose they will be on at the Christmas feast? Remember, ten o'clock tomorrow! A merry, merry Christmas to you both!

Your loving,

Fairy Godmother.

Kitty felt bewildered when she had read the note. She didn't know what to think. The message couldn't be meant for her, and yet—how could a stranger know that she was lame and couldn't run! And did the "dearest somebody" mean her own dear mother? It was such a puzzle. The note said that Snowflake would go straight to the right one—but then, Snowflake's wing was hurt! Kitty felt glad and sorrowful all at once. She was delighted to see mother come in and tell her all about it. Things looked clearer to mother. Plainly, some other little lame girl was meant, and the owner of the pigeon must be found if possible.

Mother went to see the janitor in hopes that he would know who kept carrier pigeons while Kitty gazed at Snowflake through tears. This was such a commonplace ending to all her joyful dreams—dreams of a sleigh ride and Santa Claus and an ice fountain and a snow park and strawberries!

But these gay-colored hopes did come to something after all; for Snowflake's owner was found, and though the Christmas message had been intended for a little lame girl a mile away, this "Fairy Godmother"—as the other little lame girl always called the sender of the message—loved all little girls so much that she said she should never think of neglecting to carry out what Snowflake had begun, for Snowflake was a very wise bird

and he knew just where to carry the message after his wing was hurt. And Kitty and her mother spent Christmas at the big house in the snow park, and Kitty saw the ice fountain and ate strawberries and actually kissed Santa Claus—or a jolly fat man in fur who looked just like him—and had altogether far more bliss than she could have dreamed.—Selected.

LESSON FORTY-EIGHT.

The Merry Christmas.

Aim—"Be good, do good, and you will be happy."

Result Desired—That having had a happy Christmas the children will want to continue the pleasure of being good to others.

Suggestions:

Talk over what was done for Christmas—the gifts given and received. Continue thoughts of the loving kindness of the Savior by relating some of His deeds of love and how He was kind every day in the year.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Memory Gem:

Use aim given for this lesson.

Story, "A Merry Christmas for Two."

All the wide outdoors was glistening white, and whenever the sun came out, making dappled patterns beneath the bare boughs and twigs of the trees, little sparkles shone everywhere on the snow-covered ground. It was a beautiful world, and Harry Grayson hurried on toward the wood lot beyond the south meadow, to gather cedar boughs and ground pine for the Christmas decorations. Harry was whistling cheerily. The day was so bright he could not help feeling happy, though his Christmas promised to be a lonely one. He was an only child, and this year, for the first time since he could remember, none of his cousins were coming to the farm for the holidays.

"How I do wish I had some one with me this morning," he thought, forgetting his whistling for a minute. "I know the ice is just fine, and it's such fun gathering the Christmas greens if there's somebody with you to help. But—oh, well, I'm glad the skating's good, anyway!" And he took up the tune where he had left off, with his own cheerful way of seeing the bright side of everything. But he was not the only lonely one at the lake that crisp morning. A little, shivering black dog was wandering, homeless and forlorn, through the snow. From his earliest puppyhood, Rags never had known a real home. He had been passed about from one owner to another till he was quite bewildered. The last move had been the worst of all, for he had been left to sleep in a cold, cheerless wood shed, and because he had barked and whined his loneliness and fright through the long, dark, dreary hours, he had been carried in the farmer's wagon down the road and then left to find shelter in the wintry fields as best he could. And Christmas was only one day away!

When Harry had made a long, smooth slide along the edge of the lake, and had enjoyed the sliding awhile, he crossed to where the wind had blown the ice almost free from snow, and sat down on the bank to clamp on his skates. He was so busy that he did not see or hear anything near him till a small, cold nose was suddenly thrust into his palm, and a pair of bright, eager eyes looked inquiringly and wistfully into his.

"Why, you poor little chap!" Harry cried; and the small dog's tail began to wag hopefully.

"You've come to keep me company, haven't you?" Harry said. The tail wagged harder, and a sharp, joyous yelp told Harry that that was exactly

what the dog wanted. Harry patted the shaggy little head and talked to Rags, who leaped, and frisked and bounded about him, telling in language plainer than words, how delighted he was because somebody, at last, in all this big, cold world, was glad, really glad to see him!

Skating on the frozen lake was very jolly with this lively little companion racing ahead and bounding back to meet him, and Harry quite forgot the lonely feeling he had brought with him. Rags showed a deep interest in the Christmas greens, too, and sniffed and noked about in the snow, trying to help, while Harry laughed and said he was as good a chum as another boy!

When they reached home with their fragrant burden of cedar and pine, Harry's cheeks were red, and his eyes shining. Little Rags danced along beside him, approving of everything, and everybody he met. His loneliness was quite gone, too.

"It looks as if it would be a Merry Christmas for both of you," Mr. Grayson said, smiling as he patted the dog's rough coat.

"Indeed it will be, father," Harry laughed, gathering Rags into his arms. "You know how I've always wanted a dog!"

"Row—row—row!" little Rags chimed in, trying his very best to say, "And oh, how I have always wanted a master!"—Alice Miller Weeks.

THIRD GRADE.

(Children eight and nine years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Ten Commandments.

Topic for the Month of December—The Ten Commandments and Christmas.

Divisions:

1. Review of First to Fifth Commandments.
2. Review of Sixth to Tenth Commandments.
3. Christmas Day.
4. After Christmas.

Note.—Read suggestions on page 633.

LESSON FORTY-FIVE.

Review of First to Fifth Commandment.

Aim—To know God's will and then to try to obey brings happiness.

Result Desired—Reverence and obedience strengthened in the hearts of the children.

Development of Lesson Forty-five.

Discuss the coming of Christmas. Talk over plans of things to do and make for others. Tell about the wisdom of our Father in sending His Son to teach us how to be loving and kind. Review the first five commandments, making as clear as possible that we must love our Heavenly Father and each other if we expect to keep these commandments.

Memory Gem:

"Obedience is seen more in little things than in great."

Story, "Obedience."

The other day I saw a little boy, five years old, and his older sister standing at the top of a terrace. The sister was talking very earnestly to her brother, and I wondered why. I soon found out. The boy jerked away

from his sister, sat down on the grass, and slid down the terrace. Then he jumped up and did it again.

It was fun, no doubt, to slide down the terrace, and it would have been quite right for him to do so if his clothes had been ones the grass would not stain. But his clothes were his best ones; his sister, who was older and wiser than he, knew that the grass would stain them, and told him not to slide down the terrace. What ought that little boy to have done? He ought to have done as his sister said, for she knew best. As I walked on I said to myself, "If that boy does not learn how to obey," that is, to do as he is told by those who are older and wiser than he is, "he will never be able to do good work when he grows to be a man." For every big person in the world has to obey some one.

Do you know of any big person who has to obey? Try to think. (Let the children give examples of adult obedience. If they cannot do this, help them think by developing one or two illustrations that are most in accord with their experiences. Suggestive illustrations are as follows: God sends the night, and big people go to sleep whether they wish to or not, because they need sleep; God sends the light, and they wake up and go to work; they grow hungry and must eat; they wish to go on trains and must take the ones they are told to take. Drivers of wagons must obey policemen at crossings; teachers in school must do as the principal says; engineers of trains must obey signals; workmen must obey bosses, etc.) So, you see, little people are not the only ones who must obey, for everyone in the world must do as some one who is wiser says. When we do as we are told, we do the right and best thing.

(This lesson aims to present the thought of universal obedience. Children are quick to appreciate obedience in others, and are greatly influenced by the thought that older people are obliged to obey as well as they.)

I have a story from the Bible to tell you of two men who gladly obeyed some one who was wiser than they. Their names were Peter and Andrew, and their work was catching and selling fish, for they were fishermen.

Peter and Andrew did not fish with a pole and line and hook, but with a very large net which they let down into the water and then drew up. Usually when they let down the net and drew it up fish were caught; but one night they fished all night long and caught nothing. When the morning came they drew in their net and sailed back to the shore, where, as they were washing their net, Jesus came to them. He stepped into Peter's boat and asked Peter and Andrew to push it out into the water a little way. Then he sat down in the boat and taught the people who had gathered on the shore.

When Jesus had finished speaking to the people he told Peter to sail out into the deep water and let down the fishing net. Peter answered, "Master, we have toiled," he meant fished, "all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net." Then Andrew and Peter let down the net, and when they drew it up again they found they had caught more fish than their boat would hold, so they beckoned to their friends, James and John, who were in another boat, to come and help them. Peter and Andrew found that because they had obeyed Jesus they had caught fish enough to more than fill their own boat and the boat belonging to James and John.

It is not always easy to do as we are told, but we ought always to obey those who are wiser than we are and who know best. We have some one to help us obey. God has given us a beautiful promise. He has promised to help everyone who tries to do right and be obedient.—Selected.

LESSON FORTY-SIX.

Review of Sixth to Tenth Commandments.

Aim—"Obedience is the mother of happiness."

Result Desired—A more complete understanding of the truth that to obey the commandments of our heavenly Father is the safest way to happiness.

Development of Lesson Forty-six.

Review previous lesson. Discuss Christmas plans. Review the sixth to tenth commandments, making as plain as possible that all must be obedient and be willing to keep the Golden Rule.

Memory Gem:

If you are told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

Story, "Obedience Brings Happiness."

Be ready, when I say the word, to look slowly round the room at all the things which are in the room and to look without leaving your chair. Are you ready? Look! Now, look directly at me. (Call some one by name and proceed as follows.) Name one thing that you saw when you looked round the room. (Call upon other children in turn, and ask them to name something that they saw.) Why was it, do you think, that as you looked round the room you were able to see the pictures, the birthday calendar, the birthday bank and each other? It is true that you saw them because they are in the room, but you would not have seen them unless you had had the power to see them with your eyes and to know them with your mind.

If we were to come into this room in the middle of the night when it is dark, so dark that there would be no color but just blackness, would the things that we have mentioned be in the room? Would we be able to see them? Why not? We would not be able to see them because there would be no light to help us see them. On day when Jesus was talking with his disciples He said to them: "I am the light of the world." Why he said that He was like the light, and one of the ways in which He meant that He was able to help people, I hope you will be able to tell me when my story is ended.

One day in the long ago time about which I will tell you, the roads leading to the city of Jerusalem, and the streets within the city were crowded with merry-makers. The time for keeping another happy holiday had come. The faces of the merrymakers were bright with joy and happiness, for they knew that fruits from their vineyards and orchards, and grains from their fields were safely gathered in storehouse and barn and were ready for winter. They knew they had comfortable homes in which to live and they were glad for and proud of them. They said, "We will meet in the temple and praise God for His goodness. More than this, we will leave our comfortable homes and for seven days live in little houses made of tree branches and vines, to help us remember the time when the Jewish people were traveling to find this land, and on the way lived in tents and houses.

Out into their gardens or into the woods trooped all the merry people. They cut down tree branches, then back to the roadways outside the city, to their gardens or housetops they hurried, built little houses and lived in them for seven days to keep the happy holiday. Each morning the happy people went to the temple to praise God. each night they went again to sing or to listen to the singing.

One day in the middle of the week when many merrymakers were gathered in the temple, Jesus began to teach them. He called God His Father and taught about Him. He told the people about Himself and what He had come from God to do for them. And again on other days He taught in the

temple. He said, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." It was the same as saying, "Follow me, do as I do and as I say, and ye shall do that which is right." To teach what is right was a part of the work that Jesus came from God to do.

Jesus taught other lessons, lessons about keeping the Sabbath day holy, about being kind and loving each other, about sharing our good things with others, and about being brave and strong to do right. He also taught us to pray and to show our love for God.

Among the many people who gathered about the temple gates to watch and beg money from those who passed inside the temple, were beggars. Some of these people were beggars because they were lazy and would not work and earn money for themselves. Others were beggars because they were not able to work; among these beggars were men who were sick, lame or blind. One of these blind men had been blind all his life, for he had been born so. He had never seen his father's or his mother's face, he had never seen birds fly across the sky, or the sun set or the stars shine out, he had never seen the pitying faces of those who helped him. He did not see the love in Jesus' face as Jesus stopped beside him.

Jesus was going to or coming from the temple. His disciples were with him and had been asking questions about the blind man. In answer Jesus made clay of dirt and laid it upon the blind man's eyes and said to him, "Go wash in the pool of Siloam." The pool of Siloam was the pool from which the priests drew water for use in the temple.

The blind man did as Jesus had commanded him, he went to Siloam and in its waters washed off the clay from his eyes. When the clay was washed off and he opened his eyes he had power with which to see, he saw men walking, he saw earth and sky, trees, birds, and flowers, and he saw the road which led into the city and to his home. He had power to see, for Jesus had given the power to him.—Selected.

LESSON FORTY-SEVEN.

Christmas Day.

Aim—"Happiness is not perfected until it is shared."

Result Desired—A better understanding of why the Savior was born with the desire deepened to be kind and helpful.

Development of Lesson Forty-seven.

Choose from stories given in First and Second Grades the story of the birth of the Savior. Relate it and help the children to understand that Christmas is the celebration of Christ's birthday. Explain how He came to teach us how to be loving and kind. Discuss plans for Christmas.

Memory Gem:

"Little gifts are precious,
If a loving heart
Helps the busy fingers
As they do their part."

The Christmas Presents.

The Boy was on his way to the grocery, and he was thinking so hard that he came near going by the shop. He recollected in time, but while the man was filling his order that the Mother wanted he went on thinking.

How disappointed the twins would be when Christmas came and there was no bookcase and no doll-house for them! The Father had said only that morning that he had no spare money to spend for presents, and the Boy himself had less than a dollar. Yet he knew that the Brother was ex-

pecting a book-case, and the Sister had confided to him her hope that her dolls would soon have a home of their own.

A customer inquired for little biscuits, and a clerk started to open a fresh box. As he did so he pushed aside the empty box, and it stopped near where the Boy was standing. His eyes fell on it with indifference—then suddenly his face lighted. The Mother said he was always having inspirations, and one came to him now. He thought a moment longer, and then walked straight across to the clerk.

"How much do you get for your empty cracker-boxes?"

"Ten cents apiece when the covers are good."

"Yes; but without covers?"

"Split 'em up for kindling-wood or give 'em away. You want one to carry home?"

"I'd like about six of those, but I'd rather pay for them. They are worth something to you for kindling-wood, and I'm willing to give a quarter for half a dozen."

"All right. Don't believe we have so many just now, but we empty 'em pretty fast, and I'll save 'em for you."

The Boy thanked him, and hurried home with his package, his head full of his new scheme.

For the next three weeks his room was shut to the Twins, greatly to their wonder and sorrow. Such a thing had never occurred before, and they could not understand it. There were also queer, painty smells in the air, and the Boy was locked into his room after school and before school, and for hours at a time on Saturdays. It was very mysterious.

But the secret was out when Christmas morning came, for there were as convenient a book-case and as dainty a doll-house as the Brother and the Sister had ever dreamed of. For each, three boxes had been placed on their sides, one above the other, and every bit of printing had been washed or sandpapered off. The bookcase was stained and polished, making it look almost like oak, and as for the doll-house—oh, how the Boy had worked to make that doll-house! The outside was painted white, with green blinds, and the three rooms inside were finished and furnished just as rooms should be. The walls were papered, the floors were stained and polished. There were pretty rugs and muslin curtains—those were the Mother's gift; there were chairs and tables and a bedstead, and so many other beautiful things that the Sister could only say, "Oh, how darling!" and "Isn't that lovely?" and give little sighs of delight and giggles of rapture for a whole hour.

The Brother began almost at once to place his books in the new case, and it took so long to arrange them to his satisfaction that he was still at the happy task when the Boy started for school.

The Boy looked back as he closed the door. The Sister's dolls were eating breakfast in the new dining-room, and the Brother was trying to decide whether "The Jungle Book" would look best on the first or second shelf.

"They couldn't be better pleased," he said to himself, "if those things had cost fifty dollars instead of fifty cents!"

LESSON FORTY-EIGHT.

After Christmas.

Aim—"He liveth longest who can tell of true things truly done each day."

Result Desired—That after the enjoyment found in helping others for Christmas will come the desire to be helpful at all times.

Development of Lesson Forty-eight.

Time should be taken this session to talk about the happy times had

during Christmas. Make clear the thought that all must be thankful that the Savior was born for it is because of His birth that we have such happy times each year. By reference to the many kind acts of the Savior help the children to want to be kind all other days of the year. Review the work done during the year and explain how all the lessons that have been given are for a help to encourage us to be kind to each other.

The three wise men came to see the Christ-child some time after His birth, so the following may be related:

The Three Wise Men.

The big gateways of Jerusalem were carefully watched. It was the business of the guards and gatekeepers to know who went in and who went out. There had been a Christmas Day. It was the first Christmas Day, but it had not been kept in Jerusalem because the people there did not know that it was the birthday of their baby King. Herod was the only king about whom they thought. Herod lived in the beautiful palace on the hill, but he was wicked and cruel and they hated him.

The first Christmas had only been kept over the hills in the little town of Bethlehem by Mary, the Baby's mother, and Joseph, and a few shepherds and the angels who had sung the first Christmas carol.

Now, a little while after the first Christmas Day, up the road that led to one of the gates of Jerusalem, came three men who looked as though they had come from countries far away. They appeared to have traveled a long, long distance. They wore loose, flowing robes made of choice, rich cloth. They wore curious turbans upon their heads and sandals upon their feet. I think they rode upon camels. If they came upon camels, they were the strongest, fleetest, most faithful beasts that money could buy, for the men were rich. They were rich like kings. They were three wise men whose homes were far away in the east. They were wise because they had spent many years in study and thought.

When the three men came to the city of Jerusalem, they asked, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" But the people knew no king of the Jews but Herod.

The three wise men said: "We do not mean King Herod. Herod is a man. We mean the baby King who is born." The people round about looked in surprise. There had been no baby king born in Jerusalem. There was only Herod up in the big palace on the hill. Herod whom they hated. But the wise men said, "We have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship him." No one could tell about the baby King.

They asked others, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" Neither could they tell. They asked again and again and no one in all Jerusalem knew what to answer them.

By and by a messenger hurried up the hill to the beautiful palace where King Herod lived. I suppose the messenger threw himself upon his knees before the throne upon which the king sat. I suppose he almost touched the floor with his head as he bowed, for all in that land feared Herod. Then he told the king about the three strangers who had passed through the gate of Jerusalem. He told how they had asked of all they met. "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" Then the messenger told King Herod how they had said, "We have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

King Herod was troubled. As he sat in his beautiful palace surrounded by the rich and costly things that he loved, he thought to himself: "He that is born king of the Jews! What do the strangers mean? I am the king of the Jews. No one else shall be king of the Jews. What can the strangers mean?" King Herod was sorely troubled.

At last he thought to himself: "I will call the chief priests and the learned men of all the kingdom to the palace. Perhaps they can tell what the strangers mean." King Herod called these learned men to the palace

and they came. Then he told them about the strangers who had come through the gate of Jerusalem. He asked: "What do they mean? Where is the king whom they seek?" The chief priests and the learned men thought and thought. They turned to a place in the Bible upon which was written words something like these, "Out of Bethlehem shall come a Governor that shall rule my people Israel." That was the answer that the learned men gave to King Herod when he asked, "Where is the king whom they seek?" Then the learned men of Jerusalem left the palace.

King Herod called the strangers who had come through the city gate. They came to him. He said to the wise men, "At what time did you see the star?" They told him what they knew. Then he told them that the learned men of Jerusalem had said that the Child was born in Bethlehem. At last he said, "Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again."

The wise men left King Herod and the palace. They set out again on their search for the baby King. The bright, bright star, the same star that had led them over the sandy, pathless desert, and over the mountains came again in the sky. This time it led them out of Jerusalem, past the olive orchards and gardens and sheepfolds and pastures toward the hills of Bethlehem. By and by it stopped. The golden rays rested over a house in Bethlehem. The three wise men dismounted. They took in their hands the first Christmas gift for the Baby—treasures from the far-off lands in the East.

They passed within the house and saw the Baby with his mother, Mary. They knew that they had found the King for whom they had sought so long and so diligently. They fell before Him and worshiped Him. Then they opened their treasures and gave their gifts.—Selected.

FOURTH GRADE.

(Children ten and eleven years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Word of Wisdom.

Topic for the Month of December—Review of Year's Work.

Note.—Read suggestions on page 633.

Divisions:

1. The Revelation.
2. The Physical Life.
3. The Mental Life.
4. The Spiritual Life.

LESSON FORTY-FIVE.

The Revelation.

Aim—It is noble to seek truth, and it is beautiful to find it.—Sydney Smith.

Result Desired—A feeling of gratitude for the privilege of being among those who seek to know God's will and whose delight is the keeping of His commandments.

Memory Gem:

"O, happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice!
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice!"

Suggestive Talk:

Read what Dr. Talmage says about the Prophet Joseph Smith in the Articles of Faith, Lecture 1. Select from this lecture the points which tell about the early life of the Prophet and how he was inspired to make a search for the true religion; tell about the visions and revelations and such experiences from his life as will be interesting to the class.

In chapter eleven of the History of the Church will be found the account of the revelation in regard to the use of wine, and in chapter twenty-seven the revelation on the Word of Wisdom.

Refer to the fact that we celebrate, this month, the anniversary of the birth of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Questions on the Lesson:

On the 25th of December we celebrate in honor of a birth which occurred about 1910 years ago. Who was born then?

What was the sign of the coming to this earth of a Savior?

Who saw the star?

How was the star a revelation?

The shepherds saw and heard something else that was a revelation. What was it?

What did the angels say in their song?

How did the Savior teach the people the way to bring about peace and good-will to all men? Have a number of incidents related from the life of the Savior which show His love to all people.

Where do we learn about the Savior and what He did?

How is the Bible a revelation to us?

What other book have we that is like the Bible?

How did we get the Book of Mormon?

When was Joseph Smith born?

Do you think we should celebrate the anniversary of his birthday?

What did he do that makes the thought of our Savior more dear to us?

He did some other things for us, name some of them.

What would be the very best way to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the Savior? (Help the class to understand that keeping the Golden Rule is the best way.)

Then if the Prophet Joseph Smith lived and died to help us to remember about the Savior what do you think he would like us to do?

Name some of the ways in which we could keep the commandments and yet be very happy?

LESSON FORTY-SIX.**The Physical Life.**

Aim—"Health is the greatest of all possessions."

Result Desired—A deepened impression that it is worth while to understand how to take care of the body.

Memory Gem:

Good health and good sense are two of life's greatest blessings.—Lyons.

Suggestive Talk:

Read over carefully the back numbers of *The Children's Friend* and make selections from the lessons given about the care of the body, reviewing briefly the main topics which have been considered during the year.

To be prepared in answering the questions about the Prophet Joseph Smith, read the 48th chapter of the *Life of Joseph Smith*, by Geo. Q. Cannon.

Questions on the Lesson:

- How many of you suffer with headaches?
 What do you think causes your head to ache?
 Do any of you ever have a cold?
 What usually gives you a cold?
 How does a headache or a cold interfere with your work? Your pleasures? Your school?
 Have any of you ever had any other kind of illness. If so, what was it?
 Did you ever hear of the Savior having any kind of physical pain?
 How would He be able to keep well all the time?
 What have you ever heard about Joseph Smith being a big, strong man?
 When was the Prophet born?
 When was the Prophet put to death?
 When will it be the anniversary of his birth?
 How would you like to have a strong body?
 What are some things you can do to help make your body strong?
 What are some things that you can do well if you have a strong body?
 (Encourage the children to feel that the very best thing a strong person can do is to help those who are not so strong.)
 Supposing there should be a very difficult task to be performed, how would you choose a person to accomplish it?
 What great work did Joseph perform for his people the Israelites?
 How does the Bible describe his appearance? (Genesis 39: 6.)
 When the Israelites asked for a king Saul was chosen to take that great position. What does the Bible say about his appearance? (1 Samuel 16: 12.)
 Tell about Daniel and his friends, why they were chosen. (Daniel 1: 1-17.)
 These men had great physical health and were fitted to do great things.
 How do you think they grew strong?
 Discuss the memory gem.

LESSON FORTY-SEVEN.**The Mental Life.**

Aim—To grow like what we think of is to think of the good, the true, the beautiful.

Result Desired—That the children will be convinced that "knowledge is power."

Memory Gem:

"From one little grain of forethought often grand results proceed."

Suggestive Talk:

Read Lesson One for the Fifth Grade in the December number of the Children's Friend for 1909, and use from it such selections as are suitable in the development of the thought that we must be strong mentally to be able to create and be successful in doing things that are worth while.

Instead of Questions on the Lesson the following story may be related:

Getting Ready.

Rex and Amy could not keep their eyes off the two grown-up cousins who came to visit in the family, for they seemed wonderful in so many ways. Boys and girls of thirteen and fourteen are apt to feel that it will be an endless time before they grow up, and there really is nothing to be enjoyed unless one is grown up. The young lady cousin was so bright, and gay, and beautiful, and her brother so strong, and manly, and sensible, that it is no wonder the whole family liked them.

One day they were talking about their school days, and the young lady remarked that she was always thankful that her father and mother had kept them children as long as possible. Rex and Amy could hardly believe their ears, for Cousin Ruth seemed to take such pleasure in life, and to enjoy the grown-up joys so much. "We didn't like it very well at the time," put in Cousin John, "but we can see now how very wise they were. We grumbled a good deal at early bedtime, and plain food, and simple pleasures, but I'm glad our folks paid no attention to our complaints. I've seen many a fellow disappointed at college for being turned down when he wanted to go in for athletics, but he had to find out that he didn't get ready for hard work when he was young. Why, the other day Rex and I went for a walk, and I soon winded him. I wish all boys could know what chances they have at from eleven on to make strong bodies for themselves."

Rex and Amy took in a great many new ideas while the cousins were with them. Amy discovered, to her great surprise, that hard work in school, and going to bed early, and doing her share of the family chores, and living on plain food, had given Cousin Ruth her bright mind, her sparkling eyes, and her fine disposition, and had made her the great favorite that she was. Rex also learned that hard work at school, and at home, with plenty of exercise, had given his cousin his fine strength and common sense.

After that it was easier to do the work in school and at home. The next time the cousins came to visit, Rex could walk as far as John, and Amy was so much improved that Ruth would not believe her visit had anything to do with the transformation. The little fretful lines were gone from Amy's face, and she did her tasks with a hearty good-will that was delightful to see.

It certainly is a good sign when so many boys and girls are getting ready for the grown-up life. All about us are young folk who are getting their minds stored with knowledge, and their bodies with health and strength for the busy days to come. As I see them trooping past on their way to school, I feel sorry for the few discontented, grumbling boys and girls who tell you dolefully that "you never have any fun until you grow up." The boys and girls who are getting ready for pleasure and profit after a while, are having a pleasant and profitable time just now, and they always will have. But the boys and girls who are not getting ready, will not realize what a mistake they have made until it is too late.—Hilda Richmond.

LESSON FORTY-EIGHT.

The Spiritual Life.

Aim—The greatest thing to accomplish in this life is the giving of one's best in the service of the Lord.

Result Desired—A feeling in the minds of the children that it is a good and desirable thing to honor and obey the Lord.

Memory Gem:

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.—Psalm 150: 6.

Suggestive Talk:

Have a talk with your boys and girls about this day, the last one for the year 1910. We have studied all the year about the Word of Wisdom. What does it mean to you now? Shall we be better boys and girls because of the lessons we have had? Shall we all resolve to keep the Word of Wisdom? We are young now and do not know what the Lord expects us to do, but may we not try to be strong in mind and body and use that strength in helping on the great work of the Lord? We may be in humble places and think our part in life very insignificant, but we cannot judge of that.

A visitor to Amsterdam, wishing to hear the wonderful music of the chimes of St. Nicholas went up into the tower of the church to hear them. There he found a man with wooden gloves on his hands pounding a key-

board. All he could hear was the clanging of the keys when struck by the wooden gloves, and the harsh, deafening noise of the bells over his head. He wondered why the people talked of the marvelous chimes of St. Nicholas. To his ear there was no music in them; nothing but terrible clatter and clanging.

Yet all the while there floated out over beyond the city the most entrancing music. Men in the fields paused in their work to listen, and were made glad. People in their homes and travelers on the highways were thrilled by the marvelous bell-tones which fell from the tower.

There are many lives which to those who dwell close beside them seem to make no music; they pour out their strength in hard toil; they are shut up in narrow spheres; they dwell amid the noise and clatter of common task work; they think themselves that they are not of any use, that no blessing goes out from their lives; they never dream that sweet music is made anywhere in the world by their noisy hammering. But out over the world, where the influence goes from their work and character, human lives are blessed and weary ones hear with gladness, sweet comforting music. Even away off in heaven, where angels are listening to earth's melodies, these entrancing strains may be heard.

Have the remainder of the time given to the bearing of testimonies of blessings received during the year 1910.

FIFTH GRADE.

(Children twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject for the Year—The Articles of Faith.

Topic for the Month of December—The Golden Rule.

Note.—Read suggestions on page 633.

Divisions:

1. Obedience.
2. Example.
3. Christmas.
4. Reviews.

LESSON FORTY-FIVE.

Obedience.

Aim—"Hear counsel and receive instruction, that thou mayest be wise in thy latter end."

Development of Lesson Forty-five.

Read Lecture 23 of The Articles of Faith and prepare from it a talk that makes clear the necessity for obedience. Review lessons for November to deepen the impression that real freedom comes only to those who obey and are willing to submit to leaders or rulers.

Questions on the Lesson.

We celebrate this month in honor of the birth of two persons whose lives had a wonderful effect upon the whole world. Who were they?

How long ago was the Savior born?

What day in December do we celebrate in honor of that birth which took place about 1910 years ago?

When was the Prophet Joseph Smith born?

How old would he be if he had lived till now?

How old was he when he was put to death?

How old was the Savior said to be when He was crucified?

How do you know that obedience was the strongest principle in the life of the Savior?

(Review such incidents as will illustrate this point, beginning with the one in the Temple with the doctors.)

How do we know that obedience was the strongest principles in the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith?

(Review some incidents from the Prophet's life to answer this question. See Life of the Prophet Joseph Smith, by Geo. Q. Cannon.)

How did Noah show his obedience? Abraham? Moses? Nephi? etc.

Why do we consider a person who holds a position of trust as the servant of the people? For instance a Bishop, a Stake President, or political positions, such as Mayor, Governor, or President.

LESSON FORTY-SIX.

Example.

Aim—The aim of life should be the understanding of the laws of God; the observance of them our most effective testimony.

Development of Lesson Forty-six.

Review of last lesson. Read chapter 24 of The Articles of Faith, and prepare a talk on the subjects therein which show how the Latter-day Saints believe in living the Golden Rule, as announced in the last Article of Faith.

Questions on the Lesson.

Recitation of Article Thirteen.

What is meant when we say we believe in being honest?

Relate an incident about honesty.

What is your opinion about the value of truth?

What is benevolence?

What do we mean when we say we believe "in doing good to all men?"

We believe that our Church is the true Church and therefore the best Church. How do we prove that we are willing that all men should enjoy its blessings?

How have we proved that we are willing to endure all things?

What are we doing that proves we are sincere in saying that we seek after all good things? (The building of Temples, churches, schools; the establishment of beautiful cities; libraries; the encouragement of fine arts, music, etc.)

What are some of the ways in which the life of our Savior is a constant example to us?

How would you consider the Prophet Joseph Smith as a good example?

We are members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. What kind of examples should we set to the world?

How will a good understanding of the Articles of Faith help us to set a good example?

LESSON FORTY-SEVEN.

Christmas.

Aim—Let no man seek his own, but each his neighbor's good.—I Cor. 10: 24.

Development of Lesson Forty-seven.

From back numbers of *The Children's Friend* or the next issue or any other source, make up a program in honor of Christmas Day. Be sure to include the story of the birth of the Savior. Have as many as possible of the members of your class taking part.

LESSON FORTY-EIGHT.

Reviews.

Aim—The more you practice what you know, the more shall you know what to practice.—W. Jenkin.

Development of Lesson Forty-eight.

Read carefully lecture one of *The Articles of Faith*, up to paragraph nine, and prepare a talk on the value of understanding the principles of our religion. Read also *Lectures nineteen and twenty* and explain the aim of all true Saints. Take each one of the *Articles of Faith* and help the class to give brief explanations of them.

If any of your class are old enough to be promoted into the *Mutual Associations* have some sort of special program in their honor.

TELL HIM SO!

If you hear a kind word spoken
Of some worthy soul you know,
It may fill his heart with sunshine
If you only tell him so.

If a deed, however humble,
Helps you on your way to go,
Seek the one whose hand has helped you,
Seek him out, and tell him so!

If your heart is touched and tender
Toward a sinner, howe'er low,
It might help him to do better
If you'd only tell him so!

Oh, my sisters, oh, my brothers,
As o'er life's rough path you go,
If God's love has saved and kept you,
Do not fail to tell men so!

—L. K. W.





STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. IX.

DECEMBER, 1910.

No. 12.

THE SON OF GOD BECAME MAN THAT WE MAY BECOME
PARTAKERS OF THE DIVINE NATURE.

Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Unto us a Child is born,
Unto us a Son is given,
God Himself comes down from Heaven;
Sing, O Sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ today is born.

God of God, and Light of light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
Sing, O Sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ today is born.

God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by Him to the skies;
Christ is Son of man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, O Sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ today is born.

—C. Wadsworth, 1862.

CHRISTMAS WITH AUNT BELINDA.

"Who is that funny-looking letter from, I wonder?" observed Mary Hilton as she handed her mother a large, faintly pink envelope with a flowery border, inscribed in an extremely careful hand on pin-scratched lines.

Mrs. Hilton broke the seal and took out a sheet of pink paper, also flower-wreathed. "It is from Aunt Belinda Haines," she announced, after reading a few lines of the very careful writing, "and she wants us all to spend Christmas with her if we haven't made other arrangements. She writes as if she wants us very much indeed."

Mary Hilton looked at her sister Johanna and laughed blithely. Fifteen-year-old Tom said: "Aunt Belinda must be dreaming to think we want to give up all sorts of real fun to go off to a poky old house in the backwoods with only two dull old folks to make Christmas lively. I guess she's getting a little childish," he added, commiseratingly.

Mrs. Hilton read a brief extract from the letter in a voice that gave the written words peculiar weight. "I always did enjoy young folks' company the very best kind," the letter ran, "especially Christmas times. I ain't had a real Christmas party since Emmeline's folks moved to Canada eighteen years ago, and would be dreadful pleased to have one this year. I expect you all have better places to go to, so don't think I'll be disappointed if you can't come. I'm just writing this in case you ain't made no particular plans. I would love to have you come on Christmas Eve day and stay as long as you could."

"No Aunt Belinda for me," said Tom, emphatically. "Mary and Jo can go, and welcome."

"Thank you," said Jo, crisply. "We're no more anxious to spend a dull Christmas than you are, Tom Hilton."

"So you think you can't give Aunt Belinda a Christmas pleasure?" Mrs. Hilton asked, in a voice that made the three young people look questioningly at her pleasant face.

"You didn't s'pose we'd take to such a dead-and-alive proposition as that, did you, mother?" exclaimed Tom, incredulously.

"For a moment I really thought you might," was the unexpected answer. "And do you know, children, it occurred to me while reading that letter that we could take the three Rawsons with us out to Aunt Belinda's and give them a real happy holiday. Aunt Belinda, you know, would be only too delighted to have six young guests instead of three. Think what it would mean to the Rawsons."

"Why should we go out of our way for the Rawsons?" Tom asked, in a not very friendly tone. "They are not special friends of ours."

"I have grown to consider them so since their mother died," Mrs. Hilton confessed. "You see, Tom, they are in such dire need of 'special friends'—orphaned and poor and living with a grim old aunt who never liked nor understood children, who finds it a great burden to provide a living for three extra persons by her arduous dressmaking. I dare say

she doesn't mistreat her charges, for she is too conscientious to be actually cruel, but she doesn't make it homelike and pleasant for them because it isn't in her to do so."

"Bob Rawson runs enough errands for Miss Polly to pay for his keep," said Tom. "I guess they're not so badly off for folks not used to better living."

"They have a dull Christmas ahead of them," Mrs. Hilton went on, quietly. "Miss Polly says she can't afford any extra expenses this year on account of her recent sick spell which used up all her reserve fund. The moment I read Aunt Belinda's letter it came to me that it had been sent especially on account of the Rawsons."

Tom was not favorably impressed with his mother's way of reasoning. "A fellow can't be expected to give up the only real fun of the year for the sake of strangers," he remarked, decisively. "You surely don't expect it of us, mother?"

"I confess, Tom, that I did expect it just at first," Mrs. Hilton answered, straight-forwardly. "Or, rather, I hoped that you would be willing to give Aunt Belinda and the Rawsons a Christmas treat."

"Mother, how can you ask it?" exclaimed Jo, reproachfully.

"I don't ask it, my dear girl. I shall not try to persuade any of you against your will," was the gentle answer, as Mrs. Hilton laid aside the pink letter and took up an unfinished blouse of Mary's.

Tom glanced quickly, questioningly from one to the other of his sisters whom he seldom consulted on matters of the least importance, although he was, in general, quite considerate in his treatment of them. At fifteen one usually feels entirely able to dispense with sisterly judgment.

"What do you two say about it?" he asked, rather stiffly, after an uncomfortable pause.

"When mother expresses an opinion," said Mary, gravely, "it calls for careful consideration because there is always more in it than at first appears. Suppose we think the matter over and decide tomorrow?"

"O, well, Mary Hilton, if you want to give up all your Christmas fun and spoil things for the rest of us," Jo broke in, impetuously, but paused with a flush of shame as she caught Tom's keen glance.

Tom shrugged his sturdy shoulders. "I leave it with you, girls," said he with a sort of grim finality.

"And we'll leave it with mother," Mary added, with an appealing glance at Jo, whose vein of stubbornness often collided with her good impulses.

"Children!" exclaimed Mrs. Hilton, in a voice that said a great deal more than one would suppose could be infused in a single word.

Tom caught up his cap and strode toward the door. "I'll have to tell the boys I won't be home for Christmas, so that they won't be depending on me for anything special," he explained over his shoulder.

If the three Hiltons cherished any secret regrets about the giving up of their own Christmas plans, those same regrets had completely disappeared by the time the train stopped at Cedar Post on the twenty-

fourth of December, for by that time the concentrated delight of the Rawsons had taken possession of the entire party. A three-seated bob-sled took them swiftly to Aunt Belinda's front door, where she welcomed them with joy almost equal to that of the Rawsons.

"Land, I ain't had so much young company in I dunno when!" she exclaimed. "Go right in the settin' room where there's a big fire blazin' away. Cousin Phineas is here. I never was so s'prised in my life as when he walked in last night, 'cause we all thought he died out West years ago. He's been gone upward of twenty years an' his last letter come jest 'fore his ma died, eight years ago. He says he didn't think any of the rest of us cared about hearin' from him. I am dreadful pleased to have him here for Christmas."

Cousin Phineas proved to be so very entertaining to the young folks that they found it very difficult to tear themselves away at bedtime, especially as Aunt Belinda was inclined to let them sit up as long as they pleased.

"'Tain't a good idee to set up late on Christmas Eve," said Cousin Phineas, gravely, "'cause sometimes Santy Claus gits around early, and if he was to find a passel of young folks spyin' on him, like as not he'd git pestered an' leave quick. My advice is to give him a clear coast. There'll be lots of time for stories, seein' that you're goin' to stay two more days."

"That advice had the desired effect, although neither Tom nor Bob believed in Santa Claus.

"You needn't bother to hang up your stockin' I guess," Cousin Phineas called after his young friends, "for when there is a tree about Santy Claus prefers it to stockin's—though he might make an exception in your favor seein' you're all such likely young folks. I rec'lect one Christmas way off in a lonely little mountain cabin, with hungry bears nosin' about—but never mind, I'll tell that story tomorrow. Good night, all."

At breakfast on the following morning, which was crisp and bright and cold, Cousin Phineas announced that he had an errand on hand at a six-mile-distance town where an old friend lived whom he wanted to wish a "Merry Christmas," and "wondered if anyone wanted to go along. Six eager young folks immediately scampered away for their wraps while Aunt Belinda got together an armful of comfortables for lap robes.

"Be sure you fetch 'em all back by one o'clock sharp, Cousin Phineas," Aunt Belinda admonished, "'cause that's the time we've set for dinner, which will spoil if it's kept stewin' in a hot oven."

"You'll see us back on the minute!" Cousin Phineas promised.

At exactly ten minutes of one there was a great stamping of feet on the front piazza. Dinner followed promptly to be succeeded by the lighting of the tree that had stood behind mysteriously locked doors since the day that Aunt Belinda received Mrs. Hilton's letter of acceptance. It was a very large, beautiful tree, ornamented in a home fashion and hung with homely gifts with which everyone was entirely

pleased, especially the Rawsons, who were used to few pleasures and still fewer gifts. The afternoon passed quickly and happily; supper time came, and then the promised story-telling hour when Cousin Phineas laid away his old black pipe as the young folks drew their chairs in a circle around him, and cleared his throat in a portentous fashion.

"Please begin with the Christmas you spent among the bears," Tom requested.

"Very well, then. It was four years ago this very Christmas," the genial old man began, "an' so cold you wouldn't believe it could git any colder. I was stayin' at a terrible lonely place way off among the Colorado hills, where me an' my business partners aimed to start a big scheme as soon as spring opened up. There was a narrow gauge track that led to the main railway ten miles away, an' a telegraph wire that connected with the town where my partner lived, which was about forty miles farther south. We was very anxious to have everything in workin' shape by spring because we had a rousin' big contract on hand, an' every time there was any kind of a chance to run the engine my partners would send up a consignment of lumber or machinery an' I'd hustle around an' set it up in the sheds, ready for use. I knowed jest enough about telegraphin' to send down a few words like 'All O. K.' an' 'Stuff got here safe,' an' that was all we needed. It wouldn't have paid to a' kept hired labor for the little there was to do, but as I didn't have a thing on hand beside lookin' after my property it paid me to stay, of course.

"Well, the weather kept a gittin' colder an' colder 'long toward Christmas. By the twenty-second of December the road that led to my mountain cabin was piled that high with snow that nobody could a' found it unless they knowed every foot of land in that section, which I didn't, 'cause I'd always gone up on the tootin' little freight that carried our stuff up. I begun to git worried about provisions, for I hadn't laid in my Christmas rations on account of the stormy weather, but I didn't like to venture out just then, 'cause it looked like there'd be a blizzard along any minute. I wired down to my partner's office to tell 'em how I was fixed, but to my dismay I didn't git no answer. Six times that day I tried to call 'em up an' failed. The next day I wired again an' still no answer come, by which I suspected that the telegraph poles had got knocked down somewhere along the road by a snowslide. I made up my mind to foot it down to the station in spite of the shoulder-high drifts that I knew I'd have to wade through, so I got my gun ready an' started, keeping a pretty close watch for the bears, which had got so hungry they didn't scare worth a cent.

"I'd got about a quarter of a mile down the hillside when fust thing I knowed I dropped into a holler place that mighty nigh swallowed me up teetotally. I must have fainted for when I woke up it was close to noon an' I was that stiff an' sore I couldn't hardly pull myself out of that hole, by reason that my leg was broke just below the knee. I tell

you I had a bad night of it that one time! I tried once more to call up my partners in pure desperation, then I set my broken bone as well as I could, tied a splint to it, an' laid down to wait for the good Lord to send help by some miracle or other. After it got dark I heard the hungry bears scratchin' an' blowing around the kitchen door on account of the bit of bacon that they could smell. Every now an' then they'd give the door a rattlin' strong wrench an' growl like they was good an' mad at bein' kept out in the cold. You jest don't know how lonesome it made me feel.

"The mornin' of Christmas Eve day brought a snowstorm such as I wouldn't like to see agin. The sky was so dark an' the snow fell so thick an' fast I couldn't hardly see a hand before me in my little cabin, for the one window didn't let in no more light than a keyhole of a bright day. I felt pretty mean I can tell you, an' my leg was that sore I couldn't bear the weight of the bedclothes on it, so I got up an' set by the window, before which a gray movin' blanket seemed to hang. I knew I couldn't expect anyone to pass my way for weeks as the road would be impassable. My partners wouldn't worry about me as they likely thought I'd gone off somewhere to spend Christmas, for I felt pretty sure they'd tried to reach me by wire an' laid the failure to my bein' absent. I kept sayin' to myself that I warn't in no danger, 'cause the bears couldn't git in, an' there was enough grub on hand to last a week by bein' very careful; but no matter how I thought I couldn't help gittin' lonelier an' lonelier every hour. By Christmas morn it did look like I couldn't stand it no longer. How I prayed for help of some sort!

"The mornin' passed somehow, an' the sky cleared, but the cold was bitter, bitter! I had used up my last stick of wood an' was thinkin' of breakin' up a kitchen chair to keep the fire goin' when all of a sudden there was a scramblin' sort of knock on my door which I knowed had nothin' to do with the bears. I crawled over and unbarred the door, and there, in the shoulder-high snow, stood a man who was so clean tuckered out he jest barely made out to stagger in and drop in a chair. How do you s'pose I felt? Why, I forgot all about my achin' leg, and hopped about gittin' the man something hot to eat an' drink, an' by the time he got warmed up with coffee an' food he'd got back enough strength to tell me what brung him to my cabin. What do you s'pose his errand was? Why nothing at all but pure Christian goodness. I'd never laid eyes on him before an' didn't know a thing about him, nor he about me, but happened to be at the junction, ten miles away, when my partners wired to find out if anyone had seen me. They wanted to know if someone wouldn't go up to my cabin to see if anything was wrong, jest to ease their mind, but the station folks wired back that there wasn't anybody willin' to make that trip in such weather an' they guessed I wasn't hurtin' anyhow. That's what brung the stranger up in weather that would daunt the toughest of men, 'cause something told him I was in some kind of trouble, and he felt it his duty to help me.

"He was the best an' kindest man I ever knowed. Nathaniel Rawson was his name an' he was from—"

"Why that was my father!" cried Bob Rawson, in a surprised voice.

"What? Your pa?" Cousin Phineas exclaimed, in blank astonishment. "Ain't you mistaken? What year was he out West, an' where was he at?"

"He was in Colorado four years ago, the winter before he died," Bob answered.

"What did your pa look like?" Cousin Phineas wanted to know. His thin old face had taken on a dim glow and his eyes looked large and bright.

"Father was tall and very straight, and he had blue eyes and black hair. He was awfully kind and good," said Bob, wistfully.

"Nathaniel Rawson was jest that cut of a man. Then it must a' been your pa," Cousin Phineas declared in an awed voice. "I rec'lect he often spoke of his children though he never called none of 'em by name. Said he wanted to make a home out West for his family. Well, well! So that good, pleasant man was your pa! I can't hardly believe it. I've tried an' tried to git some trace of him but never could find out what become of him after he left Denver. You see, I made up my mind that Christmas when he done so much for me that I'd put him in the way of makin' a good livin' as soon as my property could be put in workin' order, but I didn't say anything about it 'cause I wasn't real sure of how things would turn out, as there was a little bit of a hitch in the deed which *might* give us trouble before we could straighten it out. I fully intended to give him the head place on the job, but before I got things in workin' order I lost track of your pa. The last thing I heard of him he'd took a dreadful cold from bein' exposed to a blizzard, an' had went to Denver to be doctored. He must a' went home from there."

"He died out there," said Bob, gravely.

"He did? I'm terrible sorry to hear it. He sure was the best man ever I met in my life, an' I'd a' done anything to have eased his last hours. Now that I've found his children, I'm going to keep my word in his behalf. You'll see! I've laid up a tidy little sum that wants investin' in a nice big farm somewhere close to these parts, where I can sell eggs an' butter an' poultry to the summer hotels. An' I'll want some chipper young folks to help me run things. Nobody could suit me better'n Nathaniel Rawson's children. I know they're a good deal like their pa for they couldn't help bein' good with such a man for a father. I know, now, why I took such a fancy to you right off, Bob—'cause you remind me of your pa. What do you all say? Are you willin' to live on a farm an' have me for a guardian! I'll promise you lots of work an' good, healthy fun, as well as schoolin' an' other things that growin' children need."

Were they willing? It was impossible for them to express their brimming delight over the wonderful prospect, so they said nothing at all until Bob bethought himself of his grim old aunt.

"Aunt Polly would be alone if we went with you," he said, in a regretful voice that contrasted oddly with his glowing face. "She dressmakes and takes care of us, you know."

"What's to hinder her from takin' care of you on a farm without dressmaking?" Cousin Phineas wanted to know. "Tell you what I'd better do—go home with you an' tell Aunt Polly how the land lies. After that we can go ahead in earnest. Yes, that's jest what I'll do. My soul, ain't this been a satisfying Christmas, though!"

That, in substance, was the composite opinion of the Hiltons as they turned happily homeward the day after Christmas. "I guess mothers generally know what they're about," was Tom's final summing up of the situation.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A hundred years ago, my dear,
 The air was just as fresh and clear
 As sweet-toned birds which now we hear,
 A hundred years ago.
 Oh, then the children were so dear
 And just as naughty, too, I fear!
 But coats and gowns were strangely queer,
 A hundred years ago.

A hundred years ago today
 What do you think they loved to play,
 "Hide-and-go-seek" or "pull away?"
 And did they fishing go?
 Or did they willingly obey
 When raindrops fell and skies were gray,
 If in-doors they were told to stay,
 A hundred years ago?

A hundred years ago, 'tis true,
 Seems very far away to you.
 But sands of time are slipping through
 As our years come and go.
 And soon beneath these skies of blue,
 Dear little children much like you,
 Will wonder what you used to do
 A hundred years ago.

—Selected.

HOW THE GIRLS HELPED.

A business man who had met with reverses passed through a trying year. At every turn failure stared him in the face. Every curtailment possible was made, and he weathered the storm, after protracted anxieties which sprinkled his hair with gray. After the crisis was over, a friend expressed his sympathy for the ordeal through which he had passed, and admitted that he was surprised that he had kept up his courage so long.

"I should have given up but for one thing," the other answered. "The attitude of my family kept heart in me. You know my girls are just at an age when money means a great deal. They stopped their music and painting lessons, without a murmur. They wore their last year's gowns and retrimmed their last year's hats, and nothing in their manner indicated that they looked at it as a hardship. All the servants were dismissed and the girls took hold of the work of the house as if it had been play.

When I came home to dinner at night, I was expected to pass judgment on Mary's biscuits or Ellen's coffee. They made mistakes and turned them to account in keeping up my spirits, and sometimes, after my hardest days, I have laughed till the tears came over Lelia's account of how she cut both sleeves of her shirt waist for the same arm, and her difficulties in getting them adjusted.

"Yes, the crisis is over and we have smooth sailing again. But that is actually less of a comfort to me than the thought of the gallant way my girls stood by me in that year of trial. It was the 'silver lining to the cloud.'"—*Young People's World*.

A SURPRISE FOR MOTHER.

You girls know how much more you enjoy pleasant things if they come unexpectedly. The glad little surprises of the week are the things which brighten and sweeten it, and which you remember after you have entirely forgotten the anticipated pleasures. And this is as true of mother as of yourself. Just remember how she is all the time planning for the happiness of others, and how few of her pleasures are unlooked-for. Put on your thinking-cap, and see if you cannot contrive some little surprise for her. Take her off her guard some day by putting a new pincushion in the place of the shabby one on the dresser, or by having supper ready when she comes hurrying home expecting to be obliged to get it herself. The look of wonder in her eyes and the smile upon her lips will make a picture you will be glad to keep in memory.—*Selected*.

THE WORLD AS A LOOKING-GLASS.

"The world is a looking-glass," once wrote a great writer. "Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you. Laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion."

There is a good deal of truth in these words, for it depends very much upon how we look at things as to how they seem to us. A boy or a girl who is cross is apt to think that everybody else is cross, too, while one who is pleasant and agreeable will find other people are happy and good-natured, too.

Of course, there are exceptions to every rule, and sometimes we meet with people who are disagreeable, no matter how hard we try to please them. Usually it is true that if we look into the world with a pleasant face, we find that things look pleasant to us, but if we look around us with a sour, disagreeable face, we shall find that things look unpleasant, too.

Let us remember that the world is very much as we make it ourselves. It is full of sadness, if our hearts are sorrowful, but if our hearts are filled with gladness, we shall find it full of joy.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

LUCK.

The boy who's always wishing
That this or that might be,
But never tries his mettle,
Is the boy that's bound to see
His plans all come to failure,
His hopes end in defeat;
For that's what comes when wishing
And working fail to meet.

The luck that I believe in
Is that which comes with work,
And no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and shirk,
The men the world calls "lucky"
Will tell you, every one,
That success comes, not with wishing,
But by hard work bravely done.
—The Round Table.

INDOLENCE.

A young man, whose early training had been neglected, and his advantages for education limited, found himself at the age of twenty-two occupying the lowest position in a wholesale house of Salt Lake City—that of porter—at a salary of three hundred dollars a year. He had

been indolent and this more than anything else had brought him down to his low position. At fifteen he attempted to learn a trade, and the early hour at which he was required to be at his work, and the steady industry, running from ten to twelve hours a day, which was demanded, was more than he would submit to; so after a short trial he gave up the effort.

Unfortunately for him, he had a father upon whom he could lean. Not a rich father, but one in humble circumstances, and one who earned only enough to keep his family from cold and hunger. From the workshop, where he could have learned a useful trade, he went into a store. But as no salary was to be paid until the beginning of the second year, he soon got tired, as he said, working for nothing, and left a situation which might have secured him his good fortune.

So it went on for a number of years. Finally his father was stricken down with a disease which soon ended his life. Now, the boy was left to stand alone and make his way in the world the best he could.

What could he do? There were his aged mother and several sisters who were younger than he, depending upon him for support. He could not and would not desert them. But where could he obtain a position, as he was ignorant of figures and could not write a legible hand? He came to Ogden and succeeded in getting a position at Scowcroft's warehouse. When he commenced this work, he said to himself, "I'll go to night school, and gain a better knowledge of letters and figures."

This was only a temporary condition at first. On reaching home at night, he felt weary of the day's work, and lounged through the evening, or spent the night with companions who were idle and aimless.

He finally took new courage and started to school. This helped him in the position he now occupied and he soon found out that he could not get along without a little education.

One day the shipping clerk of the firm became ill. A member of the firm who had been watching the porter's action said to him, "James do you think that you could attend to the shipment of goods today?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt answer.

"Very well. We will get someone to do your work today, and we'll make you shipping clerk, *protempore*."

When the shipping clerk returned he was given more close attention and it was found that he did not attend to the business the way he should; so one day an error was found in the shipment of goods. He was called to account for it. He spoke in angry tones to the manager and was soon discharged. The porter was raised to the vacant post, and his salary increased to five hundred dollars.

He held the place of shipping clerk for two years. Then a higher position, was made vacant, in consequence of the indolent habits of a clerk, and he was again promoted.

And so he continued to rise from one position to another, until, from chief and confidential clerk he became a member of the firm. He

is now a man of large fortune, all of which he owes to a resolute character, by which he overcame early defects and bad habits, not the least of which was indolence.—Pearl Smuin—'08.—Student Weber Stake Academy.

IN LIFE'S RIGHT WAY.

The boy who knows not what to do,
God pity him, I say,
And may some hand slip over his,
To lead him life's right way.

The boy who does know what to do,
And will not, then I say:
"What power in heaven above or earth
Can lead him life's right way?"

Oh, boys who know and will not do,
God pity you, I say;
And bless the boy who follows on,
When led in life's right way.
—Exchange.

PARTIES AND GAMES

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

A HOLLY AND MISTLETOE GAME.

Have prepared red and green streamers about two inches in width and two yards long. These may be either ribbon or strips of crepe paper or cheese cloth. One child who plays the leader stands in the center of the room holding the streamers. The rest of the children form a circle and each takes hold of one end of one of the streamers; the colors must alternate, the red representing the holly and the green the mistletoe. When all are in place the streamers form the spokes of a wheel the leader being the hub. The game is developed this way: When the leader calls, "All holly let go" they must hold on tight, while the mistletoe drop their streamers; and when the command is "Let go mistletoe," the hollies must obey. Change in the direction may be made by commanding that the streamers be raised or lowered. The ones who fail to do the reverse of the command are required to pay a forfeit, recite, sing, draw a picture, or do some amusing "stunt." Paying the penalties may be made a very entertaining part of the fun.

PEANUT PARTY.

Peanut parties are always enjoyable and easy to prepare. On the invitations fasten a peanut shell, or have a string of peanuts painted on the card in water colors. Have a generous supply of peanuts concealed in the rooms, in every spot imaginable, behind pictures, under rugs, or window sills, etc.

When the guests have arrived, give each one a silk bag or paper sack and let the hunt begin, each one for himself. After a half-hour call time and count the spoils, awarding a prize of a box of salted peanuts for the greatest number, and a bag of unshelled nuts for the smallest lot.

Next, provide some peanuts, toothpicks, pen and ink, tissue paper, and gum, and allow ten minutes for the making of a doll. The result will be most amusing. Serve peanut sandwiches, salted peanuts, peanut candy, and ice-cream with peanuts in it. Write quotations and place inside peanut shells, one for each guest.

Decorate the table with peanuts strung like popcorn and arranged over the cloth in fanciful designs.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHILDREN.

What would Christmas be without the children?

This of late has been my constant thought,
As on tiny hoods and scarfs and mittens
Ceaselessly my willing fingers wrought.

What would Christmas be, again I ask you,
Should you miss that loving, warm embrace,
When a white-robed figure breaks your slumbers,
Shouting "Merry Christmas" in your face?

Think of Christmas tree without a dolly
Think of stockings all of No. 10.
Hanging side by side beneath the chimney,
Think you Santa Claus would visit them?

Think what dearth of innocent enjoyment,
Think what barrenness of joy and mirth,
Think what desolation would be ours,
Were the children banished from the earth.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Let us, then, bring smiles to their dear faces,
 Let us see their laps with treasures piled,
 Let us think of One who, loving others,
 Came to earth and dwelt a little child.

—Isabelle H. Fitz.

READING ALOUD.

The season of the shortest days and longest evenings has come, and the leisure hours which are always given so largely to outdoor recreation during the summer will now be devoted more to indoor reading.

The occasion seems a fitting one to say a word on behalf of a practice never so popular as it ought to be, and perhaps somewhat less followed now than in former times: the practice of reading aloud.

The habit, like mercy, blesses him that gives and him that takes. To read to one's self is often to be satisfied with a knowledge of words as they appear to the eye. To read aloud is to acquire also a knowledge of words as they sound. There is nothing which will so surely correct mispronunciation. Nearly every reader will recall words which he has long known by sight, but with which he has never taken the trouble to acquire a speaking acquaintance. While he reads only to himself he can slur them over or give them some makeshift pronunciation, which serves to identify them and saves the trouble of consulting the dictionary. But let him adopt the practice of reading aloud, and sooner or later some of these old verbal acquaintances will meet him face to face, to reproach him with his neglect and shame him with his ignorance of their names.

In the cultivation of the voice lies a further recommendation. The practice of reading aloud brings increased vocal power and tends to establish the habit of an agreeable inflection and a distinct enunciation.

Lastly, it makes the other members of the family partners in the pleasure and mental stimulus. It is not alone the reader who is enriched. The tired mother, busy with her mending, is borne into far, strange lands. The stirring scenes of history or fiction march before her, and while she works she is also uplifted and refreshed.

It is one of those games at which "any number can play," and in which the pleasure increases as the circle of players widens.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Tenderly dedicated to the children of the First Ward Primary Association of Provo, Utah Stake, by Sister Laura Young Foote.

Holy Jesus! tender Shepherd!
 I thy little lamb would be
 Let me seek thy heavenly presence
 Be thou ever near to me.

CHORUS.

Lead me on, oh! Blessed Shepherd,
To thy pastures green and sweet.
In the paths of truth and honor,
Keep Thou, Lord, my little feet.

By the precepts thou hast given
I my future life would mold
Grant, O Lord, my feet may never
Stray without thy loving fold.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

CHRISTMAS.

An interesting procedure would be to announce to the members of the association, about a month before Christmas, that the officers would like everyone to write a composition in which shall be stated, in the writer's own language, for what she thinks Christmas stands. The children, young and old, should be urged to tell frankly and truly just what their own opinion is concerning Christmas. It may be a revelation to some who instruct our young people to get a glimpse of what is in their minds concerning the anniversary of the birth of Christ. Of course, if the teachers give the pupils an inkling of what they expect to have written, the young people will write just about what they think will meet the teachers' expectations. If, on the other hand, they are given to understand that the desire is that they tell in their own way just what they think Christmas stands for, and what they believe ought to be done on that day, there will be revelations made that will surprise those who think their children know just what Christmas means. The approach of the advent season offers a golden opportunity for instructing the children concerning the meaning of Christmas, and of training them in what they ought to do at that season. Should this opportunity be improved this year, and should the association continue to embrace similar opportunities as the years roll on, it will not take long to develop a number who are well instructed concerning the meaning of Christmas, and who, because of their training, are prepared to live up to what they know. The writer is well aware of the difficulties that stand in the way of this instruction and training, but notwithstanding those difficul-

ties is of the opinion that a beginning should be made in the direction indicated, and that the effort should be carried on. While on earth the Master taught us that nothing can take the place of love. He showed His disciples that true religion consists in love to God and love to fellow-men. In this teaching we have a means of testing our observance of Christmas. If what we do is prompted by love, it is in accord with the spirit of Jesus Christ; if it is prompted by selfishness, whatever the form of selfishness may be, it is not in accord with the spirit of Jesus Christ, and, therefore, ought not to have any place in connection with the Christmas services. It is this thought of honoring Christ by doing as He would do, that underlies so much of the modern teaching concerning the value of giving rather than receiving at Christmas time. Just where to begin with our instruction is a difficult matter, for in order to lay the proper foundations for the superstructure which we wish to build, we must know what is in the mind of the one to be instructed. Hence, the value of giving an expression such as is suggested in the first paragraph of this article. Knowing the childrens' idea of what is in accordance with the spirit of the day, the teacher may take that as a starting point and go on and give the proper instruction. Of course, if the teacher's own views are not correct, or if she is willing to lay aside her convictions in deference to public opinion, she will not be able to give the proper instruction. Hence, she should begin with herself, and very seriously and prayerfully answer the question: What does Christmas mean? Then quietly, but persistently, she may begin and continue to instruct the young people under her care. So strong will be the current of sentiment against her that she may make little headway at first, but after awhile her teaching will bear fruitage.

Santa Claus and what shall we say of this jolly old pagan saint? Surely there can be no objection to him with his snowy white beard, his reindeer, and his gifts! Certainly not, if he does not usurp the place of Christ, whose birthday those who have named His name are supposed to be celebrating. It is a fair question: Why should more attention be paid to Santa Claus than to Christ? If this is going a little too far, another question might receive attention: Why should Santa Claus be so exalted at the anniversary of the Savior's birth that many of the little children think more of him than they do of the Christ?

These two questions will suggest others which have been heard frequently, and which have been propounded with much conviction on the part of those who think they are honoring Christ, while they are really honoring Santa Claus. Most people give up the attempt of rendering honor where honor is due and say, "Well, go ahead, let us have our Santa Claus. Thus has it been going on for year after year and decade after decade until if an angel were to come into our midst at Christmas-tide he would see or hear very little that would prove to him that we are honoring Him whom we hold, in theory at least, to be our Lord and Master, and in whose honor we are supposed to be celebrating Christmas time.—Selected.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

For Rest Exercises and Motion Songs:

Finger Plays by Poulsson.

Songs of the Child World by Riley and Gaynor.

For Supplementary Stories:

For the Children's Hour by Bailey and Lewis.

Household Stories by Klingensmith.

How to Tell Stories, by Bryant.

Stories to Tell, by Bryant.

Mother Stories, by Lindsay.

More Mother Stories, by Lindsay.

Note:—The Lessons in this grade, for the year 1911, will be based on memory gems developed in about the same manner as for the year 1910. The children in this grade are very young and their experiences quite limited so it is necessary to urge again the importance of variety. Very short talks and stories with rest exercises, games and songs interspersed are best, so that the little ones are kept interested and not expected to keep quiet or still for any extended period.

It is considered advisable to use but one memory gem for the four lessons given each month. The songs and stories as far as possible should all possess the thought expressed in the memory gem. To save space and repetition the development of one lesson only will be given in detail.

The development of the lessons are not arbitrary and may be modified to suit conditions.

LESSON ONE.

Memory Gem for Month:

"Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do in work or play,
To grow more loving every day."

Development of Lessons:

March song to find places. "Marching Song," from Songs of the Child World, No. 1. No. 22.

Song: "Jesus Once was a Little Child." The Primary Song Book, No. 16.

Prayer to be repeated in concert:

Father in heaven, help Thy little children

To love and serve Thee throughout this day;

Help us to be truthful, help us to be kindly,

That we may please Thee in all we do or say.

—Kindergarten Chimes, by Wiggin.

Song, "The Little New Year." The Primary Song Book, No. 41.
Recitation of memory gem.

Motion Song, "The Little Men," Poulsson's, Finger Plays.

Recitation by teacher of "The Boy Who Laughs."

Short talk based on above recitation.

Song, "Little Lispers." Primary Song Book, No. 80.

Story, "How Duke Dascombe Helped."

Short talk about story.

Game, "The Queer Old Man." Swedish Song Plays.

Closing song and benediction.

Recitation: "The Boy Who Laughs."

I know a funny little boy,
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes,
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

Let us resolve, through all the year
Which now has just begun,
Like him to turn, with hope and cheer,
Our troubles into fun.

—Selected.

Story: "How Duke Dascombe Helped."

Duke certainly looked his name. Dogs often do. But a more regal-looking creature than Duke Dascombe is seldom seen. I suppose that is the reason he never was called by his first name only. "There is but one Duke Dascombe, and duke knows it as well as we do," his little twin owners would proudly affirm.

Mark and Hugh owned the dog together; and strange as it may seem, they never quarreled over the ownership. What Duke did for one boy he would just as readily do for the other, and the boys knew it.

Now to be twins and to be born on New Year's Day was considered by their mother distinction enough to warrant a party on this, their fifth birthday. It was not Duke's birthday, but he had to be there just the same, and on the morning of this eventful day an amusing incident took place.

"Duke wants to be washed, mother. See him!" cried Hugh. The dog stationed himself beside a large tub out in the shed which was used only for the purpose of making his pure white hair coat a shade whiter, if possible, and said in his dog language "Fix me up for the party."

He paced back and forth with quiet dignity while his bath tub was being filled, and without waiting for the usual signal, with a quick bark of delight he waded in.

The twins usually took turns at washing his dogship, but today, Duke was not satisfied until both took a hand at his toilet. And when, at last, he stepped out of the water the snow outside was not whiter.

"Let's have Duke Dascombe for usher," Mark suggested, as he tied a wide, blue satin ribbon to his collar. "You can do it, can't you, Duke Dascombe?" Mark queried.

"Of course, I can!" Duke's very dignified bark seemed to say. From that time on, nothing could urge him away from the front door, and at the first ring of the bell he was alert and watchful.

The children's mother had arranged for the little boys to receive their guests in the parlor, which had been prettily decorated for the occasion with ferns and flowers. Mark and Hugh stood in the middle of the room and received their little friends very gracefully.

Although it was the twins' party, it was Duke Dascombe who received most of the attention. Never did a dog wear his honors more regally. He had a trick of taking a visitor's dress, or coat, daintily in his mouth and escorting the individual to a seat, and on this day the trick served him well.

As the children arrived Duke nipped some portion of their attire between his teeth, and with stately grace ushered them into the presence of the two little hosts waiting to receive them. Then back to the door for the next arrival. He did not run in a dog's hurried, eager way, but walked slowly along in a manner befitting the dignity of his position.

When luncheon was served it was Duke Dascombe who led the way into the dining room, and then happened the most amusing incident of the afternoon—the dog, quite unexpectedly, mounted a chair at the head of the table and beamed upon the company of assembled children in a very gracious manner, as if bidding them welcome to the daintily spread repast.

"Duke Dascombe knows more than some people do," asserted Robin Jordan, at the same time giving the dog's head a loving pat.

"I think we will have to call this Duke Dascombe's party, after all," the twins' mother observed. At which assertion the dog again surprised his friends by a quick bark of approval.

The twins were quite willing to share the honors with their pet, and no game during the afternoon of that happy, New Year's Day was considered complete in which Duke did not have a part.—Helen M. Richardson.

LESSON TWO.

Recitation: "Birdies' Breakfast."

Two little birdies, one wintry day,
Began to wonder and then to say,
"How about breakfast this wintry day?"
Two little maidens, that wintry day
Into the garden wended their way,
When the snow lay deep that wintry day.
One with a broom swept the snow away.
One scattered crumbs, then went to play,
And birdies had breakfast, that wintry day.

—R. Mack.

Story: "A Neighborly Wagon."

"It isn't snowy enough for a sled; it is just snowy enough for a wagon," Dicky-boy said, and he and Verna brought out the little, red express wagon, and the small brother climbed in. Away around the block they went, past the library and the church, and then something happened. A little girl, not

any larger than Verna, came along with her arms full of bundles, so many that she could hardly carry them. Somebody, the folks at home or at the grocery, must have counted wrong or they never would have expected such small arms to carry so much.

"Oh, dear!" said the little girl as she felt the packages slipping. Her hands were red with cold, her fingers were growing numb, and in a moment the bundles slipped again, and some of them went tumbling to the pavement. Out rolled some apples and potatoes, and then the poor little girl began to cry.

"Jump out, Dicky-boy! Jump out!" said Verna. "Now's the time to be kind to your neighbor, even if she isn't your neighbor and you don't know her name."

"Course, I will," answered Dicky-boy cheerily, and he and Verna began to help pick up apples and bundles and pile them into the wagon, till they soon had the tired little girl laughing. Then the two girls pulled the wagon and Dicky-boy pushed, and so an express load of groceries drew up at the house where the little stranger lived.

"I like you. I think you're good," she said shyly.

"Oh, we think it's fun!" answered Dicky-boy heartily. "When I get to be a man I mean to have a horse, and drive whole wagonloads of groceries for everybody. Good-by!"

And away homeward trundled the red wagon, with a little boy riding once more.—Ruth Cady.

LESSON THREE.

Recitation: "Golden Keys."

A bunch of golden keys is mine,
To make each day with gladness shine.

"Good-morning," that's the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.

When evening comes, "Good-night," I say,
And close the door of each glad day.

When at the table, "If you please"
I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give anything to me,
I use the little "Thank you" key.

"Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too,
When by mistake some harm I do.

Or, if unkindly harm I've given,
With "Forgive me," I shall be forgiven.

On a golden ring these keys I'll bind:
This is its motto, "Be ye kind."

I'll often use each golden key,
And then a child polite I'll be.

—Selected.

Story: "How Molly Did Not Help."

Molly gazed longingly out of the window. "My, what beautiful, beautiful white snow!" she said to herself. "I don't believe it will hurt me one bit, not one least little bit, to go out and play in it. I could wear my red

mittens, too, and I know grandmother will feed hurt if I don't wear them the very first snow there is."

Molly looked behind her. She could hear her mother moving about in the kitchen, but the door between them was shut so that mother couldn't see her. Then she looked out at the snow again. "Oh," she cried, "you poor little snowbird! You must be awfully cold out there; you'll be frozen soon. Mother won't mind a bit if I just run out and get you. She always says I must be kind to animals, so I am going to be kind to you, and bring you in here where it is nice and warm." Molly tiptoed very quietly over to the table where her mittens were kept. "Oh," she cried, "aren't they just lovely!" and she laid them against her cheek and gave herself a little shake of pure joy, and then she put them on. "You beautiful, beau-ti-ful red mittens!" she said, spreading out her hands and looking at them. "I don't believe you will come off on the snow one bit. Besides, all mittens should be everydáy ones, not just Sunday ones."

Molly tiptoed out into the hall, took down her hat and jacket from the peg on which they were kept, put them on, and then very softly opened the front door. She gave a little cry of delight when she found herself outside, and ran down the steps, quite forgetting to close the door behind her. She gathered up a handful of snow and began to make snowballs as fast as she could, till she had quite a pile lying beside her. She threw them one by one at the gatepost. Crash! Squash! Oh, wasn't it the greatest fun!

The snowbird sat on a bare branch of a tree near by and twittered gayly, as if he, too, were enjoying the fun. One snowball flew over the gate and just missed an old man who was passing. He glared angrily at Molly, but she didn't see him; she was busy making more balls. Her mittens were wet through, for the snow, like nearly all first falls, was a wet snow; but Molly didn't notice that, or that her boots were soaking, too.

"Now," she said as she rolled her tenth snowball and added it to her pile, "I will just make two more, and then when I have thrown them, I will catch the snowbird and go in."

Crash! Crash! Crash! Squash!

"Molly!"

Molly dropped her snowball and turned. There was mother standing in the doorway.

"Molly, come in this instant! You are a very naughty little girl," she went on as she closed the door behind them, "to go out when I told you not to go. You have probably made your cold worse, and will have to stay in bed for a week or two."

Molly was quickly undressed, put to bed and given a drink of hot lemonade. She did not have to stay in bed, as she ought to have done for being such a naughty girl, but she did spoil the beautiful red mittens which grandmother had sent her.—Margaret Erskine.

LESSON FOUR.

Recitation: "A Clock Poem."

"Sixty seconds make a minute;
How much good can I do in it?

Sixty minutes make an hour;
All the good that's in my power.

Twenty hours and four a day;
I'll have joy, I'll work, I'll pray.

Days three hundred and sixty-five
Make a year in which to strive.

Every moment, hour and day,
My dear Savior to obey."

Story: "How Little Boy Followed His Nose."

"What shall we do today," Robert asked at the breakfast table.

"Follow your noses?" suggested Uncle Edward.

A few minutes later Robert and Little Boy were sitting on the old wheelbarrow, making plans for the day.

"Follow our noses? That wouldn't be very hard," said Robert, pinching Little Boy's pug nose, and holding out his hand with the thumb peeping between two fingers: "there's yours, now follow it! Your nose turns up, and mine's straight. Now if we follow yours we have to fly, or climb a tree, or—"

"Oh, let's," interrupted Little Boy; "the old willow tree!"

Off they scampered. Little Boy was very fat and his legs were very short, but, with a boost from Robert and a mighty effort, he reached the lowest branch, and then it was easy. My, it was fun to crawl out on the slippery limbs, and wonder how much farther you could go without breaking them, and then to carefully crawl back to safety!

About noon, as Little Boy sat on the lowest branch, long since deserted by Robert, to whom the willow tree was an old story, his nose brought him another message. It was the smell of a savory stew!

"Follow your nose," Uncle Edward had said, and it didn't take the owner of the fat legs and the pug nose long to slide down a low branch and lower himself to the ground. Five minutes later he was eagerly eating a nice dish of "gravy meat," as he called it. How good it tasted! But the biggest appetite is at last satisfied, and Little Boy was soon looking round for new worlds to conquer.

"I smell gasoline!" said Little Boy's nose. "You'd better follow me and find the gasoline." Little Boy's mother often had warned the two boys about the gasoline can in the back yard, and told them how dangerous it was when brought near fire. But here was the smell right in the house. What could it be? Where did it come from?

Mother was upstairs lying down, happy in the thought that her children were all in the yard playing in the spring sunshine. Little Boy decided not to disturb her, but to investigate for himself. "My nose'll tell me where it is," he said to himself. And so it did! For there in the kitchen was Little Boy's little sister with a cloth covered with gasoline, right near the kitchen stove!

"Sister is cleaning house, just as mother," said the baby, smiling.

Yes, sister had found the gasoline can, right next to the oil can, which was used for the floors, and had decided to wet her little duster and go in and clean the floor, as she had seen her mother do. Little Boy's nose discovered her just in time!

When mother came down, and Little Boy told her all about it, she clasped both children in her arms and hugged them tight.

"I've just been following my nose all day, mother, as Uncle Edward said," Little Boy told her. But he didn't quite understand why mother should cry about it, or why Uncle Edward pulled his nose so kindly, or why father gave him a bright new quarter. He only knew that he had had a very happy day "following his nose."—Dorothy Sherburne.

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age.)

BIBLE STORIES.

Note:—The lessons in this grade for the year 1911 will be based on stories from the Bible. One memory gem will be given each month and it is desired that the teacher and class will thoroughly memorize it and have some understanding of its meaning. The lesson period must be varied so that the children will be interested as well as instructed. In addition to the books suggested for supplementary work for the First Grade the following will be found useful.

Child Stories from the Masters, by Menefee.

Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories and Half a Hundred Stories.

In the First Grade will be found a lesson in detail. If desired the same order may be used for Second Grade.

The Bible Stories, recitations and moral stories should be talked about and reviewed carefully.

LESSON ONE.

Memory Gem:

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.—Eccl. 9: 10.

Bible Story.—Noah and the Flood.—Genesis 6th, 7th and 8th chapters.

The teacher should read the account of Noah carefully and tell in simple language to the children. Develop the thought that is in the memory gem as you tell your story.

Recitation: "The Little New Year."

The little New Year comes over the hill
With treasures for you and me,
And Grandfather Year so old and so gray.
We never again shall see.

The little New Year takes out of his pack,
The treasures with tender care;
And these are the gifts he joyfully gives—
So priceless, so choice, so rare:

Three-hundred-and-sixty-five days for each,
And fifty-two weeks apiece;
Twelve beautiful months for everyone,
Nor yet, do the wonders cease!

For minutes, and hours, and small seconds, too,
Peep out of each slit and crack;
Such wonderful gifts for you and for me,
Come forth from that magic pack.

If none of these gifts we carelessly waste,
But count them as things most dear,
Then, over the hill, we'll welcome with joy
The next little glad New Year.

—Our Little Ones.

Story: "A New Year's Christmas Tree."

There it lay among the ashes by the river, in the city's dumping ground, a Christmas tree no longer, but only a part of the useless rubbish awaiting the floods to carry it downstream with the rest of the refuse of the great busy city.

Jack had come to the river bank with his little bucket to pick up here and there an occasional piece of coal that had been thrown among the ashes. Jack was only six, to be sure, but it was many a bucketful of coal his big, keen, bright eyes had discovered there on the dumping ground, and his nimble little fingers had gathered, and his sturdy little shoulders had carried up the steep bank to the cottage home at the top of the hill. But today there was to be no fooling about the coal. He must get a bucketful right away, for the little sister sick at home must not get chilled, the doctor said.

Mother had put the last of the coal on at noon, and said, as she emptied the last particle of dust from the bucket, "Jack, dear, when dinner is over you must hunt mother some coal. Father will be paid tomorrow, and when we pay for the last ton of coal the dealer will send us some more. So, bundle up, so the wind from the river will not chill you, take your bucket and go. Be sure not to play or loiter along the way, for the kindling, you know, is out as well as the coal, and once the fire goes down we will have trouble starting it up again."

Bessie called to him as he started with his bucket a half hour later: "Keep your eyes open for Christmas tree fixings, Jack. I'm going to commence and save up every little thing I can find for a Christmas tree until next winter. Laura Holt trimmed up a tree and when Santa Claus saw it he was so pleased he left a lot of things for her, but just because we hadn't hunted up the things and couldn't buy a tree Santa didn't come, you know."

"But, my dear, maybe Santa will stop on his way back to the north pole for New Year's Day," spoke the mother soothingly, to the little patient sitting propped in the one rocking chair by the kitchen fire. "I think he would likely know that father could not get his pay before New Year's Day and could not buy a tree, and most likely he will stop on his way back."

"But all the toys will be gone by that time, I'm afraid," said the little damsel in the rocking chair.

There it lay among the ashes by the river, a beautiful little Tamarack, as green and crisp as though waiting still for a visit from Santa and holding up its gaudy burden for his admiration. And what wonder that Jack forgot the coal for a minute or two.

"Look at that," he said to himself; "if I had found this before Christmas, Santa would never have passed our house. Guess I'll hurry as fast as lightning and pick this bucketful of coal then come down and get it; wash all the ashes off, and surprise sister. Won't she open her eyes, when she sees a beautiful Christmas tree standing by the front room window waiting for Santa to see when he goes back to the north pole on New Year's Day."

So Jack's little heels fairly flew as he kicked among the ash heaps and picked up here and there a piece of coal or a cinder that was not altogether burned out; in an hour he was back at the cottage with his bucket well filled.

"I'll go back for another bucketful, mother," he said, once his bucket was emptied.

Back in the dumping ground, the coal was again forgotten for a while as the little assistant to Santa Claus turned the bucket upside down, and sat upon it to think the matter over.

"Let's see," he said, "if I give the tree to sister and she has not all those fancy fixings for it, and Santa should not see it, as might easily happen, she will be more disappointed than ever. Guess I'd better 'tend to the matter all myself. New Year's will soon be here. Wednesday will be New Year's Day. Santa will be going back to the north pole, mother said, on Tuesday night. Today is Monday. I'll be ready for him Tuesday night. I'll let him

know how it is, 'bout father's pay, and I think he'll not expect so many of those glittering things hanging to the limbs. Any Santa Claus ought to smile just to see that pretty Tamarck, all washed off nice and clean, standing along the road to save him the trouble of getting out and hitching the reindeer while he lays out the gifts. Today's Monday. That tree is all safe down here among the rubbish. I'll pick the other bucket of coal and then tomorrow evening just before dark I'll get ready for Santa."

And so it happened early on New Year's Eve a symmetrical Tamarack suddenly appeared close to the roadside that led to the busy city. It was sparkling with drops of water, which were rapidly congealing into crystalline pendants as the evening grew colder. There was nothing of embellishment on the tree excepting a knot of much-used crimson ribbon which tied a sheet of very soiled paper to the limb of the tree that reached farthest out on the road.

"Hello, here! That tree seems to have grown up since I passed here this morning. My horse don't like that white fluttering from the limb nearest the road. Hustle along, Dandy, that's nothing to fear—hustle along, I say."

Dandy pranced, and the driver at last was compelled to lift the whip from its socket to get the trembling Dandy past the innocent little Tamarack by the road.

As the driver passed the tree he grabbed the little fluttering paper, and, not knowing why, pushed it among the packages of goods at the bottom of the buggy. On he went homeward. Dandy prancing more gayly as they came nearer and nearer the comfortable stall at the Madison farm.

"Here's the groceries, mother," called Mr. Madison as he brought the box in his arms to the big, bright kitchen.

Mrs. Madison lifted each package from the box and placed them in their respective receptacles in the kitchen.

"Why, husband, what's this?" she said, as she drew a much-crumpled and very dirty paper tied up in a much-used knot of crimson ribbon from the box.

They untied the carefully knotted ribbon, opened the paper and, after carefully pressing the wrinkle from the sheet, read:

Dear Santa:—If you have not used up all your Christmas gifts, just leave a few on this tree for Bessie. I wasn't so very sorry that you passed us by last week, because I'm a boy, you know, and don't get sorry. Father did not get his pay before Christmas and we could not get the tree nor the fix-in's. But this is a tree I got for nothin', for it was thrown away on the dumping ground, where I was picking coal to keep Bessie warm till after pay day. Mother said she thought that you would leave something on your way back to the north pole, 'cause that would be after pay day. If you have anything left over after you give Bessie all she wants, she's a girl and sick, you know, just put in a pair of skates to save my shoes. Slidin' wears off the soles faster than anything else, mother says.—**JACK SHAFER.**

"Well, husband, we must see that that little chap is not disappointed. Is Dandy tired out?"

"O, no, if you had seen him frisking along the road home you would not have thought so. When he's through with his supper we'll drive back and fix that tree up to the standard of Jack's ideas," he said, as he sat down to the steaming supper awaiting him.

When Jack had finished his work of washing the tree he slipped into the house, but the secret was too much for him.

When mother went into the other room, he whispered his secret into her ear. About midnight Jack awoke and slipped to his mother's bedside. His eyes were bright with excitement.

"What time does Santa go, mother? I think I heard something like reindeer feet clattering down the road," he whispered, softly, so that he might not awaken Bessie.

"Indeed, I don't know, dear, but we will peep out the front window to

the little tree. We can see, I think from here, for the moon is shining brightly."

Together they peered from the front room window and saw the little tree glittering in a thousand tints in the bright moonlight by the roadside.

"He's seen it all right, mother," excitedly exclaimed Jack.

The mother dressed, and with the thoroughly excited Jack crossed the road to the Tamarack.

Its limbs were bending almost to the earth with its load of gold and silver, green and blue, and red and violet spheres and cubes, candies of all sizes and shapes and colors, cookies cut in shapes of stars and animals, doughnuts hanging in festoons from limb to limb, crimson apples and golden oranges and pink pop corn balls and toys. And setting by the side of the tree was a great hamper filled with sausage, and eggs, and ham, and whatever might tempt the appetite of an invalid in the way of jellies and fruits. And back of it a box filled with games and gifts for boys and girls, and on the very top a pair of skates fastened to a stout pair of boy's shoes.

"Nothin' like never givin' up, is there, mother? See if we'd been mad at Santa 'cause he passed us by on Christmas, like as not we'd had no New Year's Christmas tree," said Jack as he sat down upon the box to measure the shoe to see if it would fit him. It was just his size.—Selected.

LESSON TWO.

Bible Story: Joseph in Potiphar's House.—Genesis 39.

Suggestions:

Review the last lesson and emphasize the thought of the memory gem. How did Noah do his best? How did Jack prove that he was very much in earnest? Did Mr. Madison put his heart in what he did for Jack and Bessie? Review briefly the first part of the life of Joseph, his home, brothers, sold into captivity and then because he did just as well as he could he found a good home with Potiphar.

Recitation: "The Secret of Success."

One day, in huckleberry time, when little Johnny Flails
And half a dozen other boys were starting with their pails
To gather berries, Johnny's pa, in talking with him, said,
That he could tell him how to pick so he'd come out ahead.

"First find your bush," said Johnny's pa, and then stick to it till
You've picked it clean, let those go-chasing about who will,
In search of better bushes; but it's picking tells, my son—
To look at fifty bushes doesn't count like picking one."

And Johnny did as he was told; and sure enough, he found,
By sticking to his bush while all the others chased around
In search of better picking, 'twas as his father said:
For, while all the others looked, he worked, and so came out ahead.

And Johnny recollected this when he became a man;
And first of all he laid him out a well-determined plan;
So, while the brilliant triflers failed with all their brains and push,
Wise, steady-going Johnny won by "sticking to his bush."

—St. Nicholas.

Story: "Fairly Earned."

Say, little one, you'll make a tiptop ball player with practice, but you ought to have a glove."

The boy's face flushed with pleasure at these words from the captain of the team.

"Of course, I ought to have a glove," he said to himself as he left the ball ground, "and I'm going to have it. I can't ask mother for it; she cannot afford it. I must earn the money, somehow."

"You are late tonight, Nelson," his mother said when he reached home.

"Yes, mother, I stopped to play ball a while, and the captain says I will make a good player with practice." The mother heard the thrill of pleasure that rang in his voice and responded: "Did he say that? Your father was a fine ball player, so of course you ought to be."

"O mother, did he have a catcher's glove?"

"Certainly he did."

"Do you know where it is? Perhaps I could use it."

"I'm sorry, but I found it only a few days ago in a box of things in the attic; the mice had a nest in the box and the glove was riddled with holes. I knew it would be of no use to anyone so I threw it out."

"That's too bad, for I have to have one if I can get it."

"Are they quite expensive?"

"About a dollar, I think. If I earn the money may I buy one, mother?"

"Yes, my boy. I wish I could get it for you."

"No, I don't want you to, I shall think a lot more of it if I get it myself. I'll see if I can find some work somewhere. Tomorrow is teachers' day for visiting schools, so I shall have Friday and Saturday. Hurrah! I'm off for something to do."

Half an hour later he came in. "Mother dear," he said, "I've found it!"

"So soon?" he asked. "What is it?"

"Wasn't I fortunate? I overtook Jasper, Mr. Stowe's hired man, and was running past him when he called, 'Well, now, Nelson, what's your hurry?' 'I'm looking for work,' I said. 'And I'm looking for a boy,' he said. I told him he needn't look any longer, but he said he was afraid I wasn't strong enough for his work; so I asked what it was. He is to get the ashes from the furnace out of the cellar, wheel them a little way across the lawn and dump them in a low place that is to be filled up. Mr. Stowe told Jasper he might get a boy to help with the wheeling, and he would pay him. I'm to go over at nine o'clock tomorrow. I can see that glove already," he shouted, throwing up his left hand.

Next morning it seemed to Nelson that nine o'clock would never come. At noon he was glad of a nap after his dinner. Night found him pretty tired from the work, but not of it. His mother heard him moving restlessly in his sleep and went to his room.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

"Nothing much, only my arms ache so, I can't rest." She sat by him and rubbed him till he slept.

"They won't ache when I get that glove," he said in his sleep. "Captain says got to have wheelbarrows, too; isn't that funny?"

He was very lame and sore in the morning, but he had no thought of giving up. "I must get that glove," he said, smiling bravely as he went to his work.

He came home at noon whistling. "It is all done," he said, taking a crisp dollar bill from his pocket. "Mr. Stone said I had earned it, too. I'll get the glove this afternoon in time to practice. I am so happy about it."

The captain saw Nelson as he appeared on the ball ground and greeted him: "Hello, little one, I've been looking for you. You have your glove, haven't you? Now we shall see some fine old catching.—Mary A. Wood.

LESSON THREE.

Bible Story: Joseph in Prison.—Genesis 39th and 40th.

Suggestions:

Review story of Joseph showing how he was willing to obey his father: When he was taken away from good home and kind father he was willing to do just as the memory gem says. Potiphar's wife was unkind to Joseph and so he was put in prison. Find out what the children know about prisons and what could Joseph have done that caused the keeper of the prison to be so kind to him.

The recitation and story for this lesson show the results of not remembering to do our best.

Recitation: "Mr. 'I Can't.'"

There's a surly old tramp who goes prowling about,
He is seen everywhere, so you'd better look out.
His face is all wrinkles from forehead to chin.
His lips stick right out, and his eyes go right in.
He hates all the children, and chuckles with joy
To hear people say, "That's a bad girl or boy."
And if he can make you a drone or a dunce,
He'll sneak in and claim your acquaintance at once;
He steals in the school room and stands at your back,
Too glad if the teacher should give you a "whack,"
And when the hard words you would spell, he will try
To make you forget, or to snivel and cry.

When doing examples that puzzle the brain,
He'll jog you and whisper, "There, don't try again.
Just mix it all up, and then rub it all out,
And don't say a word, but look sulky and pout."
Beneath the piano he'll hide out of sight,
To tease you when there is his greatest delight;
He'll catch hold your fingers and blindfold your eyes,
And turn all the notes into great dragon flies.
Beware of this tramp who creeps in like a mouse,
And stealthily wanders all over the house;
He is lazy and shiftless, unlike the wise ant
His name you must know, is Mr. "I Can't."

—Sarah E. Dormal.

Story: "Where the Difference Was."

"One, two, three, one, two, three, one, two, three," counted Madge, who was playing over her new piece. She was so interested that she did not hear the door open, and so looked up with a start when a laughing voice mimicked, "One, two, three, one, two, three," with a strong emphasis on the "one."

"You're always practicing, Madge, when I come over," Alice said, gayly. I never saw such a girl! Don't you ever do anything else?"

"Why, of course," Madge answered with a laugh. "You know how it is yourself, Alice, because you take lessons, and have to practice, too. You can't get along very fast unless you do practice."

"I know," Alice said, impatiently. "I can't bear to practice. But I wouldn't mind if I had a nice piano like yours. Ours is old, you know, and has such a funny, soft touch; not firm and nice, like yours."

"But it sounds all right, Alice. Mamma has often said that she never heard an old piano that had such a sweet tone as yours."

"Yes, it sounds all right," Alice admitted, rather unwillingly. "But I want one that has a better action. It's no fun at all playing on ours. I be-

lieve I could be a pretty good player if only we had a new piano. Anyway, I know I'd try hard, and practice as much as Miss Kleber wanted me to."

That was the end of the talk about pianos that day, and Madge had almost forgotten about it, when Alice came flying over one afternoon to tell her a great piece of news.

"Just think, Madge," she began excitedly, "I'm really and truly going to have a new piano! Uncle Frank is going to have a new piano! Uncle Frank is going to give me one that he had to take on a debt. It's an up-right, the kind I wanted. Isn't that fine!"

"Indeed, it is fine!" Madge answered, heartily, "and I'm just as glad as I can be for you, Alice. I suppose now when I go over to your house I'll find you practicing and counting. I expect you'll practice a lot."

"I guess I will!" Alice answered with a great deal of enthusiasm. "First thing you know, Miss Madge, I'll catch up with you, and be as good a player as you are."

For a few days after the new piano was set in its place Alice practiced very well, enjoying the firm touch of the keys, and the rich, mellow tones. Then she began to grow careless and irregular about it, and Miss Kleber found many mistakes to correct.

"I'd like to be as good a player as Madge is," she thought more than once, when they were out together, and Madge was asked to play. "But," she would usually add to herself, "I don't believe I ever could be, and so it's no use trying."

And there you have the secret of the difference between Madge and Alice. It was not in the pianos, for Madge, with her determination to do her best, and her care and faithfulness in practicing, would have succeeded quite as well with the old piano which Alice was so ready to blame for her shortcomings. Good tools are always better than poor ones, but even good tools cannot accomplish much when there is a careless, listless, indifferent spirit back of the hand that uses them.—Doris Whitmore.

LESSON FOUR.

Bible Story: Joseph Ruler in Egypt.—Genesis 40th and 41st.

Suggestions:

Use the recitation first and help the children to understand that it is the little things we do today that help us to do big things by and by. When relating the story of "Little Jack" leave out unnecessary parts, make it as simple as you can.

Recitation: "Little By Little."

"Little by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,
"I am improving every day,
Hidden up in the earth away."
Little by little each day it grew,
Little by little it sipped the dew;
Downward it sent a threadlike root,
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot.
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little and leaves appear.
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment I'll well employ,
Learning a little ever day,
And not spending all my time in play;

And still this rule in mind shall dwell,
Whatever I do I will do well.
Little by little I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago.
And one of these days, perhaps, I'll see
That the world will be better for me."

Story: "Little Jack."

He was nine years old and his mother's pet. They called him "Little Jack." His father had been rich, but by the changes that misfortune so often brings, the family was reduced to poverty; and from the illness brought on by worrying over his losses he soon went to a premature grave, leaving Little Jack's mother a widow with five children, dependent for a living on their own efforts.

Jack's only brother, Joe, was sixteen years old; his sisters were fourteen, twelve and seven, respectively, and all of them were in school at the time of their father's death, except little Rosebud, the baby. Little Jack's mother and her children had never known what it was to want for anything, and their lives had been contented and happy; but now everything looked dark to them.

For several days after the death of the husband and father the close friends of the family were kind to them, but by and by this kindness wore away, and they were forced to realize the fact that they must face the cold, heartless world and struggle for a living themselves.

Joe was taken out of school, and hired himself to the street railway company at five dollars a week; this was the only income the family had, as the mother had never tried to earn a dollar, and the other children were too small to expect anything for their services.

It did not take long for them to learn that five dollars a week would barely furnish them with food, and that they were without money to buy clothes and pay rent, and then the mother sought work in order to keep her little flock under shelter. There was trouble and sorrow in the family and every member of it was full of anxiety for the morrow. Even little Rosebud talked and planned for the future every day, and made many promises as to what she would do when she became a woman; but this brought neither bread nor clothing, though it often brought a ray of sunshine and hope into that lonely family circle.

One by one the children were taken out of school until Little Jack was the only one left, and his mother saw no way of keeping him in his class at the beginning of the next session.

After supper one night, as they were sitting in the dining-room, Little Jack said:

"Mamma, let me stop going to school and help you."

"Help me? Why, my darling boy," said his mother, "what can you do? You are too small to work. Noboy wants a boy of your age and size."

"Yes, they do, mamma; I know they do," said Jack, courageously.

"What could my darling boy do to help?" said his mother, stroking him on the head.

"I could do heaps of things," said Little Jack. "I can work and earn plenty of money; I know I can." This and other conversations that followed set his mother to thinking what Jack might do to help along, but she could conceive of nothing for one so young and small. Still she kept the matter in mind, and occasionally Little Jack would call it up and insist that he be allowed to try, until at last he was out of school and left with nothing to do.

A few days after school had closed Jack got his mother's consent, and started out alone in the great city to find some work that he might be able to do. When he failed to come home to dinner his mother was restless, and refused to eat. The hours till night seemed to her as long as days. But in

the evening, when he came home tired and hungry, his mother met him with many tender kisses, and even in her sorrow her heart was glad.

"Well, Jack, what did the men say to you?" asked his mother, as he sat eating the buttered toast and baked apple she had saved for him.

"They said that I was too little to work," answered Little Jack, with a quiver on his lip, "but I know that I can do something, and I mean to try again tomorrow, if you will let me." "I would not try any more, if I were you," said his mother, tenderly. Little Jack is too small to work."

"No, I'm not too little, mamma," said Jack, "and I'm going to help."

Then his mother tried earnestly to persuade the boy to give up the thought of work, but it was useless. He was determined, and so the next morning, bright and early, he was up and away again in search of something to do; but at night he came with the same story, "too little to work." For two weeks he went every day, only to return tired, hungry and disappointed at night. But at last, one afternoon as his mother sat in her room counting the hours till Jack would return, she heard the pattering of two bare feet as they came running around the side way, and Jack's excited voice told her that he had found work. A man had hired him to stay in his office and answer telephone calls, for which he was to pay him \$1.50 per week, and Jack was to begin the next morning.

Promptly at seven o'clock next day, with his lunch basket on his arm, Little Jack marched away to earn his first twenty-five cents, as proudly as the great General marches at the head of a conquering army. The feeling of triumph that swelled his brave little heart was excelled only by that which filled his whole being when he came home at the end of the first week with six bright new silver quarters tucked away in the pocket of his little old faded coat.

By dint of his own courage he had suddenly risen from the ranks of childhood to the courage of manhood, and stood a hero in his own little circle of loved ones.

After the joy and excitement that came to the family from Jack's success had quieted down, his mamma asked, "What is Little Jack going to buy with his money?" to which came the prompt reply, "I'm going to buy little Rosebud some stockings and slippers; that will cost a dollar and a quarter, and then I'm going to buy me a shirtwaist with the other quarter."

This surprised every member of the family, because no one had said a word about how the money should be spent, nor had anything been said about shoes for Rosebud, though she had been kept out of Sunday School for several months because she had no shoes. The shoes and stockings were bought, and Rosebud was sent back to her class next Sunday to meet her teacher, who, in all the months that had followed the absence of Rosebud, had never taken time to call or send a note to inquire about her.

Rosebud is a grown-up woman, but she still has the slippers and she ties them together with a ribbon and hangs them on the parlor walls, so that her friends may see them when they come to visit her. And when she tells their story her face glows with pride, and she and her friends think that Little Jack is as great in manhood as he was in boyhood.—Young People's Paper.

THIRD GRADE.

(Children eight and nine years of age.)

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

Note:—The Third Grade lessons for the year 1911 will be on the Life of Christ. Many of the associations are already supplied with copies of Farrar's Life of Christ, this or any other good book on the same subject will be found helpful in the preparation of the lessons. In back numbers of The Children's Friend will be found many incidents from the Life of Christ.

which may be used to enrich the lessons. Between the talk and the story use songs and rest exercises.

For supplementary stories the following books are recommended:

The Story Hour by Wiggin.

Cat-Tails and Other Tails by Howliston.

Sketches of Missionary Life, by Parry.

LESSON ONE.

John the Baptist.

Memory Gem:

"Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

Suggestions:

The teacher should read lectures six and seven of Dr. Talmage's Articles of Faith so as to be very sure about the principle of baptism. It would, also, be a good plan to talk with the bishop or some other elder who could give counsel on the subject. Find out how many of the class have been baptized and what they know about the ordinance. Help the children to feel the importance and sacredness of baptism.

Recite the memory gem. Explain how we hope to live on the earth some day with the Savior whose birthday was celebrated on Christmas day and what we must do so as to be ready for that wonderful time. If we do wrong things we should repent, which means being so sorry that we will do our best never to make the same mistake a second time.

Story: "John the Baptist."

Six months before the baby Jesus came to live with the people of the world, another little baby boy was born. This baby's name was John. The good father and mother were made very happy by the baby's coming.

One day God sent an angel to the father to tell him that when his little baby had become a man he would have a wonderful work to do. He said that the baby would one day help make the way ready for the coming of the Lord.

The father and mother loved both their baby and God who had given him to them. They loved both so greatly that they promised that their child should be given to God's service. The baby grew up pure and good and obedient. He kept the rules which were given God's children to obey. One rule especially helped him grow strong and wise. He never touched a drop of wine.

While the boy Jesus was growing to be a man in the city of Nazareth, the boy John was also growing in his home 'way off in Judea.

Years passed on. It had become almost time for Jesus to tell the people that he was God's Son, who had come from heaven to be their Savior and King. John also had grown to be a man. He had not chosen to live in the land of birds and flowers. He had gone to live in the wilderness. The wilderness was rocky and lonely and dreary. John knew that it was God's wish for him to live there and make himself wise to do his work. He knew that Jesus was soon coming to be the people's King. He knew that he, John, was to say to the people: "The King has come. Make the way ready for the King."

John's dress was of cloth woven from camel's hair. He wore a leather girdle round his waist. His food was coarse. Sometimes he ate honey which wild bees stored in the cracks in the rocks.

By and by the time came for the people to know that Jesus, their King, had come. John cried aloud wonderful words which made them listen. He said, "Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." "Repent ye," was the same as saying, "Be sorry for the wrong you have done."

Then John cried words which made them listen more and more. He said: "Make ready for the King. Make his paths straight."

The people hated the ruler who lived in the king's palace on the hill in Jerusalem. He was cruel and unkind. They had watched and waited for a long time for a new king. But it was an earthly king they wished. They hoped for a king who would live in the beautiful palace and rule there in power and glory. They did not know that it was a far greater King about whom John called, "Make ready for the King." They did not know that the King was Jesus.

John said: "The only way to make ready is to make your lives clean and pure and good. Be sorry for your sins."

John led those who were sorry into the river Jordan and baptized them. This was a sign that their sins had been forgiven and that they were making ready for their King.—Selected.

John the Baptist was like our missionaries who go away from home to tell the people that Jesus is coming again and what they must do to be ready to live with Him. Relate an incident from *Sketches of Missionary Life* by Parry.

LESSON TWO.

Jesus and John the Baptist.

Suggestions:

Tell the story of the baptism of Jesus, then review the previous lesson, using the same memory gem. Explain how John the Baptist told the people that Jesus was coming to help people to be kind and loving to each other. Jesus did come, but somehow we need to be told the same thing so many times so Jesus came again to the Prophet Joseph and told him what were the best things for boys and girls to do. Tell the story of the first vision and of the baptism of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. We must all be baptized when we are old enough and after that we must do our best not to make mistakes that are liable to make other people and ourselves unhappy. Our memory gem reminds us to be careful and that each one of us should try to help to be ready for the time when we shall see our Savior.

Jesus and John the Baptist:

It was winter time in Jerusalem. The winter winds swayed the trees and tossed the tree branches. The winter sunbeams lay warm upon the temple.

Within the temple priests and teachers sat talking. As they talked they looked anxiously at each other. They were anxious because of a strange story that they had been told. They had been told that a new teacher was teaching many people.

The temple in which the new teacher taught was not the temple in Jerusalem. It was the great out of doors near the river Jordan. The roof of this temple was the blue, blue sky. Its floor was the hard earth. Its walls were the east and the west, the north and the south. The only music heard within it was the rushing of the waters of the river or the whistling of the winter winds.

The teacher who taught within this temple wore no long, priestly robes. His coat was rough and coarse. It had been made of camel's hairs woven together. Neither did he have a comfortable home to which to go when his teaching was done. His home was in the wilderness, just where we do not know.

The priests within the temple at Jerusalem cared not where this new teacher lived or what he wore. They cared only because he was giving the people a message from God.

The name of the new teacher was Johu. His message meant that Christ

the Lord was born, and that soon the people of the earth should see and know Him.

The people who came to hear John's message were hungry people. Some of them were soldiers hungry for power. They wanted people to obey them, and to make people do it were often cruel and often cross.

Other people who came to hear John preach were hungry for riches. These people had more good things than they needed and were selfish with them. They kept their good things for themselves. Still other people who came to hear John were hungry for goodness. These people cared more for God's love than for anything else in the world.

To the hungry people John gave God's message. It was that One was coming who would take away the sin of the world, and that they must make ready for him.

The soldiers who were hungry for power asked, "What must we do?" The people hungry for riches and those who were hungry for goodness asked, "What must we do to make ready for the One about whom you are telling us?"

To the soldiers John said, "Be gentle and kind." To the people hungry for riches he said, "Share your good things with others. If you have two coats, give one to the poor." To those who were hungry for goodness John said, "Be sorry for every wrong thing you have done, and be good."

As John preached beside the river Jordan there came to him priests and teachers from Jerusalem. It may have been that they were the very men who had been talking in the temple about the strange, new teacher. The priests and teachers asked of John, "Who art thou?" He made answer, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord." Then John told them of a great wonder. The wonder of which John told the priests and teachers was that God had sent his promised gift to the world. God's promised gift was Jesus Christ his Son.

Jesus came to earth as a little child. As the years passed He grew and grew. At the time of which this story tells He had grown to be a man. He was ready to speak God's words and to give God's love to the world.

On the day after the day on which the priests had said to John, "Who art thou?" John saw Jesus coming toward him. He turned to the people near him. I think that his face shone with great joy. I think that his hand trembled as he pointed toward Christ the Lord.

The men looked eagerly at the One whom John pointed out as he said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." They looked again as John explained, "It is he about whom I have been telling you."

Jesus asked John to baptize Him. As John baptized Him he heard a voice out of the heavens saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

The voice out of the heavens was the voice of God. The One of whom God spake was Jesus Christ His Son. Because of what John had heard God say, he knew who Jesus was. Because he knew who Jesus was he was able to point to Him and say, "Behold, it is He about whom I have been telling you." Thus it was that the people of the earth began to know that Jesus had come.—Selected.

LESSON THREE.

The Baptism and Temptation of Jesus.

Suggestions:

The teacher should consider carefully the necessity for the great sacrifice made by the Savior; notice the change from the law of Moses, which demanded a life for a life and an eye for an eye, to the beauty of the law explained by the Savior who said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Explain to the children, helping them to feel gratitude for the love which is now en-

joyed as a result of the atonement. In the story which is given from the life of Christ emphasize the thought that it was not easy for the Savior to make the world a better place.

He told the people many times that they should be loving to each other, and He did many, many good deeds to show them how to be kind.

After the story let the children tell of different ways in which they are tempted to do wrong, and encourage them to remember the memory gem and what it means.

"Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

The Baptism and Temptation of Jesus:

In the little village of Nazareth, among its small, white, flat-roofed houses, stood a carpenter shop. Through the open door the passers-by could see the carpenter busy at his work. Everybody in the village knew Jesus, the carpenter and his mother Mary, but not even the wisest men knew then what the youngest child knows now, that Jesus was the Son of God.

One mild day Jesus closed the door of his little shop and started on a journey to find John the Baptist. John the Baptist, preaching by the ford of the Jordan, suddenly looked up in startled surprise. A stranger had come through the tall river reeds and stood in the sunlight asking for baptism. As John looked into that beautiful face, so strong and loving, God spoke to his heart, saying, "This is the King of whom you have been preaching."

John did not want to baptize Jesus. He said: "I have need to be baptized by you. Why do you come to me?" But John did as he was asked. After the baptism a beautiful dove flew down and rested on the head of Jesus. Then a voice spoke from the sky. It was the voice of God and it said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

After Jesus was baptized He wanted to be alone, to think and pray, because He knew His quiet life at Nazareth was over. So he went to the wilderness where John the Baptist had lived. There, in the stillness, he prayed and thought for forty days and nights, alone. So intent was he on trying to decide the best way to help the world that He did not think of eating. At the end of the forty days of prayer and thought, he was very, very weary and faint from lack of food. All about him lay small, flat, round stones that looked very much like the cakes the Jews used for bread. A temptation came to him to touch the stones and change them into bread. This would have been an easy thing for Him to do because He was God's Son and had all power, but He knew it would not be right to use that power simply for himself, so he answered the evil spirit that was tempting him, and said, "Man shall not live by bread alone."

The evil spirit was not discouraged by his failure to make Jesus do wrong. He tried again, taking Christ to the pinnacle of the temple at Jerusalem. Jesus saw the marble walls and glittering columns of white and gold. He climbed the highest tower and looked down at the little brook Kidron, hundreds of feet below. The streets of Jerusalem were crowded with people, and the courts of the temple were full of worshippers. Satan said to Him, "If you are really the Son of God, cast yourself down from there, for angels will bear you up and you will not be hurt." That, too, would have been an easy thing for Jesus to do, and how it would have thrilled the crowds in the streets! But Jesus knew God did not want Him to do that, so again He refused to yield to the tempter.

Still the evil spirit did not give up. Into Christ's heart he put the thought of all the kingdoms of the world, showing Him their lovely cities and marching armies, and said, "I will make you ruler of all these if you will only do what I wish." They were not his to give, and Jesus knew this, so He answered: "Go away from me. It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

When Jesus said this the evil spirit went away, and a very beautiful thing happened. God sent His shining angels to comfort His Son. There

on that gloomy hill they fed and strengthened Him, and I think He heard again His Father's voice saying, "Thou art my dear Son, in whom I am well pleased."—Selected.

Story: "A Test."

Tiptoe, tiptoe, tiptoe! How quiet the schoolroom seemed to Howell when he went back for the quarter which was in his desk. Mother had given it to him and said, "On your way home from school, dear, stop at the grocery store and buy a pound of butter." It was examination day and the examples had been so hard that Howell had forgotten about the errand.

Father had said when he kissed him goodby: "Try hard today, my boy. If you get every example right I shall be very proud of you. I shall reward you for your faithful work. I know how hard you have tried."

Howell had tried. How he hated arithmetic! How the multiplication table would twist itself in his mind! But father had learned so much about arithmetic. He had been to college. Now he was a civil engineer. Howell did not know what that was, but it was a good thing to be because Howell thought that what father did was just right.

Howell's face was very sober as he tiptoed to his desk. He knew now that he had made a mistake in the last example. Why had he forgotten that seven times six are forty-two? Why had he written the answer forty-five? Father would not be proud of him now.

As Howell passed toward the door, he glanced toward his teacher's desk. Why! why! Miss Carey had left all the examination papers on top of her desk. There was his own paper right on top. Yes, there was the last example with the wrong answer. Tommy had told him that it was wrong and he knew it too well, himself.

Then a thought came into Howell's mind. It seemed that some one whispered in his ear: "Go change the answer. You know the right answer yourself, now. No one will ever know. Make your father proud of you. Hurry! hurry! go change the answer before Miss Carey comes back."

Howell's breath came fast. He said to himself: "I can do it just as well as not. I do know the right answer now. Oh, I want to make father proud of me." He took a step nearer. "It will be so easy," he said to himself. As he came close to the paper he reached out his hand for a pencil. Then his eyes filled with tears, and he said to himself: "O, I must not do it. It would be wrong, wrong, and I cannot think it right."

He put the pencil down again, and passed out of the room. Poor Howell's eyes were full of tears. He felt disappointed. Yet although he could not have told just why, he had a very happy feeling. He said to himself over and over again, as he walked toward home: "I'm glad that I did not do it. I'm glad that I did not do it."

Howell really had fought a battle and gained a victory. The battle was with Satan, who is your enemy and mine, and the enemy of all that is right and good and honest and true. He was even Jesus's enemy.—Selected.

LESSON FOUR.

Jesus and His Disciples.

Suggestions:

Review the lesson about John the Baptist. Use questions something like these:

What was John's message to the people? What did he mean when he asked the people to repent? What can you tell about the baptism of Jesus? How was the world going to be a happier place because Jesus was born? If the bishop wished to give a message to every boy and girl in the ward how would he manage so that the message would be surely given? The Savior wished everybody to know His message, how could He give it?

After telling how the Savior called His first disciples help the children to understand that everyone who tries to do as the Savior taught is a dis-

ciple. Refer to the fact that everyone needs to be helped to be good and that after the Savior had gone back to His Father in heaven the people forgot about being kind. So the message came again to the Prophet Joseph Smith who taught us about our Father in heaven, how we should repent and be sorry when we do wrong, how to be baptized like the Savior was in the river Jordan. The Lord told the Prophet Joseph that he must give the message to all the people. How could he do it? Who tells you? Who tells the people who live far away from here? What was John's message? How is that a good message to us?

If desired an incident may be related from Sketches of Missionary Life, by Parry.

Story: "Jesus and His First Disciples."

The earth in solemn stillness lay. The skies bent over it as though to look and listen. Upon the earth and along the busy streets of busy men One walked who is the Son of God.

As Jesus walked a man named John both saw and knew him. As Jesus passed on John said, "Behold the Lamb of God!"

Standing beside John was a man named Andrew. Standing beside Andrew was another man. Andrew had come from a city beside the Sea of Galilee. He had left his work, which was that of catching fish and selling them, for Andrew was a fisherman.

Why Andrew had left his home we do not know. It may have been that he had left it to sell fish in Jerusalem. It may have been that he had left it to go to the temple to pray. It may have been that he had heard of the strange new teacher, John, and wished to see and hear him.

John wore no priestly robes, but he was one of God's teachers. God had said to him, "Go, make ready for the coming of the Lord," and John had gone. For months he had been preaching and saying, "There is One coming who will take away the sin of the world. Make ready for Him."

With those who were sorry for sin John had gone to the river Jordan. He had bent them under the waters of the river, then raised them quickly.

For whatever reason Andrew had left home he had heard John preach. He had heard John say, "One is coming who will take away the sin of the world." He and his friend had made ready and were waiting for the coming of this One.

Andrew and his friend heard John say, "Behold the Lamb of God!" They looked and saw Jesus where he walked. Then they followed Him.

Jesus turned and saw the two men following Him. He asked of them: "What seek ye?" They said, "Rabbi," which means teacher, "where abidest Thou?" Jesus answered, "Come and ye shall see."

On through the busy streets of busy men Jesus led the two friends. He led them to the place which was His home that day. Then He talked with them.

It may have been that Andrew and his friend asked Jesus questions. I like to think that they sat quite still while Jesus told them about God, about the heavenly home, and the songs the angels sing. I like to think that Jesus told them what he had come to do for men. I like to think that Jesus taught them how to make their goodness grow. I know that he helped them understand that he was God's Son.

First Andrew and his friend wondered at Jesus' words. Then love for Him grew suddenly within them. This love grew stronger and each man said, "I must go! I must go tell others about Jesus whom I have found." Then together the men left Jesus to find their brothers.

Andrew was the first to find his brother and take him to the Lord. Andrew's brother's name was Simon. We think that the name of Andrew's friend was John. If it was, John's brother's name was James. James and John, Simon and Andrew were the first of Jesus' friends about whom we are told.

On the morrow as Jesus went into Galilee he won another friend. This friend's name was Philip. Under a fig tree resting, thinking, and it may have been praying. Philip found his own friend, Nathaniel. To Nathaniel Philip said, "We have found Him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, wrote, Jesus of Nazareth."

The names of the men who first became Jesus' friends are these: James and John, Simon and Andrew, Philip and Nathaniel. Because these men gave to Jesus their love, went where He went and became His helpers. they are called His disciples.—Selected.

FOURTH GRADE.

(Children ten and eleven years of age.)

OLD TESTAMENT STORIES.

Note:—The lessons in this grade for the year 1911 will be taken from the Old Testament. It is suggested that the teachers resolve to enjoy these lessons for the very important reason that the attitude of the teacher towards her work will be the attitude taken by the children. The Old Testament is very interesting as well as instructive, for any who are inclined to think otherwise the advice is given to be sure to read "The Bible as Good Reading," by Beveridge.

Commissioner MacFarland, in his address before the Sunday school workers in convention assembled, said, in speaking of the Bible: "There is nothing to take its place, and if it should be wiped out tomorrow you could easily predict the decline and fall of the republic.

I have been looking up some data on the question, from which the following deductions are drawn:

A nation would, indeed, be truly blessed if it were governed by no other laws than those of the Bible. It is so complete a system that nothing can be added to it or taken from it; it contains everything needful to be known or done; it affords a copy for a king and a rule for a subject; it gives instructions and counsel to the legislators, authority and direction for the chief magistrate; it cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence. It sets the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the table—tells "him" how to rule, and "her" how to manage. It entails honor to parents, and enjoins obedience to children. It prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign, the rule of the ruler, and the authority of the master, commands the subjects to honor and the servants to obey, and promises the blessing and protection of the Almighty to all that walk by its rules. It gives directions for weddings and for burials. It promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both. It points out a faithful and eternal guardian to the departing husband and father—tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children, and in whom his widow is to trust; and promises a father to the former and husband to the latter. It contains the choicest matter, gives the best instruction, affords the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that ever was enjoyed.

It contains the very best laws and the most profound mysteries that ever were penned; it brings the best tidings and affords the best of comfort to the inquiring and disconsolate. It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to Him, and sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them and of all that trust in such.

It is indeed a complete code of laws, a perfect body of divinity, and unequaled narrative; a book of lives, a book of travels, and a book of voyages. It is the best covenant that ever was agreed on, the best deed that ever was sealed, the best evidence that ever was produced, the best will that ever was made, and the best testament that ever was sealed. To understand it is to be wise indeed; to be ignorant of it is to be destitute of wisdom. It is

the king's best copy, the president's best rule, the housewife's best guide, the servant's best directory, and the young man's best companion; it is the school-boy's spelling book, and the learned man's masterpiece. It contains a choice grammar for a novice, and profound mystery for a sage. It is the ignorant man's dictionary, and the wise man's directory. It affords knowledge of witty inventions for the humorous, and dark sayings for the grave; and it is its own interpreter.—Exchange.

The teacher should see that every member of the class has access to a Bible; indeed, a very good thing would be accomplished if some plan was adopted which would give every member a Bible. It will be necessary to have one or more Bibles in the class to use when references are to be read aloud. Be sure to give time for preparation.

When it is found advisable to use questions do not be satisfied with an answer from one member, let as many as possible give their ideas. The boys and girls should be encouraged to ask questions which may be answered by the teacher or children.

For supplementary stories the following books are recommended:

Self Help and Character, by Smiles.

Poor Boys Who Became Famous, by Bolton.

Girls Who Became Famous, by Bolton.

Ethics of Success, Nos. 1, 2, and 3.

LESSON ONE.

The Creation of Light.

Suggestions:

Ask the members of the class to read, at home, the first chapter of Genesis and consider the value of light and darkness. Be sure to give this notice in time. For lesson two ask the class to consider the benefits of the division of land and water.

Development of Lesson:

Have Bible ready and ask one of the class to read the first five verses of first chapter of Genesis.

Questions for Discussion:

What is the difference between the light created by God and artificial light?

What are the variations of real light? (Dawn, sunlight, twilight, cloudy, foggy, etc.)

Give descriptions and as far as possible explain the causes for the variations of real light. Find out how many of the class have seen a sunrise or a sunset. Describe some of their beauties and feelings when observing them.

How long does light last at a time?

Are all days equal in length?

What are the benefits of the night with its darkness?

How does the length of days affect the growth of grains, fruits, etc.

How is it planned for the earth to have regular periods of rest?

What would be the result if men should decide that it would be better to have light all the time?

How does it affect you to sleep with a light burning?

How does too much light affect the eyes?

What would happen to things that grow?

What results would follow if it were dark all the time?

Did you ever see vegetables start to sprout in a cellar? What kind of growth was it?

People or animals left in the dark lose their sight. Why?

How many kinds of artificial light do we know about? Discuss lights from fires, matches, candles, lamps, gas and electricity, the materials used to produce light and development or steps up of each method.

How much of this material is made by man?

Which of these lights are as useful as the light given by our Heavenly Father?

Memory Gem:

Stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God.—Job 37: 14.

Supplementary stories may be told in the class but should illustrate the thought that each person should give their best for the blessing of others. A suitable one for this lesson is the life of George Peabody as told in *Poor Boys Who Became Famous*, by Bolton.

LESSON TWO.

The Division of Land and Water.

Suggestions:

Keep clearly in mind the thought of the power of God and the wonderful wisdom used in planning the earth and all that dwells upon it.

Development of Lesson:

Review of last lesson.

Reading of 6th to 10th verses of 1st Genesis.

Questions for Discussion:

What did God create the first day?

What happened the second day?

What do we see in the sky or firmament, or heaven as it is sometimes called?

What are the other divisions?

How is the land arranged so that there is variety and beauty? Mountains, valleys, etc.

How is the water arranged so that it also is beautiful as well as useful?

Have you ever seen the ocean? Describe it?

How do people who live in high mountainous countries get water?

Have you ever seen a water wheel? How much water will it supply?

How does that kind of water supply compare with that which comes from snow and rain?

How does the man with the water-wheel keep a supply of water always ready?

How does God keep the water in the mountains so that there will be plenty in hot or dry weather?

Read Job 38: 22.

What does this mean?

What is the smallest amount of water? of land?

What are some of the ways in which water is used?

What are some of the ways in which the land is used?

Tell of some things which men have done in making good use of water?

Ships to travel on water; uses of steam; water as a power to run machines, mills, plants, etc.

What are some of the ways in which men have used the land for the blessing of the people? Buildings, crops, mines, etc.

Has any man ever added anything to the sky, the land or the water that was not there when God created it?

For supplementary story give selections from the life of Maria Mitchell—*Girls Who Became Famous*, by Bolton.

Memory Gem:

And God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good.—Gen. 1: 31.

For the next lesson ask the children to read again the first chapter of Genesis and see how much they can tell about the creation on the third day.

LESSON THREE.

The Fruit of the Earth.

Development of Lesson:

Review of two previous lessons.

Reading of 11th to 13th verses of Genesis 1st.

Have a member memorize and recite the following:

"How much is contained within a small acorn cup! When a child holds an acorn in his hand, he holds not a small nut only, but a forest; for, folded within its tiny shell, lie trees, and their children-trees—even a whole forest. How wonderful was the command of God! 'Let the earth bring forth * * * * * the tree yielding fruit, whose seed is in itself.' It is a miracle to make a tree; but how much more wonderful a miracle to give to the tree the power of producing other trees, in long succession for countless years! A watch is, perhaps one of the most beautiful and wonderful things ever made by man, but what would you think of a watch, which, if put in the ground, could produce many more watches? Does not this comparison show us how much greater *God's* work is than man's?"

Memory Gem:

The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.—Psalms 126: 3.

Questions for Discussion:

What did you find out about the creation of the third day?

What is the color of the grass?

How many kinds of plants are green?

Try to think how the world would look if it were any other color. How would it make you feel? Discuss a number of colors.

Did the Lord remember to give us varieties of greens?

How can you tell the spring time by the colors? The summer? The fall? The winter?

Which time of the year do you like best? Why?

What are some of the things which grow that are useful as well as beautiful? Food supplies; materials for homes, and for clothing.

Tell of some of the ways in which man has taken the things that grow and made them more useful to mankind? For instance, cotton, silk, etc.

What did our Heavenly Father cause to grow that makes the world more beautiful?

How many flowers can you name and which is your favorite?

For supplementary story relate the history of Joseph Marie Jacquard from Poor Boys Who Became Famous, by Bolton.

For the next lesson find out all you can about the sun, moon and stars.

LESSON FOUR.

Sun, Moon and Stars.

Development of Lesson:

Reading of 14th to 19th verses of Genesis 1st.

Recite the following:

"Canst thou count the stars that nightly

Glisten in the azure sky?

Canst thou count the clouds that lightly

Every day go floating by?

God, the Lord, the number knoweth

Of the wonders that He showeth

In their countless multitude."

Questions on the Lesson:

What can you tell me about the Sun? Moon? Stars?

Recitation: "God's House."

This is God's house; the blue sky is the ceiling,
 This wood,—the soft, green carpet for His feet,—
 Those hills, His stairs down which the brook comes stealing
 With baby laughter, making earth more sweet.
 And here His friends come,—clouds, and soft winds sighing.
 And little birds whose throats pour forth their love;
 And spring and summer, and the white snow lying
 Pencilled with shadows of bare boughs above.
 And here comes sunbeams thro' the green leaves straying,
 And shadows from the storm-clouds overdrawn,
 And warm, hushed nights, when Mother Earth is praying
 So late that her moon-candle burns till dawn.

—Frederick George Scott.

For supplementary story relate incidents from the life of James Watt.—
 Poor Boys Who Became Famous, by Bolton.

FIFTH GRADE.

(Children twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Church History.

Note:—The lessons in this grade for the year 1911 will be taken from the history of the Church. It is very important that the children of the Latter-day Saints understand the principles of the Gospel. They should have some knowledge of its history and why this Church claims to be the true Church of Christ.

To be sure of correct information upon the subject the teachers must have access to books which give correct information. The History of the Church published by the Church will be of invaluable assistance, and wherever possible should be in the library of the Primary Association. If it is not now owned by the Association, perhaps it could be borrowed. Other books on Church history are A Young Folks History of the Church by Nephi Anderson; A Brief History of the Church by E. H. Anderson; A Hundred Years of Mormonism, by John H. Evans, and such books as Life of Joseph Smith, by Geo. Q. Cannon; Life of Brigham Young; Life of Parley P. Pratt, Wilford Woodruff, and the Faith Promoting Series. The Manuals published by the Y. M. M. I. A. on the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times will also be helpful.

LESSON ONE.

Joseph Smith.

Development of the Lesson.

Recitation, "Joseph Smith," Sunday School Songs, No. 232.

(Note: Ask the class to pay particular attention to the recitation.)

Ask some member to say in his own words just what the recitation said in poetry.

Paper by one of the class: Parentage and Youth of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Reference: Any history of the Church.

Examination of pictures of the Prophet, his family and home. Pictures may be found in Vol. 11 of The Era; Vol. 17 of The Young Woman's Journal and a collection of pictures called The Birth of Mormonism, which may be purchased for fifty cents. It would be a good plan to have a good picture of the Prophet hanging in the class room.

Questions on the Lesson:

- Where was the Prophet Joseph Smith born?
- What was the date of his birth?
- What was his father's name?
- His mother's name?
- How old was Joseph Smith when he wanted to know which church he should join.
- If he was born in 1805 what year did he receive the First Vision?
- What did Joseph's father do to earn a living for himself and family?
- How many brothers did Joseph have?
- How many sisters?
- How were the family situated financially?
- What particular thing happened to them that left them very poor?
- Let us try to think of some of the conditions which existed then. There were no electric lights. What would be used for light when Joseph Smith was a boy?
- How were farms taken care of, as there was no machinery invented such as is used now?
- How would messages be delivered, as there were no telegraphs nor telephones?
- How did people travel on land, as engines were just being invented?
- How did people travel by water?
- There were very few books, many families owning but one. What one do you suppose it was?
- It is quite probable that Joseph Smith had read the Bible through by the time he was fourteen. How many in this class have done that?
- If you are in trouble and go to the Bible for help you will surely find it. Joseph Smith was in trouble and he wanted help. What was his trouble and what gave him help?
- How did this statement work out in the life of the Prophet, "The Lord helps those who help themselves."

LESSON TWO.

The First Vision.

Development of the Lesson.

- Recitation: Joseph Smith's First Prayer, Sunday School Songs, No. 41.
- Explanation of recitation.
- Paper: The First Vision.
- Examination of Picture of the Sacred Grove.

Questions on the Lesson.

- The teacher should prepare on all questions. Help the children to understand that the Lord has a reason for speaking to a person on the earth and that reason is always that He desires to give laws which, when obeyed, bring joy and happiness to His people.
- What was the passage of scripture which so greatly affected the Prophet Joseph Smith?
- Find it in the Bible and read it to the class.
- Our heavenly Father always has a special reason for speaking to a person on earth, some important commandments or counsel to give for the benefit of all His people. Why did He speak to Adam in the Garden of Eden? (Use questions which will develop the thought that Adam and Eve were given the privilege of choosing; of being tempted; that their experiences have been a lesson to all who have lived upon the earth.)
- Why is a temptation an opportunity?
- What did the Lord say to Moses when He appeared in the burning bush? (Exodus 3rd.)
- How had the Israelites come to be in bondage to the Egyptians?
- How did Moses deliver them from their cruel masters?

What great laws did the Lord give to Moses on Sinai?

What great message did the Savior bring to the earth?

What is the Gospel? Matthew 22: 35-40. (It would be well to read these verses to the class.)

If the Savior lived now would people accept Him as God's son?

Then why did the Dove and the voice of God come when Jesus was baptized? (If necessary relate the incident.)

How was Moses a blessing to the Israelites?

How is he a blessing to us? (Because of good laws and his personal example.)

How was the Savior a blessing to Jews and Gentiles? (Same as above. give details.)

People forget about the Father in heaven and His good laws just as we forget our parents' teachings. We need to be told and then constantly reminded about doing right. After the death of our Savior people forgot about the Gospel which He preached and the good example which He set, so it was necessary to send another message to the earth. Who did this message come to?

How old was Joseph Smith when he received his first vision?

Where was he born?

What was the message which he received?

How do we know that the Gospel restored by Joseph Smith is the same as that preached by the Savior?

(Compare the principles of the Church with the example set by the Savior in being baptized, receiving the Gift of the Holy Ghost and in trying to do good to all men.)

(If there be time choose some incident from the Faith Promoting Series to prove that Latter-day Saints are trying to do good to mankind.)

LESSON THREE.

Temptations.

Recitation, "Duty and Inclination."

"Stay at home," said Inclination,—

"Let the errand wait"

"Go at once," said Duty, sternly,

"Or you'll be too late."

"But it snows," said Inclination,—

"And the wind is keen;"

"Never mind all that," said Duty,—

"Go and brave it, Jean."

Jean stepped out into the garden,

Looked up in the sky;

Clouded, shrouded, dreamy, sunless,—

Snow, unceasingly.

"Stay," again said Inclination;

"Go," said Duty,—"go!"

Forth went Jean, with no more waiting,

Forth into the snow.

You will smile if now I tell you

That this quiet strife,—

Duty conquering Inclination,—

Strengthened all her life.

—Selected.

Explanation of recitation.

Paper: The Three Years Between the First Vision and The First Appearance of the Angel Moroni. (See Chapter 2, History of the Church, or page 11, Life of Joseph Smith, by George Q. Cannon.)

Questions on the Lesson:

How old was Joseph Smith when he received the first vision?

How many in this class are as old as the boy Prophet?

How big and how strong would you think he was?

What would make him strong in body? In mind?

How do you know when a person is strong in body? In mind?

If you know that you are going to be tested as to strength of body or mind, how will you prepare yourself?

What difference will it make in your preparation if you know there is a prize for the one who wins?

Sometimes tests are coming that we do not know about but the Lord can help us by giving us difficult things to do. Temptations are perhaps the most difficult. The Lord has given us many lessons about being tempted. What was the very first temptation that we know about?

Think how Adam and Eve were situated. They had everything that the earth produced for their comfort and pleasure. They did not need to work, yet the Lord permitted Satan to tempt them. Can you tell why? What does the Bible tell us about temptations? James 1: 12.

How was the Savior tempted? Matthew 4: 1-11.

What things are temptations to you? (Encourage all to tell about their personal experiences.)

Joseph Smith was very young and enjoyed doing very much the same things that boys do now. Would it be easy for him to remember all the time that the Lord had a special work for him to do?

When he went into the grove and prayed, he wanted help. Who for?

What was the help he asked for?

He did not think that he was to give a message to all the world. He just wanted to know how to do right himself. But the Lord was making him strong by giving him temptations to overcome. How do we know that he succeeded in overcoming his temptations?

Suppose he had failed. What would the Lord do with a person who was not strong enough to do right and carry on such a wonderful work as bringing back the Gospel to the earth?

Suppose the Lord has a task for you or me, how may we make ourselves strong to do right, so as to be ready when the Lord calls?

The teacher should read the following, think it over carefully and let its influence be felt in the discussion of the value of temptation. There are a number of good stories on this subject in back numbers of the Friend one of which may be selected and used as supplementary work.

The Greatest Battlefield:

The greatest battlefield on which a man ever fought is within himself. The greatest victories are there. Victory there is the greatest victory possible in a man's life. All the great achievements of men outside of themselves are less than the achievement of getting mastery of themselves. Victory here means victory elsewhere.

All other problems of the personal sort are included in this. Their solution is included in its solution. There must be practical understanding about sin, and real power over it, before there can be self-mastery. For it was sin that first stole self-mastery away. Selfishness must be seen and gripped in its subtle as well as its coarse forms before the sweets of the finest self-mastery can be tasted. Doubt must be mastered, at least far enough to give a steady footing and steady going, if the fragrance of self-mastery is to fill the life. Only he who sees clearly the highest ambitions of life, and holds everything else strictly under, can climb the heights here.

The greatest mastery is self-mastery. The greatest man is he who has become master of himself, not in the limited sense of some who do notable things on other fields, but in the finest, fullest sense. This is the most fascinating of all problems. It is a continuous problem, ever yielding to solu-

tion, yet never fully shows a higher beyond, so great is the possibility lying within oneself.

Man was made like God, and to have a dominion over all the lower creation. That is the Bible way of saying that he was to be master of his own self, and through that self-mastery to be master of all creation. The man eager to reach the highest mastery will study God, for here is the original plan for himself. He will keep in close contact with the Original. The closer that touch the nearer does he come to his own true self.—S. D. Gordon.

LESSON FOUR.

The Angel Moroni.

Development of the Lesson:

Recitation:—"One Hundred Years," by Evan Stephens—Sunday School Songs, No. 234.

Explanation of recitation.

Paper: The appearance of Moroni and the message which he gave the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Examination of pictures of Hill Cumorah and surroundings.

Questions on the Lesson:

When and where was the Prophet Joseph Smith born?

How old was he when he received the first vision?

How many years passed before he heard more about the Gospel?

What happened during these three years?

What was the good in testing the young man's strength of body and mind?

What are the main temptations which come to boys? (Liquor and tobacco.)

Have you been tempted to use either liquor or tobacco?

Do you know of a single good reason for using these things?

What effect do they have upon the body? The mind?

What was the revelation which the Prophet received later which tells how to use liquor and tobacco?

Suppose the young man had given way to the use of these things?

The man who gets under the influence of drink finds it difficult to keep a secret. Did Joseph have a secret at this time? How long must he guard it?

How old was he when the angel Moroni came to him?

Have any of you a brother eighteen years old?

How much older must he be before he is considered a man?

What was the message which the angel Moroni gave to the Prophet Joseph Smith?

Suppose someone should tell you that there was a box with treasures in it, buried in a certain place near your home, what would you want to do?

What was likely to happen if Joseph had told about the box in the hill Cumorah?

How do you feel when you have a secret?

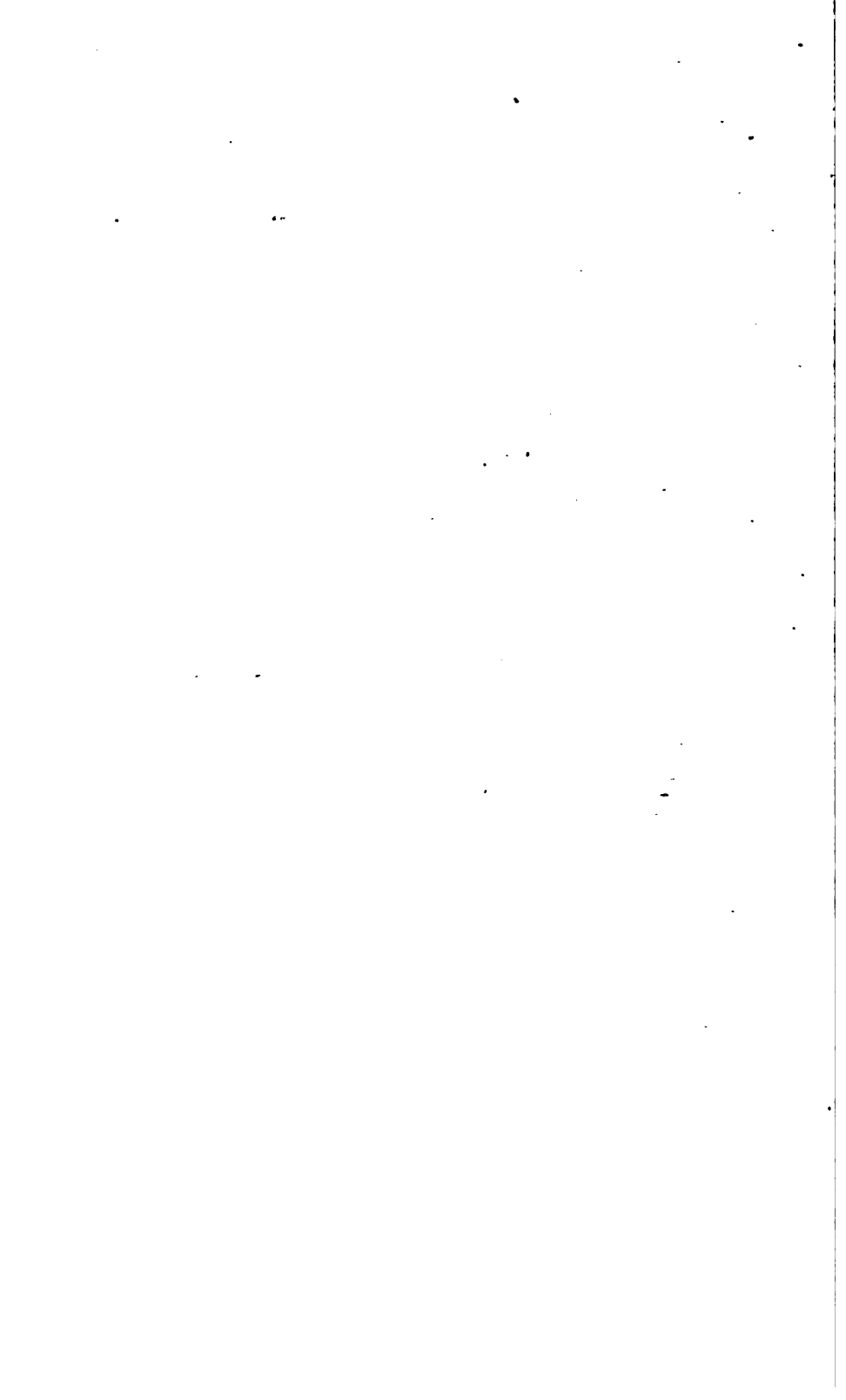
Suppose you tell a secret to a companion and that companion gives it away. How do you feel about it?

How do you feel towards a person you are sure you can trust?

Take a good look at the picture of the Prophet Joseph Smith and tell why he has a face that indicates a good and strong man?

President John Taylor was very well acquainted with the Prophet; was with him when he was put to death. He wrote a beautiful poem in which he tells how he loved the Prophet. It is used as a hymn, but today we will have it recited. (Be sure to have a good picture of the Prophet where all the class can see it as the poem is being recited.) "The Seer, the Seer," Latter-day Saint Hymns, No. 290. A very good picture of the Prophet will be found in the last June number of *The Children's Friend*.



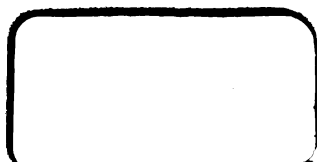




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